* Feb.19,1955

THE NEW YORKER

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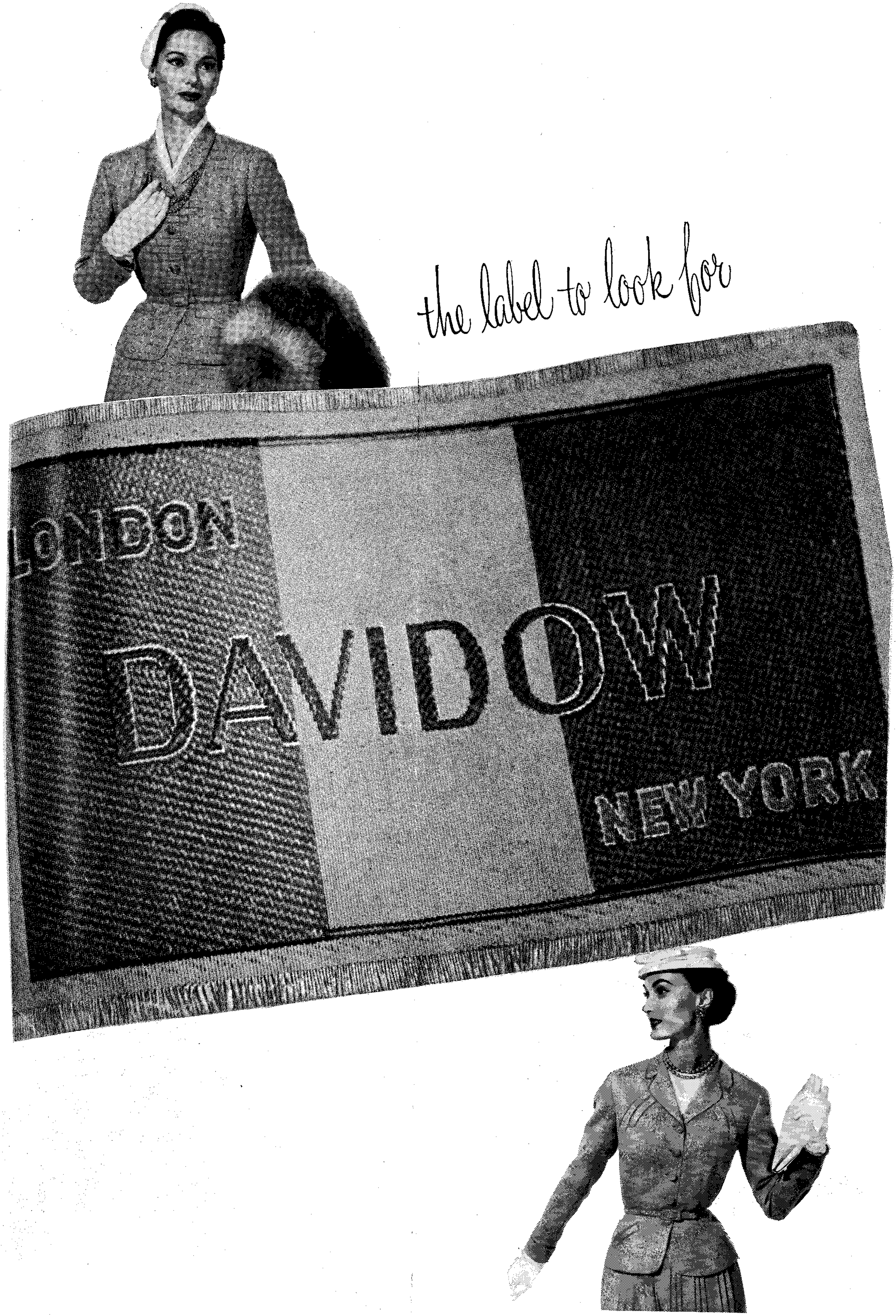
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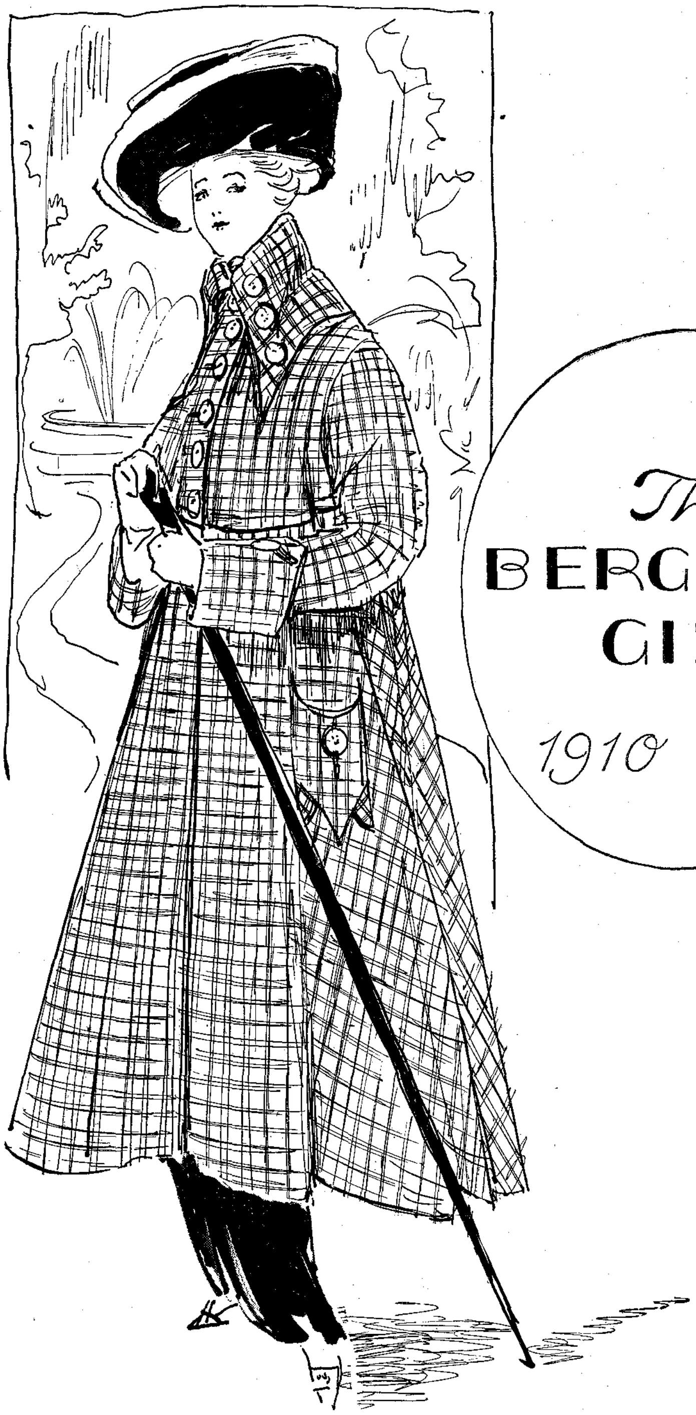
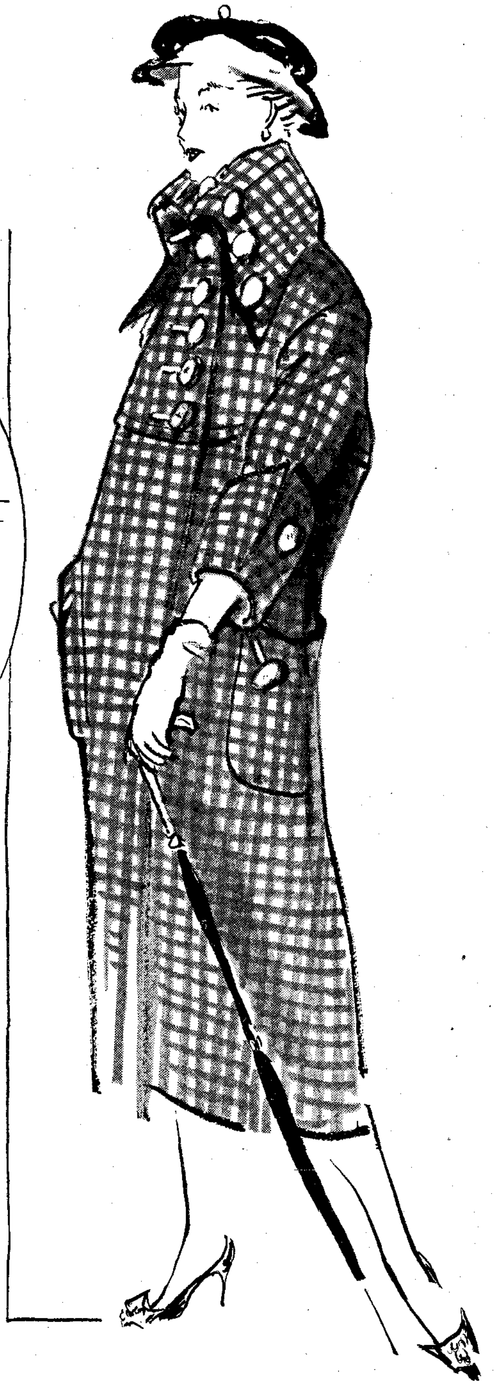


The BERGDORF GIRL

1910 1955



In 1910 a lady's ankle had not yet made an official appearance. William Howard Taft was President. "A Trip to Japan" was featured at the Hippodrome, and everyone was humming the 1910 hit tunes, "By the Light of the Silvery Moon" and "Come, Josephine, in my Flying Machine". That same year a lady bought a black and white checked wool coat at Bergdorf Goodman, the 9-year-new ladies' specialty store at 32 west 32nd street, for motoring in her family's new Pierce-Arrow automobile.

She brought it back the other day to show us in what excellent condition it still was, and how very contemporary it looked. Always with an alert eye to fashion—past, present, and future—we had it faithfully copied, deep collar, big pearl buttons and all.

The 1910 model is at the upper left (sorry, it's not for sale). Its 1955 Twin Model is at the right and it *is* for sale for $195. In black and white checked wool, it's exclusively ours, in sizes 10 to 14, and handsome as all get-out!

We think this illustrates a point we're always trying to make—"a good Bergdorf fashion never dies". Not even after 45 years.

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ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19

BERGDORF
GOODMAN

5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, most theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANASTASIA—Guy Bolton's adaptation of this French play about the missing heiress to the Russian throne is fairly old-fashioned and preposterous, but admirers of Graustark may easily find it exactly their dish. Viveca Lindfors and Eugenie Leontovich are very handsome and impressive as a couple of surviving Romanoffs. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

THE BAD SEED—In the hands of Maxwell Anderson, William March's story about a nine-year-old girl who inherits a taste for homicide becomes a reasonably exciting melodrama, even though it suffers somewhat from the exclusion of any actual violence from the stage. Nancy Kelly is superb as the little monster's mother, and there are excellent performances by Evelyn Varden, Henry Jones, and young Patty McCormack. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:35. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 20, and special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

THE DESPERATE HOURS—Joseph Hayes' adaptation of his own novel about a household invaded by a trio of gangsters is melodrama at its best. Robert Montgomery directed a superlative cast that includes Karl Malden, Nancy Coleman, James Gregory, George Mathews, Paul Newman, and Patricia Peardon. Howard Bay did the convincing sets. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

THE FLOWERING PEACH—While the racial mannerisms of Menasha Skulnik are as fascinating as ever in Clifford Odets' play about Noah's celebrated voyage, the trip itself may get a little wearisome. With Berta Gersten, Janice Rule, Barbara Baxley, Leon Janney, Martin Ritt, and Mario Alcalde. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

LUNATICS AND LOVERS—Sidney Kingsley's farce, though rickety at times, has its uproarious and diverting moments. The cast includes Dennis King, Buddy Hackett, Sheila Bond, Vicki Cummings, Mary Anderson, Nat Cantor, and Arthur O'Connell. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

MRS. PATTERSON—Eartha Kitt is an unadulterated delight in the principal role of this fantasy by Charles Sebree and Greer Johnson, which is otherwise rather tawdry and uninspired. The supporting cast includes Estelle Winwood, Avon Long, Ruth Attaway, and Estelle Hemsley. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Washington's Birthday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 26.)

QUADRILLE—The chief virtue of this very loquacious exercise by Noel Coward is that it brings the Lunts into view again. They are sturdily assisted by Brian Aherne and Edna Best. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays, except Feb. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday. Closes Saturday, March 12.)

THE SOUTHWEST CORNER—Eva Le Gallienne, Enid Markey, and Parker Fennelly are those chiefly concerned in this well-written but rather monotonous play about an old lady who takes in a disastrous guest. John Cecil Holm adapted the script from a novel by Mildred Walker. (Holiday, Broadway at 47th St. CI 5-5530. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

WEDDING BREAKFAST—Lee Grant, Harvey Lembeck, Virginia Vincent, and Lee Philips all give remarkably appealing performances in Theodore Reeves' insubstantial and somewhat implausible comedy about young love under financial difficulties. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION—Agatha Christie's estimable exercise in mystery melodrama should baffle you completely. The play has a cast of thirty, headed by Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, Gene Lyons, Ernest Clark, Horace Braham, and Robin Craven. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays, except Feb. 24, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

LONG RUNS—**ANNIVERSARY WALTZ:** A comedy, by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, centered on a couple (Marjorie Lord and Macdonald Carey), who lived together before getting married and whose children find out about it. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.) . . . **THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH:** George Axelrod's comedy about a man who gets into the usual difficulties with sex when his wife goes away for the summer. Tom Ewell is the hero, and the ladies in his life are Louise King and Rita Morley. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.) . . . **TEA AND SYMPATHY:** Robert Anderson's play dealing with the woes of an adolescent suspected of homosexuality while in residence at a prep school. Now with Joan Fontaine and Anthony Perkins. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.) . . . **THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON:** All about the Americanization of Okinawa. John Forsythe and Eli Wallach are representatives of the warring cultures in John Patrick's play, and they are seconded by Paul Ford, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

TONIGHT IN SAMARKAND—Louis Jourdan and Jan Farrand in a play by Jacques Deval and Lorenzo Semple, Jr. Directed by Alan Schneider and produced by Bruce Becker and Robert Ellis Miller. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

MUSICALS

THE BOY FRIEND—Those who have survived the twenties are almost certain to love this British satire on musicals of the period, and the chances are their juniors will find it pretty comic, too. Sandy Wilson handled the book, lyrics, and music, and Julie Andrews is very fine as the blank, blond heroine. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

FANNY—Life on the Marseille waterfront, as interpreted by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan from a movie trilogy by Marcel Pagnol. Big and bouncy and full of plot, it has some nice airs by Harold Rome and the services of such stalwart performers as Ezio Pinza and Walter Slezak. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:25; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

HOUSE OF FLOWERS—Oliver Messel's sets and costumes turn this piece about a rather unusual commercial rivalry in the Caribbean into one of the loveliest things you ever saw, and Herbert Ross's dances are often stunning, but Truman Capote's book and Harold Arlen's music are just a little disappointing. Pearl Bailey, however, makes a wonderfully majestic madam, and there are other good performances by Diahann Carroll, Juanita Hall, and Frederick O'Neal. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

PETER PAN—Mary Martin is probably the most beguiling Peter of our time, and Cyril Ritchard gives her admirable support in this extremely stylish production. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Washington's Birthday at 2:30. Special matinée for the Actors' Fund Thursday, Feb. 24. Closes Saturday, Feb. 26.)

PLAIN AND FANCY—Lively doings among the Amish folk of Pennsylvania, who prove to be an unexpectedly funny lot. The book was put together by Joseph Stein and Will Glickman, the music and lyrics by Albert Hague and Arnold B. Horwitt, respectively, and the dances by Helen Tamiris. Raoul Pène duBois created the sets and costumes. In the cast are Shirl Conway, Barbara Cook, Richard Derr, and David Daniels. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE SAINT OF BLEECKER STREET—Gian-Carlo Menotti's latest and most ambitious opera, dealing

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with sanctity and sin among the Italian-Americans in Manhattan's Little Italy, contains some passages of gripping theatre and lush, singable music; its plot, however, is both confusing and somewhat tritely pious. Gloria Lane, as its wayward villainess, sings magnificently, and nearly carries off the audience's sympathies in the direction of sin. The cast includes Virginia Copeland, as the "saint," and David Poleri, as her brother. On alternate nights, their roles are taken by Gabrielle Ruggiero and Davis Cunningham. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**CAN-CAN:** A glimpse of nineteenth-century Montmartre, set to Cole Porter's music. With Lilo and Norwood Smith. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.) . . . **COMEDY IN MUSIC:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.) . . . **KISMET:** An item derived from the comedy-melodrama that Edward Knoblock put together in 1911, with music adapted from the work of Alexander Borodin. William Johnson is now the vagabond poet and Elaine Malbin his daughter. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday.) . . . **THE PAJAMA GAME:** Love and union troubles in a pajama factory. John Raitt, Janis Paige, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Carol Haney are among the principal figures. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

THE WAYWARD SAINT—A comedy by Paul Vincent Carroll, with Paul Lukas, Liam Redmond, and William Harrigan in a cast directed by John Gerstad. The producers are Courtney Burr and John Byram. Opens Thursday, Feb. 17. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

THE DARK IS LIGHT ENOUGH—A play by Christopher Fry, starring Katharine Cornell and Tyrone Power and also with Arnold Moss, John Williams, and Marian Winters. Directed by Guthrie McClintic and presented by Miss Cornell and Roger L. Stevens. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 23. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SILK STOCKINGS—Hildegarde Neff and Don Ameche in a Cole Porter musical. The book, by George S. Kaufman, Leueen MacGrath, and Abe Burrows, is based on the film "Ninotchka." Staged by Cy Feuer and produced by Feuer & Martin. Opens Thursday, Feb. 24. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Through Sunday, Feb. 27: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Jean Anouilh's comedy "Thieves' Carnival," adapted by Lucienne Hill, is fairly precious but probably entertaining enough to warrant the long haul to the Village. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—In spite of a rather unsatisfactory production, Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma" is still quite comic and provocative. Geraldine Fitzgerald, Roddy McDowall, Shepperd Strudwick, Philip Bourneuf, Frederic Worlock, Will Kuluva, and Vaughn Taylor are among those who engage in the debate. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 20.)

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PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE—A three-week Gilbert and Sullivan repertory, presented by the Light Opera Theatre. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 18-20: "The Pirates of Penzance." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 22-24: "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury.". . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, Feb. 25-27: "The Yeomen of the Guard." (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Evenings at 8:40. Through Sunday, March 6.)

SHAKESPEAREWRIGHTS—"The Merchant of Venice," directed by Marjorie Hildreth. Opens Tuesday, Feb. 22. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

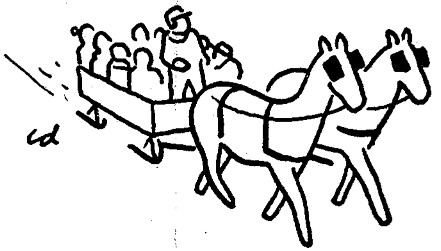
THEATRE DE LYS—"The Immortal Husband," a comedy written by James Merrill and directed by Herbert Machiz. Anne Meacham and William Sheidy head the cast. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Feb. 17: "The Duel," "Scotch Symphony," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "The Pied Piper.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 18: "Serenade," "Age of Anxiety," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 19: "Interplay," "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 19: "Con Amore," "Prodigal Son," "Pas de Trois," and "Cakewalk.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 20: "Cakewalk," "Scotch Symphony," "Pas de Trois," and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 20: "Con Amore," "Age of Anxiety," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Bourrée Fantasque.". . . ¶ Washington's Birthday matinée, Feb. 22: "Interplay," "Swan Lake," "Pas de Trois," and "Bourrée Fantasque.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 23: "Four Temperaments," "Roma" (première), "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 24: "Swan Lake," "Orpheus," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Cakewalk.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 25: "Serenade," "Interplay," "The Cage," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 26: "The Duel," "Swan Lake," "Pas de Trois," and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 26: "Con Amore," "The Cage," "La Valse," and "The Pied Piper." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, March 13.)

VICENTE ESCUDERO—Spanish gypsy dancer, with his company of thirteen flamenco singers, dancers, and musicians. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 26.)

LONDON'S FESTIVAL BALLET—A company headed by Anton Dolin, with Tamara Toumanova, Nora Kovach, and Istan Rabovsky as guest stars. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:30: "La Esmeralda" (Act II), "Scheherazade," and "Symphony for Fun.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 2:30: "Les Sylphides," "Alice in Wonderland," and "Prince Igor.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:30: "Napoli," "Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker: Grand Pas de Deux," and "Petrouchka." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)



DANCE WORKS BY ANNA SOKOLOW—The first of two programs to be performed by Beatrice Seckler, Donald McKayle, and others. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:40.)

JOSÉ LIMÓN—With his company in a dance recital. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. GR 3-1391. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:15.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a gilded cage designed to house canaries who never have to sing for their supper, vibrates gently to Viennese dinner music by Jani Sarkozi's men. After ten, Quintero's rumba-makers alternate with Chauncey Gray's band on some dance arrangements. Closed Mondays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Subdued instrumentalists play water-hole music in an oasis called the Palm Court at the cocktail hour every day but Sunday, and from seven to nine in the Madison Room Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Some of our proudest peacocks and peahens preening themselves beneath the ageless palm trees. Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

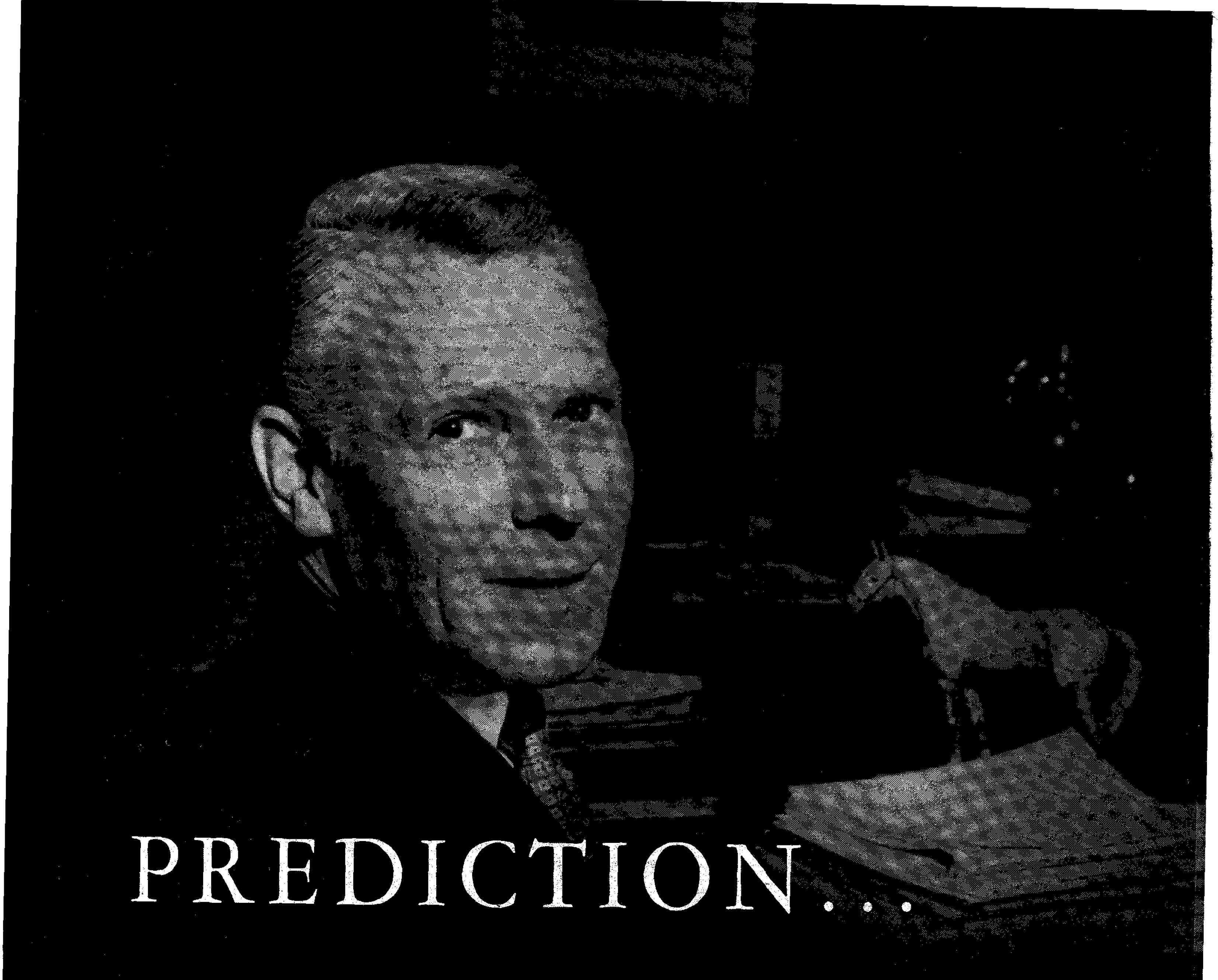
NINO'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (PL 5-6644)—This Forest of Arden, where the carefree young lovers of another generation sweetly plighted their troth, has been restored to its pristine beauty. At nine, Hugo Pedell turns loose his Princeton-prom dance music, and Horace Diaz turns loose his rumbas. Cocktail and dinner music by Nick D'Amico's duo. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Marion Marlowe is the latest songbird to suspect that there are greener pastures than TV. She comes to the Cotillion Room equipped with a notable figure, an engaging (if now and then folksy) manner, and a thumping big voice, a bit of which is squandered on what is carelessly labelled "special material." Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's bands play the marching songs for the guests. Only a dinner show on Sundays; lights out on Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, makes music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Mata and Hari are among the best of our deliberately humorous dancers and among the few who know that understatement can be a virtue. The soprano of the evening is Ann Crowley, of the Broadway stage. They're all in the Persian Room. Ted Straeter's dance band *cum* glee club keeps traffic moving smoothly betweentimes, and Mark Monte's boys chip in with cheerful music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music ripples along in the Palm Court every day at cocktail time. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The dance tunes in the Grill are by Guy and his fellow-Lombardos, who, after all these years, are still keeping their tempos at a dogtrot. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette operates on a recipe that's been in the family for years (take one part epitome, take one part quintessence, etc.). There is almost perpetual dancing to the energetic bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari, plus (at dinner and supper) the slap-happy dances and sayings of Billy Daniel and Georgine Darcy. On Thursday, Feb. 24, Frances Bergen (Mrs. Edgar) will become



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the floor show. She's a brand-new singer. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea dancing.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Woody Herman and his romping Third Herd leave the Café Rouge on Thursday, Feb. 24, to be succeeded next evening by the far more conventional Dick Jurgens band. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A capsule version of life on a great metropolitan daily, in which tomorrow's news (or what passes for it) is manufactured right before your unbelieving ears. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band provide the background.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A bouillabaisse of classic old Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz show tunes has been turned into a miniature musical comedy that is steadily improving with age, even though it is still far more musical than comedy. The wittiest inmates are Paul Gray and Louise Hoff; the most athletic are Tommy Wonder and Rain Winslow. Hope Hampton, elaborately arrayed as a fur-bearing Christmas tree, seems a trifle lost in the hurly-burly, and so does her voice. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra for dancing after nine and between shows.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Line Renaud is another of those attractive Frenchwomen who come all the way across the Atlantic to tell us that they love Paris in the *printemps*. Of its kind, it's a good enough, vigorous show. She appears at dinner and supper in the Empire Room, where she gets noble support from Nat Brandwynne's fine big band. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A segment of the vast complex called Peacock Alley has piano by Alex Fogarty from six to twelve and dancing to Michael Zarin's orchestra from eight-thirty to one. Sundays, Mischa Borr's boys go it alone from eight to midnight.

Note—The Rainbow Room, far above the madding crowd, affords (from the best tables) a view of Tin Pan Alley, the Port Authority bus terminal, the Weehawken ferryhouse, the Edison Company plants, and other highlights of our brave new world. It's open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid nondance music bubbles up now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

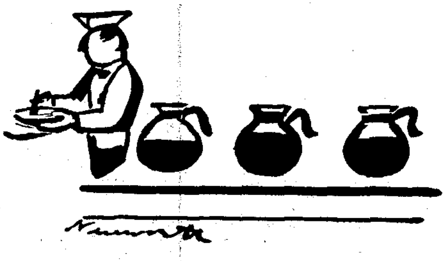
LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The gathering place of the playboys of the Western world. Weekdays, there's Rudy Timfield's piano all evening, and at suppertime Norbert Faconi, dean of the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes prowler violinists, prowls. Sundays, at suppertime, Bud Gregg is the keyboard operator. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): A relaxed alcove where, from six to eight and from ten to two, Cy Walter conducts an adroit and amusing monologue on his well-tempered clavichord. No music Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Except Sundays, Addison Bailey is at the piano for cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre in this extremely plush parlor. Paul Morse is the Sunday driver. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): It's hard to say which came first—Eddie Davis or Le Coq Rouge. Mr. Davis, by now president emeritus of after-dark musicians, shows up at nine with his violin and his small dance band. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish fandangos dished up here are all mild but all real, which is something of a novelty nowadays. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The new décor has the old-fashioned elegance of the Ritz-Carlton restaurants on yesteryear's transatlantic express liners. It's blended with gentle piano by George Kent at cocktail, dinner, and supper sessions. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge in this homestead of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with whoever is at the Steinway. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 302 E. 58th St. (PL 9-7245): Louis Hawkins, pianist and town crier, is wintering this year in Manhattan instead of in the Virgin Islands. His *pied-à-terre*, which is becoming a sort of greenroom after the theatre, is now in operation every night of the week. It offers his own perky music and the more romantic piano of Bob Printz from seven on. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): From seven-thirty until early morning, there are musicians (now static, now perambulatory) whose bowings and scrapings provide the perfect seasonings for Wiener schnitzel and hot borsch.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The wit is supplied by Charlotte Rae, who sculpts her caricatures of American songbirds with an extremely sharp-edged chisel, and Paul Killiam, an extempore commentator on his collection of silly movies; the beauty is supplied by Trude Adams, a schoolgirl singer of some very pretty words and music. There is also the Foursome, a new blend of male voices. Behind them all is the muted jive of Jimmy Lyons' trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The works of William Shakespeare are wild and wonderful humor in the version enacted by Irwin Corey; the pop ballads of today are by turn wild and wistful as the gay little Janet Brace does them. (Starting Monday, Feb. 21, Dorothy Loudon will be doing them.) There's more music by the Turtlenecks, a quartet who use sound rather than gimmicks to put their songs over, and (through Saturday, Feb. 19) by Georgia Carr, a hot-rod jump-tune belter of considerable charm. As always, Julius Monk is *conférencier* and mentor; the one-in-a-million Norman Paris Trio is the backdrop. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The spirit moves Sister Rosetta Tharpe, armed with a giant guitar and a shrill sidekick named Marie Knight, to a robust demonstration of how to get that old-time religion. Lucille Reed sings about love, Charles Manna tells funny stories, and Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): A casual and customary mixture—double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, solo piano by Hazel Webster, songs and jokes by visiting friends. Ancient silent movies are added Sundays; Mondays are audition nights. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): The problems of contemporary love life—when to give it vodka and when to give it penicillin—get a sympathetic review from Mabel Mercer, who shows up around eleven. The words and music are the work of the Alec Wilder-Bart Howard conservatory of lieder. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Closed Sundays. This midget inglenook is above the often rampageous ground-floor Show Spot Lounge, where, except Mondays, Laurie Brewis runs off his soothing and knowing piano intermezzos. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The atmosphere is catch-as-catch-can and audience-participation. The professional portion of the friskiness is produced by the ageless trouper named Mae Barnes, who goes through a song like Sherman through Georgia; by Tony and Eddie, whose lampooning of recording artists is, unfortunately, apt to stray too far off bounds; by the *Walpurgisnacht* music of the Three Flames, led by Tiger Haines; by Jimmie Daniels, whose lyrics are mostly man-about-town; by Lee Goodman, a rhetorician of many words and few sequiturs; and by Bruce Kirby, the local utility outfielder. Closed Mondays. . . . **JORIE'S PURPLE ONION,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Sixth Avenue is pretty far west for Left Bankers, and pretty far east for her San Francisco aficionados, but nevertheless here is Jorie Remes and her *outré* comedy, all of it in perfectly plain if sometimes tempestuous English. Closed Sundays.



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The Rebel yells of the local Dixielanders are louder (and sometimes funnier) than almost anywhere else in town. The noisemakers are Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, George Wettling, Pee Wee Russell, Walter Page, and once in a while even Mr. Condon, whose vocals are all sotto-voce and tableside. In between, Ted Roy plays solo piano. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the fracture. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): No room for meditation when, after nine, the trios of Dorothy Donegan and Alex Kallao, modernists all, start kicking the gong around. Sunday night, as usual, Jack Elliot, a nimble but more placid modernist, has the piano to himself. He sports a two-man background. Cocktail and dinner piano every day. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band is rattling the windows of its old homestead. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris and his band (Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Eddie Gibbs, George Foster, and Sonny White) put up a convincing argument for the beauties of jazz as it was played in the beginning. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Barbara Carroll, paragon of girl pianists, does her compote of classic and catalytic jubilation at the head of her top-hole trio after ten every evening but Sunday, in this neat little lounge, where the trio led by the eminent Herman Chittison is also on deck. She departs on Wednesday, Feb. 23; next evening, Billy Taylor, one of the brightest of the progressive maestros, brings his trio back to town. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): The yes-it's-rhythm-but-is-it-music? contingent turning out its fancy 1955 airs and graces. Right now, the performers are the quintets of Sonny Stitt and Eddie Davis, plus the Milt Buckner trio. As of Thursday, Feb. 24, they'll be members of the quintet jointly owned by Kai Winding and J. J. Johnson, plus the Joe Loco group, which is all sound and fury. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): In the grill, the band of Sharkey Bonano, a long-term absentee, is playing Early American music in a safe-and-sane playpen for the little ones. It starts at six-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, and five-thirty Sundays. Dancing begins at nine-thirty. On Sunday, Feb. 20, Cutty Cutshall and a few friends will be the afternoon guests. No music Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, whose piano is up-to-the-minute without losing track of things, decorates the circular bar after nine every evening but Monday. She's backed up by a two-man rhythm section. Alternating with her on piano is Johnny Mehegan, a jazz poet with a complex turn of phrase quite his own. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): A startlingly accurate replica of a rantipole prewar West Coast saloon, with a back-bar shelf from which issues, starting at 3 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) some of the happiest Dixieland ever heard. Five jazz bands, employing Charlie Shavers, Arthur Magyar, Ken Kersey, Charlie Queener, Leonard Gaskin, Steven Lacy, Cozy Cole, Sol Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, and plenty of others, shuffle

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

across this shelf during a rather long day that ends at 3 A.M. Closed Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): On Friday, Feb. 18, the inciting to riot in this youngsters' weekend paradise will probably be handled by Coleman Hawkins, Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, Max Kaminsky, Miff Mole, Vic Dickenson, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Sullivan, Pop Foster, Zutty Singleton, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another child-welfare institution. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-19, it is promised, the hares and hounds will be Conrad Janis and his tailgaters, Jonah Jones, Tyree Glenn, Sol Yaged, Willie the Lion Smith, Art Trappier, and Gene Sedric.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOSEF ALBERS—A new set of his geometric abstractions, rich in color and strict in pattern, as always; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ROSEMARIE BECK—Seven abstract canvases, along with a selection of water colors; through March 5. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

RENATO BIROLLI—New paintings, strong and handsome in both design and color, by one of the leading Italian modernists; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

MORRIS DAVIDSON—"Mexican Hat," "The Night Machines," and "The Blue Generals" are a few of the titles of these oils and caseins; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

RAOUL DUFY—A retrospective showing of his work, consisting of oils, gouaches, and water colors and ranging in date from 1903 to 1951; through March 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JOHN FERREN—Large, richly colored abstract oils, many of them showing a suggestion of Oriental influences; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (The Stable Gallery, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

MAURICE FROMKES—A show entitled "Spain and Her People," made up of twenty-six oils; through March 5. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

GEORGES MATHIEU—A group of paintings, all abstract, by a contemporary French artist; through March 5. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

JOHN PIPER—Oils and gouaches depicting English landscapes; through March 12. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

HENRY V. POOR—Four terra-cotta heads, in addition to paintings and drawings of Maine and Cape Cod; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

AD REINHARDT—New abstractions, interestingly handled despite a tendency to narrow the color variations almost to the vanishing point; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

DORIS ROSENTHAL—A new group of her charmingly sympathetic Mexican studies, in her first exhibition in nine years; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

CHARLES STEVENS—Plaster, wood, and stone sculptures, plus a set of drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Ganso, 125 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

EDWARD JOHN STEVENS—Oriental subjects for the most part, done with a sharply detailed and very effective stylization; through Feb. 28. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

POLYGNOTOS VAGIS—New sculptures, reflecting an unusual mixture of strength and felicity, in his first exhibition in nine years; through Feb. 28. (Iolas, 46 E. 57th St.)

KEITH VAUGHAN—Dark, solidly patterned oils, by a contemporary English artist; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

MARTHA VISSER'T HOOFT—About fifteen paintings, some of figures and rocks, and a portfolio

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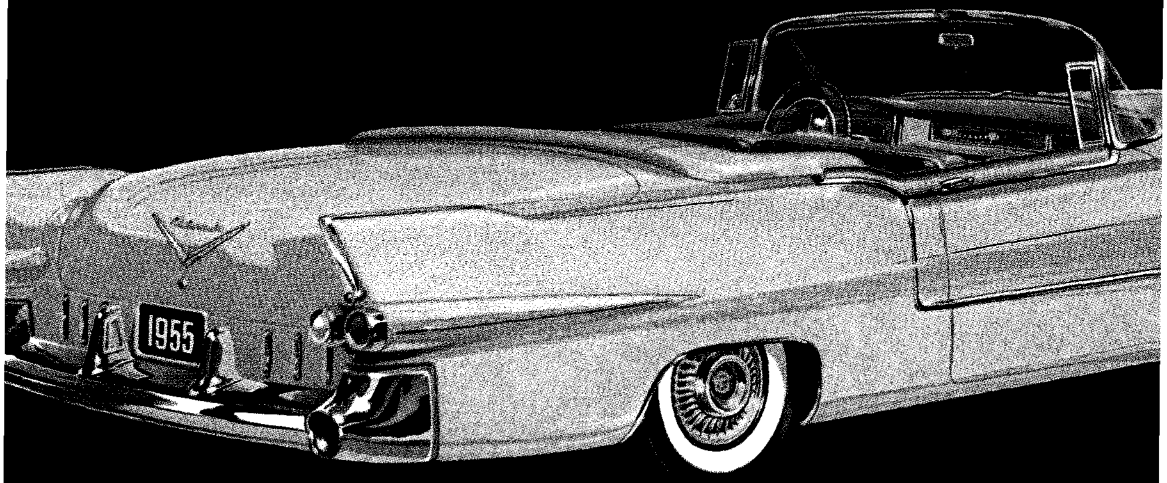

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of gouaches; through Friday, Feb. 18. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

Stanton MacDonald Wright—Thirteen oils, a few done between 1914 and 1918 and the rest during the nineteen-fifties; through March 5. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

The Cone Collection—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Cézanne, van Gogh, Matisse, and others, from the collection of French art acquired by Dr. Claribel and Miss Etta Cone and bequeathed to the Baltimore Museum, for which this exhibition is a benefit; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

The Denman Collection—Twenty-one contemporary American artists, including Ben Shahn, Joe Jones, and Reuben Tam, each of whom has contributed a single painting; through March 5. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors—The first part (paintings) of the fourteenth annual exhibit, with items by Lionel Feininger, Karl Knaths, George L. K. Morris, and fifty-eight other members; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Americans; Group Show—Fifty new oils in another of the City Center Gallery's series of showings by local artists, this one more than usually varied in the styles represented; through Friday, Feb. 25. (New York City Center Gallery, 131 W. 55th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **Rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: Canvases by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, among them Corot, de Staël, and Abraham Rattner; through March 5. (Closed Washington's Birthday.)... **Serigraph**, 38 W. 57th St.: Paintings, water colors, and other works by twenty artists, most of them new to us here; through March 7.

Austrians; Group Show—Around forty oils by Hugo Schoenborn, Peter Palffy, and four other present-day painters; through March 12. (Galerie De Braux, 131 E. 55th St. Weekdays, noon to 6.)

French; Group Shows—At the **Fine Arts Associates**, 41 E. 57th St.: Five modern artists, among them Alexandre Garbell and Bernard Buffet; through Feb. 28.... **Gallery 75**, 30 E. 75th St.: Works by Tal Coat, Lorjou, Venard, and thirteen others, in a roundup of the younger contemporary painters; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Daily, 11 to 5:30.)

Germans; Group Show—German art today as seen in the paintings of Willi Baumeister, Heinz Trökes, and Rolf Cavael, and in the sculptures of Hans Jaenisch and Hans Uhlmann; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Jackson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **Downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: Yasuo Kuniyoshi; starting Wednesday, Feb. 23.... **Grand Central**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Ernest Tonk; starting Wednesday, Feb. 23.... **Kraushaar**, 32 E. 57th St.: John Sloan; starting Monday, Feb. 21.... **Jacques Seligmann**, 5 E. 57th St.: Richard Florsheim; starting Monday, Feb. 21. (Closed Washington's Birthday.)... ¶ Group shows at the **Contemporary Arts**, 106 E. 57th St.; starting Monday, Feb. 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) **Forum**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.; starting Monday, Feb. 21. **Village Art Center**, 39 Grove St.; starting Monday, Feb. 21. (Daily, 1 to 6; Wednesday and Friday evenings, 8 to 10.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—About a hundred prints representing the work of European artists from Post-Impressionists to present-day practitioners; through Sunday, Feb. 20.... ¶ "Good Design, 1950-54," a

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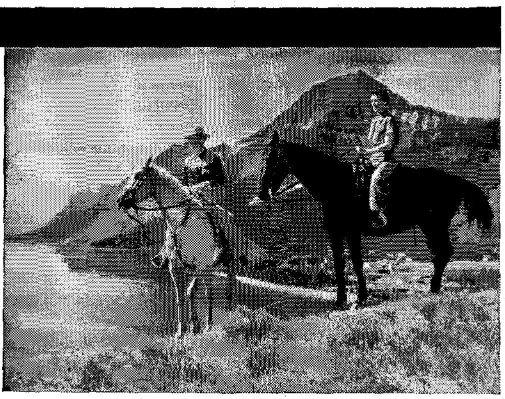

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hundred examples of household furnishings selected by the Museum for their felicity of design; through March 27. . . . ¶ Around five hundred photographs from sixty-nine countries make up a show, organized by Edward Steichen, called "The Family of Man;" through May 8. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Recent acquisitions, among them a constructivist sculpture by Pevsner and an early Feininger, along with a group of pieces from the Museum collection, ranging from a Seurat and a Cézanne to a recent "constellation" by Calder. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1955 Annual, this time combining paintings, sculptures, water colors, and drawings in one big performance; through Sunday, Feb. 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Eleanor Steber, Blanche Thebom, Cesare Siepi, and Richard Tucker. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Jean Fenn, Giuseppe Campora, and Frank Valentino. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 2: "Faust," with Victoria de los Angeles, Jan Peerce, Cesare Siepi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8: "Arabella" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Hilde Gueden, Martha Lipton, and George London. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Manon," with Eleanor Steber, Giuseppe Campora, Fernando Corena, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Victoria de los Angeles, Margaret Roggero, Thomas Hayward, and Frank Valentino. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Andrea Chenier," with Renata Tebaldi, Mario Del Monaco, Ettore Bastianini, and Gerhard Pechner. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:15: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Risë Stevens, Hilde Gueden, and Roberta Peters. Alicia Markova will appear as guest ballerina. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 25, at 8: "Tannhäuser," with Margaret Harshaw, Brenda Lewis, Bernd Aldenhoff, and Josef Metternich. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 2: "Arabella" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Hilde Gueden, Blanche Thebom, and George London. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Zinka Milanov, Marian Anderson, Jan Peerce, and Robert Merrill. (A non-subscription performance.)

RENATA TEBALDI, MARIO DEL MONACO, AND ETTORE BASTIANINI—A recital of arias and duets from "Andrea Chenier," "La Forza del Destino," "La Bohème," "La Traviata," "Otello," and several other operas, with a symphony orchestra conducted by Fausto Cleva. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting—Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 18, at 2:30 (both with Rudolf Serkin, piano); Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:45 (with John Corigliano, violin); Sunday, Feb. 20, at 2:30 (with Rudolf Serkin, piano); and Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:45; Friday, Feb. 25, at 2:30; and Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:45 (all with Yehudi Menuhin, violin).

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Eunice Alberts, contralto, and David Lloyd, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 8:30.)

SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—At Carnegie Hall—Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:30: Werner Janssen conducting an all-Sibelius program, with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 20, at 5:30: Izler Solomon conducting the

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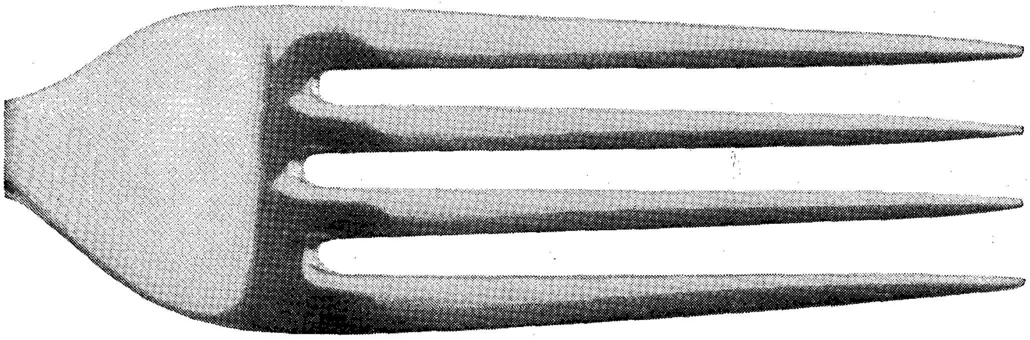

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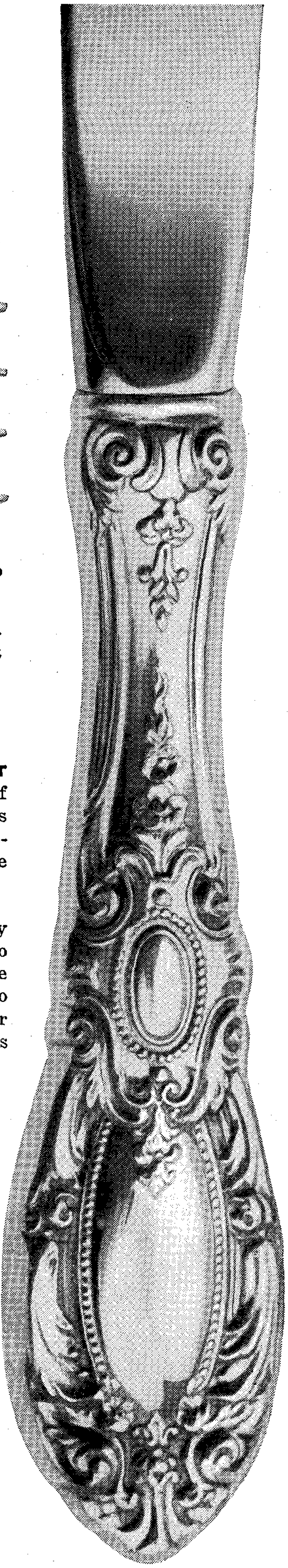

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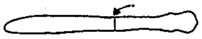

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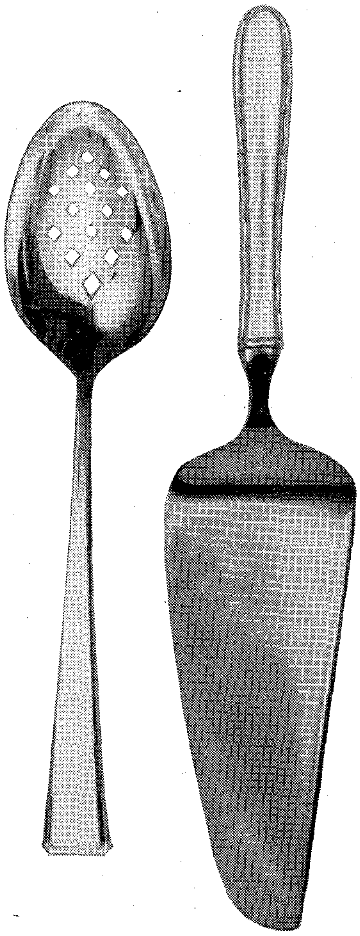

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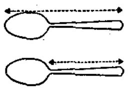

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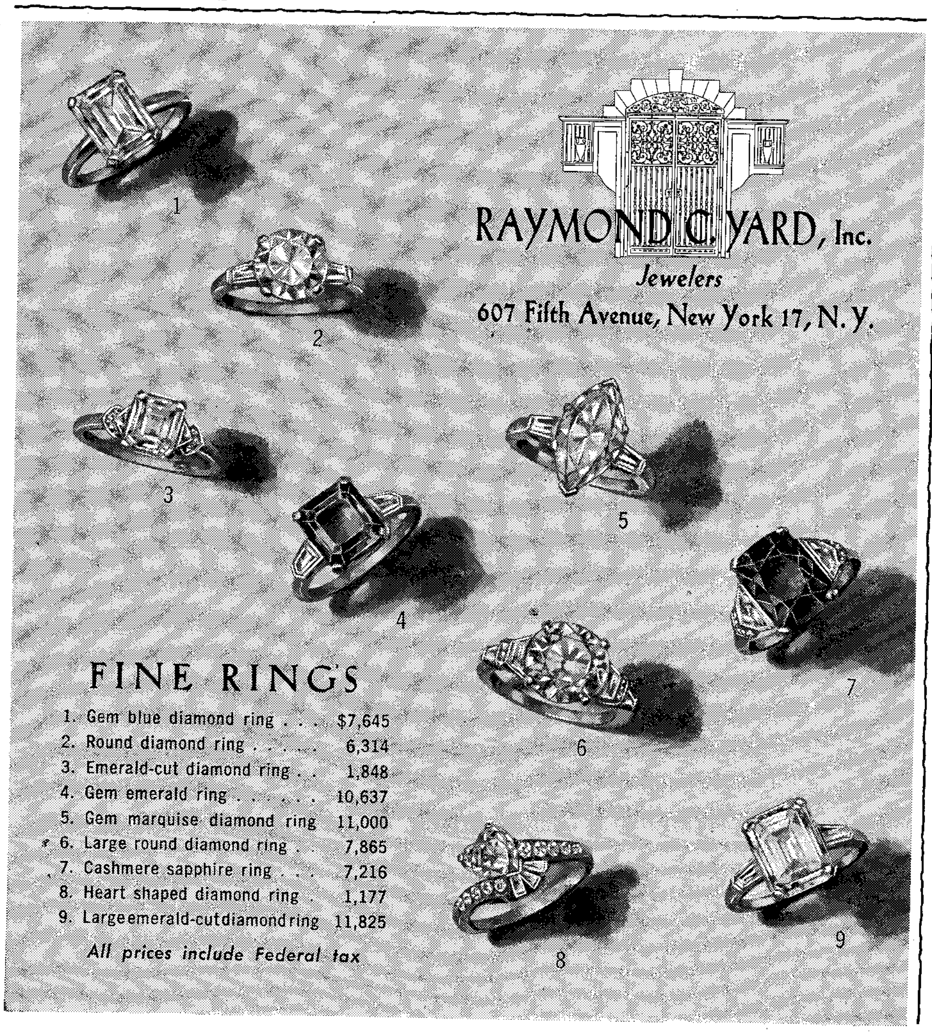

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

second in a series of four programs of music by Pulitzer Prize winners, with Leo Smit, piano.

I Musici—Chamber orchestra. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:40.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Jan Tomasow, violin, and Eileen Flissler, piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

New York Concert Choir and New York Concert Orchestra—Margaret Hillis directing Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Suzanne der Derian, soprano, and other soloists. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Adele Marcus—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on request.)

Concert Society of New York—The LaSalle Quartet and John Wummer, flute. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 5:30.)

Collegium Musicum—The third in a series of four chamber-music programs by fifteen instrumentalists under the direction of Fritz Rikko. (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 5:30. For tickets, call CO 5-4692.)

Benno Moiseiwitsch—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

Gerard Souzay—Baritone. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

Burl Ives—Folk singer. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

Paganini Quartet—At TOWN HALL: Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:30. . . . KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM, Y.M.H.A.: The first in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of string quartets. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:40.)

Contemporary Music—A concert presented by Genevieve Rowe, soprano; Eugenie Dengel, viola; Robert Payson Hill, piano; and Julia Smith, who will play the piano and several of whose works will be included. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Chamber music played by Joseph Fuchs and Daniel Guilet, violins; Emanuel Vardi, viola; Benar Heifetz, cello; and Aaron Copland, Leo Smit, and Alexei Haieff, pianos. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

Richard Tucker—Tenor. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Guitar. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:40.)

Note—The Harpsichord Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 27, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Feb. 22, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 18: Ezzard Charles vs. Charley Norkus, heavyweights, 10 rounds. Friday, Feb. 25: Sandy Saddler vs. Teddy Davis, 15 rounds, for the World Featherweight Championship. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.) . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 21, at 8: Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the Daily News Welfare Association.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 20, at 7: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8:30: Rangers vs. Toronto.

Indoor Polo—Two games, Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Sherman Memorial Tournament matches: Thursday, Feb. 17 (quarter-finals) and Thursday, Feb. 24 (semifinals), both at 5:30. Final match and a non-tourna-

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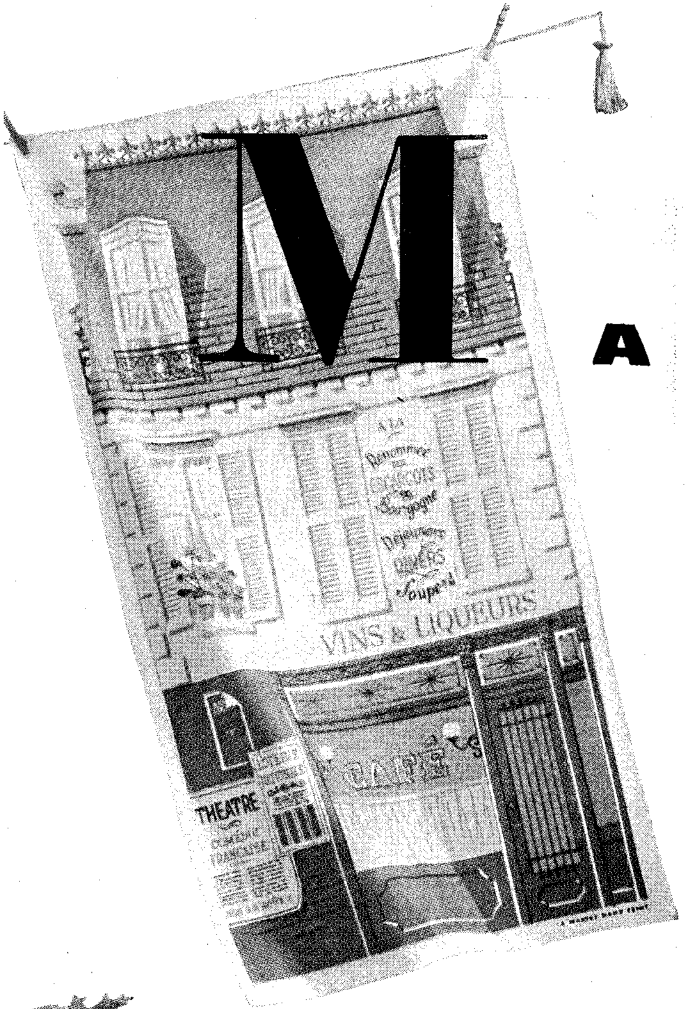
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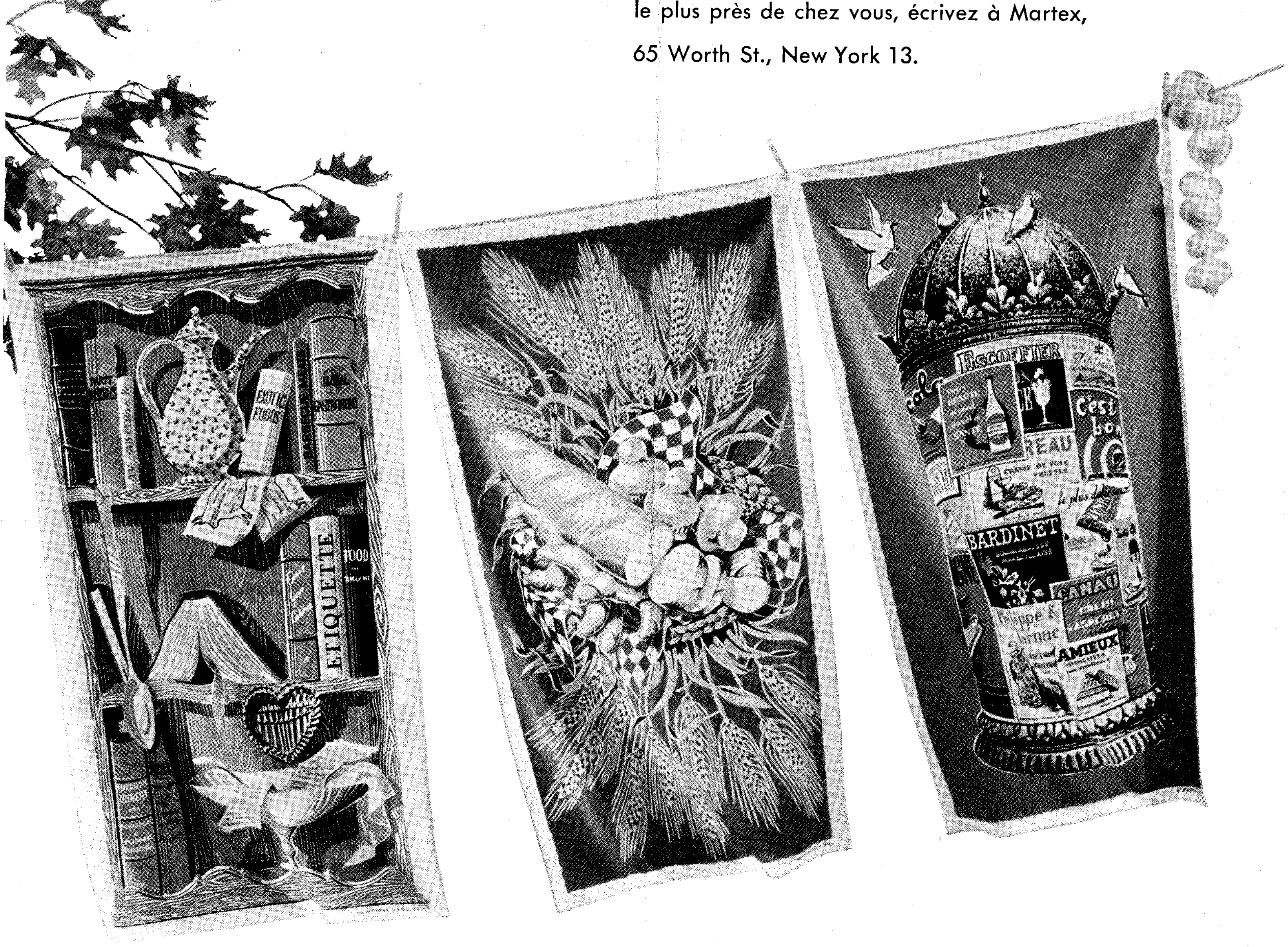
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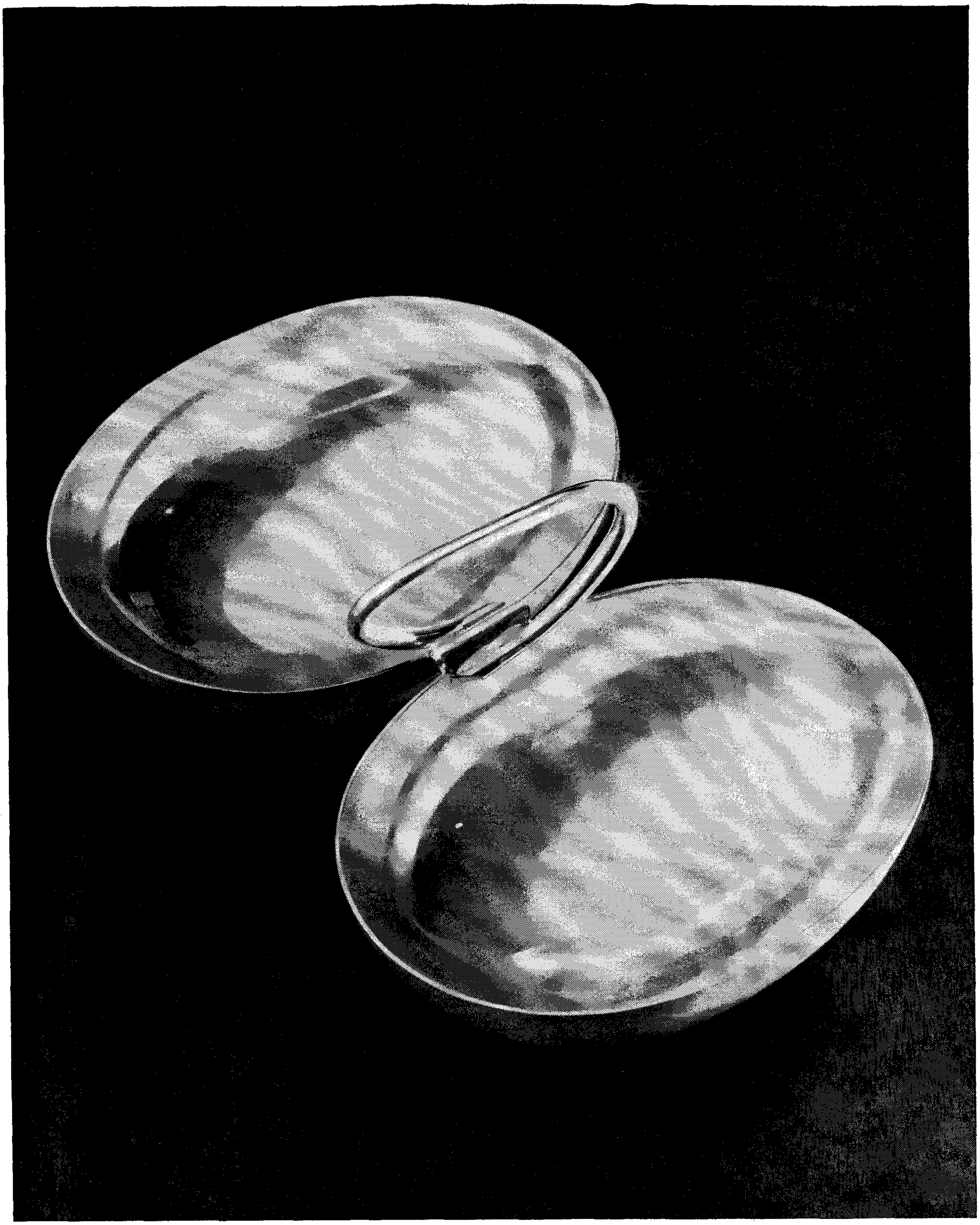

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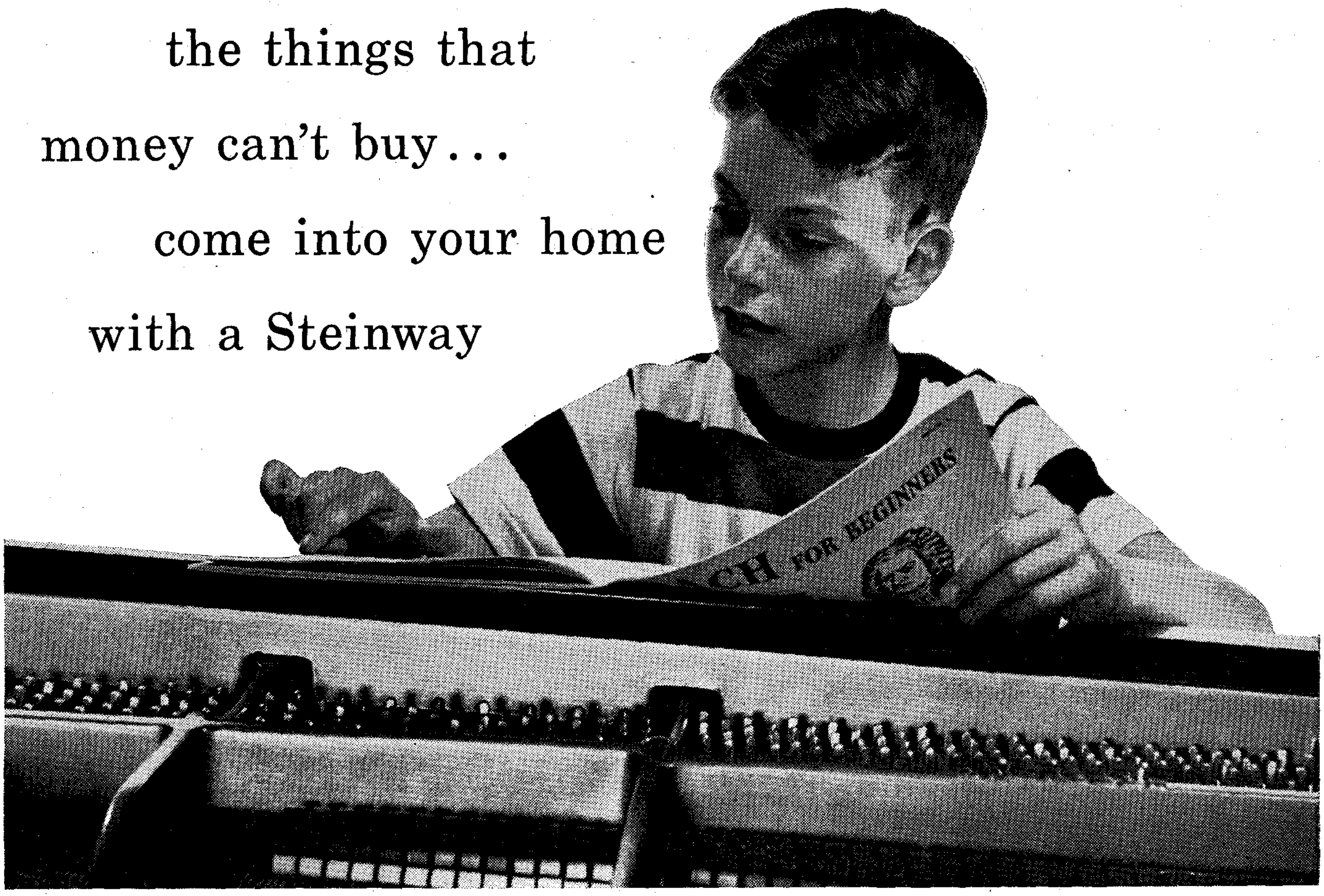

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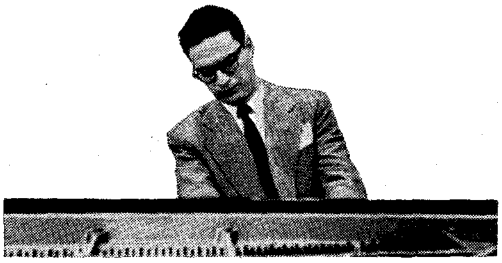

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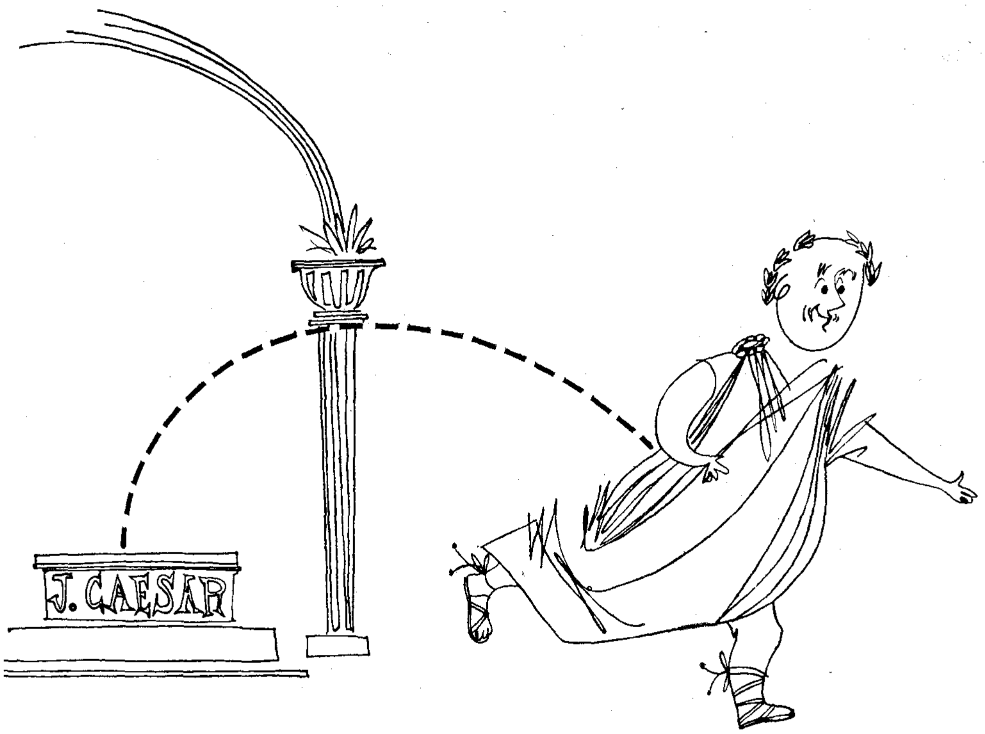

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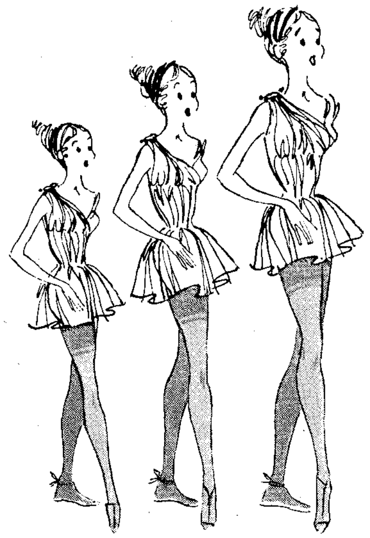

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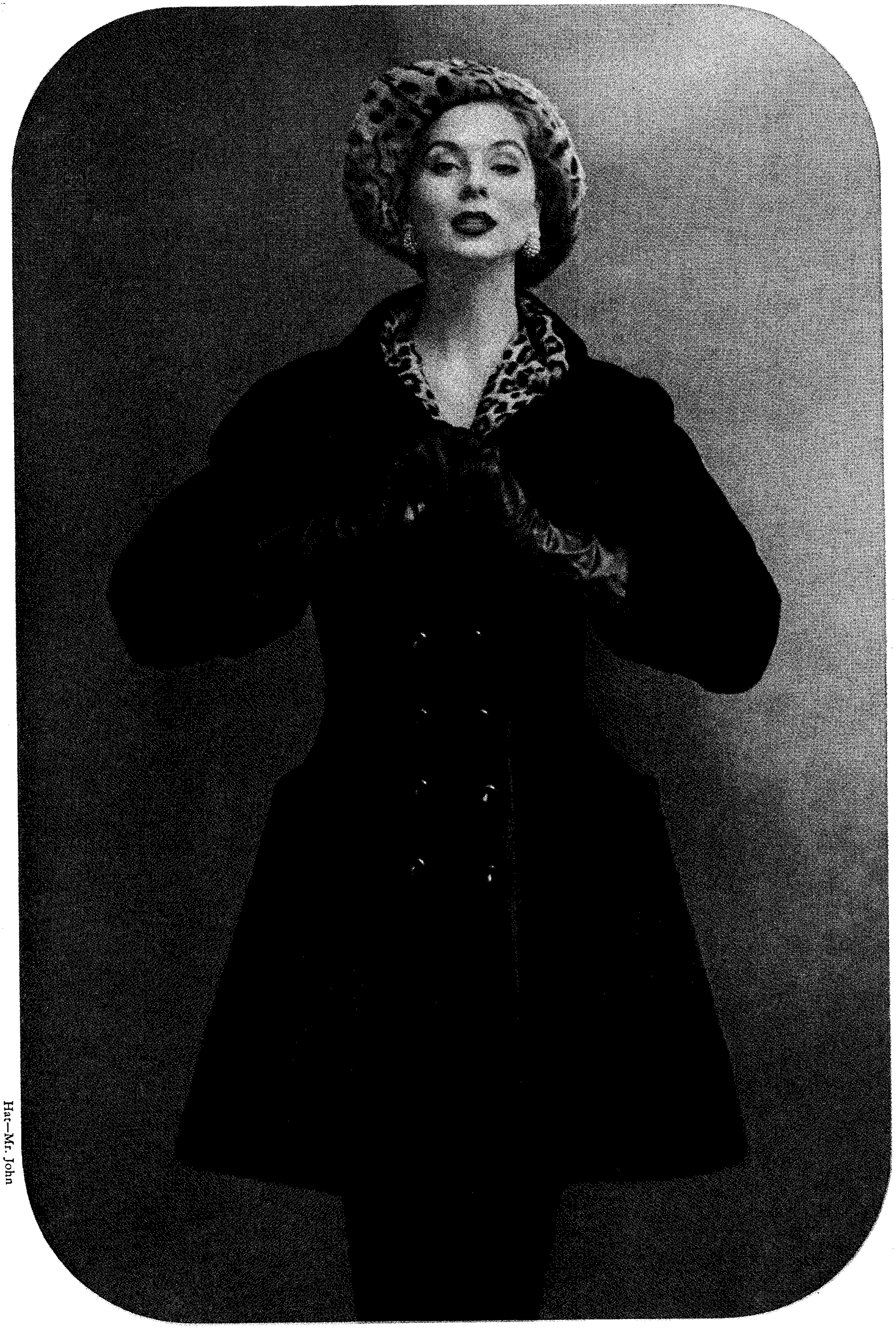

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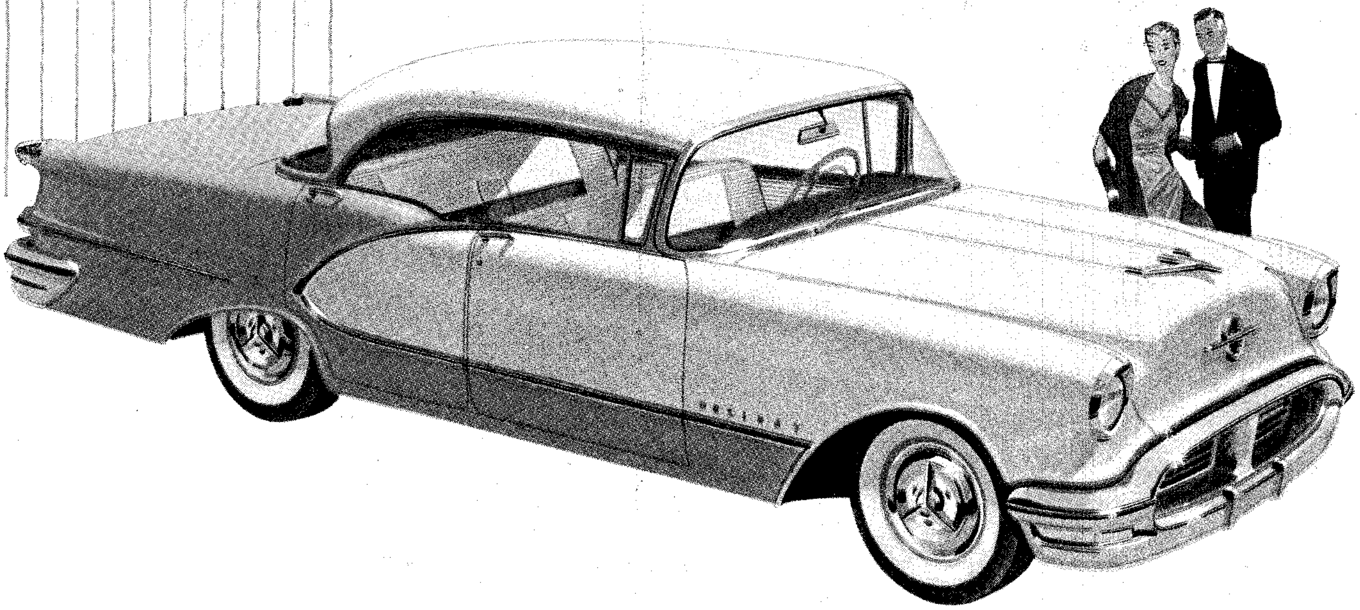

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ment match, Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:30. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020.)

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Men's Indoor Championships (tentative schedule)—Friday, Feb. 18, at 5:30: Singles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 1: Doubles and continuation of singles. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 20, at 2: Continuation of singles and doubles. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 21, at 7:15: Semifinals, singles and doubles. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 2: Finals. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. BU 8-0200.)

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 19, at 2 and 8: National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 2 and 8: I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Thomas Scherman directing the Little Orchestra Society in an all-Ravel program that will include his opera for children, "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges" ("The Bewitched Child"). It will be presented as a shadow play by Oscar Brand and will be sung in English. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Plays—By the **PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15 and Sundays at 3:15. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.) . . . **JUNIOR THEATRE:** "Raggedy Ann and Andy," a musical. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 19, and Washington's Birthday at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **Y PLAYHOUSE COMPANY:** "The Strange Case of Mother Goose." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 3:30, and Washington's Birthday at 11, 1, and 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "From Here to Infinity," reveals the position of the earth in relation to our neighbor planets as well as to the farthest stars in the universe. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Washington's Birthday at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.

OTHER EVENTS

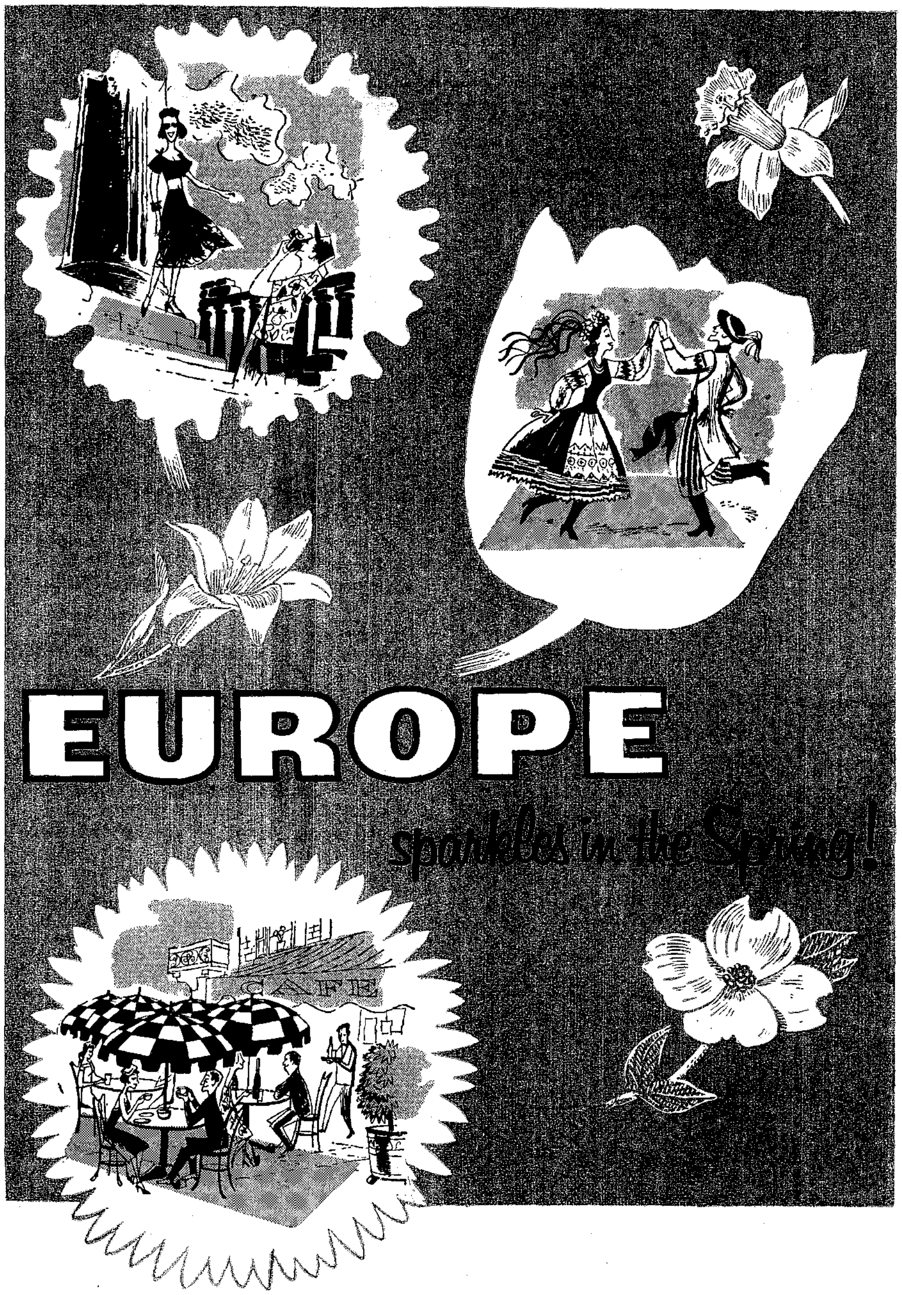
United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present) in addition to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene Mondays through Fridays, except Washington's Birthday, at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

Poetry and Drama Readings—At the **KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM,** Y.M.H.A.: Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:40: Ogden Nash reading from his own works. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8:40: William Carlos Williams reading from his poetry. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366.) . . . **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC:** A group of actors sponsored by Peggy Wood in a concert reading of Maxwell Anderson's "Anne of the Thousand Days." (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:15.)

Miniature Railway—The hobby lobby called the New York Society of Model Engineers is putting on its annual public airing of its newest fascinating toys. (Lackawanna Railroad Terminal, Hoboken, N.J. Thursday, Friday, and Monday, 5:30 to 10; Saturday, Sunday, and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 10. Through Tuesday, Feb. 22.)

National Photographic Show—The latest in photographic equipment, along with lectures, movies, gadget demonstrations, and an exhibit of prize-winning pictures by the New York Press Photographers Association. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Friday, Feb. 18, through Tuesday, Feb. 22. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sunday, 2 to 10.)

Universal Travel and Auto Sports Show—The newest in foreign and domestic cars, plus travel displays from all over. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Feb. 20, through Sunday, Feb. 27. Daily, noon to 11.)



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MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Bad Day at Black Rock—A mystery film that maintains plenty of suspense as it follows the activities of an inscrutable stranger who is trying to find out what happened to a missing Japanese in a desert town in California. Spencer Tracy is superb as the visiting investigator, and Robert Ryan, Dean Jagger, Walter Brennan, and Ernest Borgnine support him nobly. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

The Country Girl—Bing Crosby, as a shattered and alcoholic hoofer who is rescued from his follies by his wife, played by Grace Kelly, and a theatrical director, played by William Holden. A fine adaptation of the Clifford Odets drama, in which all the principals are excellent. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

Gate of Hell—A magnificent Japanese film, dealing with revolt and passion in the thirteenth century. The color is superb, the action brisk, and the impact powerful. Directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa, and starring Machiko Kyo, Kazuo Hasegawa, and Isao Yamagata. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Heart of the Matter—An English version of the Graham Greene novel dealing with a British policeman in Africa whose pity for his wife and his mistress twists his principles out of shape. Not too long on logic but exciting a good deal of the time. Trevor Howard makes a fine, melodramatic figure of the upset cop, Elizabeth Allan is admirable as his wife, and Maria Schell is quite persuasive as his mistress. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Feb. 19. . . . Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Feb. 22.)

Holiday for Henrietta—Julien Duvivier's funny French film describing the lunatic way a pair of script-writers go about constructing a movie. Dany Robin, Michael Roux, and Hildegarde Neff head an excellent cast. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Little Kidnappers—How a pair of innocents, aged five and eight, melt the cold, Calvinistic heart of their grandfather in Nova Scotia in 1904. The small fry, played by Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter, might well melt anybody's heart, Calvinist or otherwise. They are warmly supported by Duncan Macrae, Adrienne Corri, Jean Anderson, and Theodore Bikel. An English film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Feb. 23.)

Romeo and Juliet—Some lovely views of Venice, Siena, and other Italian towns. The adaptation of the Bard for which they serve as backgrounds isn't too satisfactory, though; for one thing, the young principals, Laurence Harvey and Susan Shentall, have some trouble with the Shakespearean verse. Directed, with plenty of action, by Renato Castellani. An English picture. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)—Remarque's grim description of what the common soldier was up against in the war to end wars. Louis Wolheim and Lew Ayres. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Feb. 23, tentative.)

A Nous, la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals, to very good effect, with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 17.)

The Asphalt Jungle (1950)—Jewel thieves prowling around a Midwestern city. Directed by John Huston, and with Louis Calhern and Sam Jaffe in the cast. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; Feb. 21-22.)

Ballerina (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. In French, with Mia Slavenska. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Feb. 23.)

Battleground (1949)—The Battle of the Bulge. Our defenders include Van Johnson, John Hodiak, and George Murphy. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; Feb. 21-22.)

The Big Day (1952)—A French film, originally known as "Jour de Fête," about a village postman, Jacques Tati, who is enraptured by American speedup ideas. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Feb. 23.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Chaplin Comedies—"Dough and Dynamite," "His Trysting Place," "Caught in a Cabaret," and "His Prehistoric Past," all one-reelers from the silent past. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Feb. 20.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Feb. 19, tentative.)

Julius Caesar (1953)—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, with James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Martin Luther (1953)—Niall Mac Ginnis plays the monk from Wittenberg. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Feb. 20-22.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort with Jacques Tati. The dialogue is in both French and English. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 18.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1935)—Villainy at sea. Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Feb. 20.)

Notorious (1946)—Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant in a Brazilian spy tale, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Feb. 19, tentative. . . . Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Feb. 22.)

Saratoga Trunk (1945)—Edna Ferber's story concerning love in New Orleans and railroads in upper New York. Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 19.)

Ten Days that Shook the World (1927)—About the October Revolution (Russian). Eisenstein (also Russian) directed it. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting Feb. 18.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Feb. 18: "Nanook of the North" (1922), a documentary film, directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 19: "In the Street" (1952), photographed by Helen Levitt, Janice Loeb, and James Agee; "Le Retour" (1945), in French, supervised by Henri Cartier-Bresson; and "Bambini in Citta" (1946), in Italian, directed by Luigi Commencini. (Showings at 3 and 5:30.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" (in CinemaScope), Kirk Douglas, James Mason.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Long Gray Line" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE COUNTRY GIRL.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Far Country," James Stewart, Ruth Roman.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Underwater!" (in Superscope), Jane Russell, Gilbert Roland.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Jupiter's Darling" (in CinemaScope), Esther Williams, Howard Keel, George Sanders.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Battle Cry" (in CinemaScope), Van Heflin, Aldo Ray, Mona Freeman.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK (in CinemaScope).

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"White Feather" (in CinemaScope), Robert Wagner, John Lund, Debra Paget.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Sign of the Pagan" (in CinemaScope), Jeff Chandler, Jack Palance, Ludmilla Tcherina.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Feb. 17: "Unchained," Elroy Hirsch, Barbara Hale.
From Feb. 18: "New York Confidential," Broderick Crawford, Richard Conte.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama Holiday." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Extra performance Washington's Birthday at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Mademoiselle Gobette" (in Italian), Silvana Pampanini.

Invitation to Road-Test the new sensational Anglia for a whole hour at no expense to you!

Why are we making this free offer?

Simply because experience has proved that it takes just *one* demonstration to get a person interested. And so the more demonstrations we make, the more ANGLIAS we sell.

It's not really surprising that a demonstration proves so effective. Because people at first—*before they get in and drive*—usually think "that's too small for me. Not enough room. No power." (Real *negative* thinking—and who can blame them.)

Well—we know *differently*. Once you drive it *your eyes open up!* What a wonderful new feeling of handling ease! What a lot of visibility! For the first time you feel *in control* at all speeds! Power and acceleration are surprisingly good! Headroom? Amazing! Before you know it, you'll *enjoy* driving again.

So come in soon and take us up on this free offer. Drive it by yourself for a full hour. *There's absolutely no obligation—naturally.* All we want is for you to try it. The ANGLIA will do the rest. Telephone your nearest dealer—and an ANGLIA will be delivered to your door. (For name of your nearest dealer, write Ford Motor Co., Dept. FPB-4, Jersey City 2, N. J.

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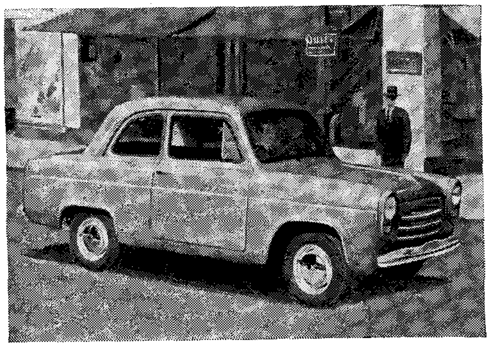
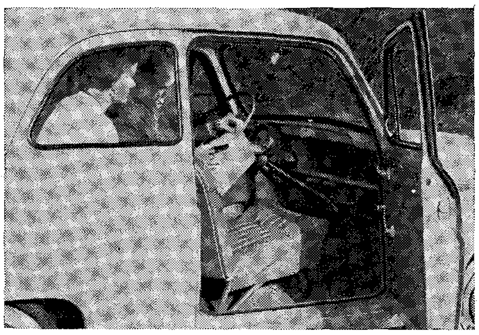
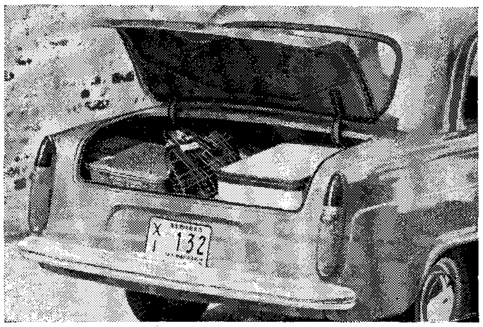


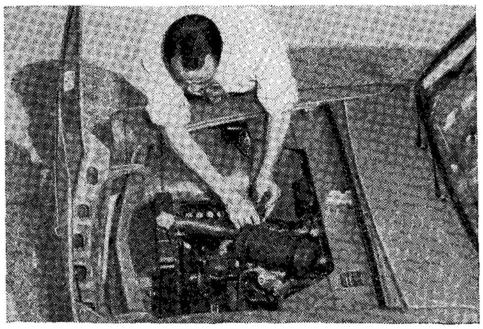
Superb handling. 87-inch wheelbase, independent front suspension, anti-sway bar all add up to sensational road holding. Rides like a big car. Parks like a small one.



Plenty of room for 4 adults. You step *down* when you enter—giving good headroom. Visibility exceptionally good (important safety factor).



Holds a trunkful. 10 cubic feet to be exact. Big as your ice box. Suitcases for a weekend—room for more. (Cover swings way up, too.)



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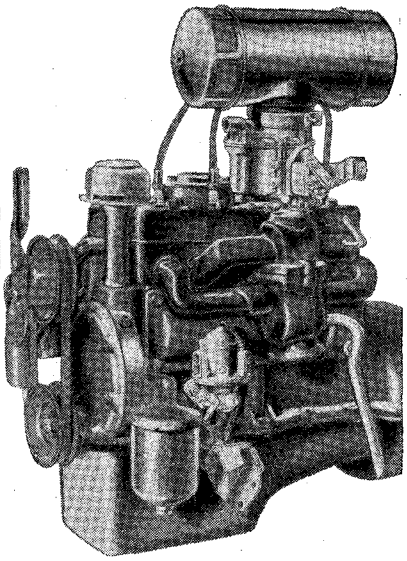

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Weight: 1,701 pounds
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Suspension: independent front; half elliptic rear
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Speed: 75 mph.
Gas mileage: 35 mpg

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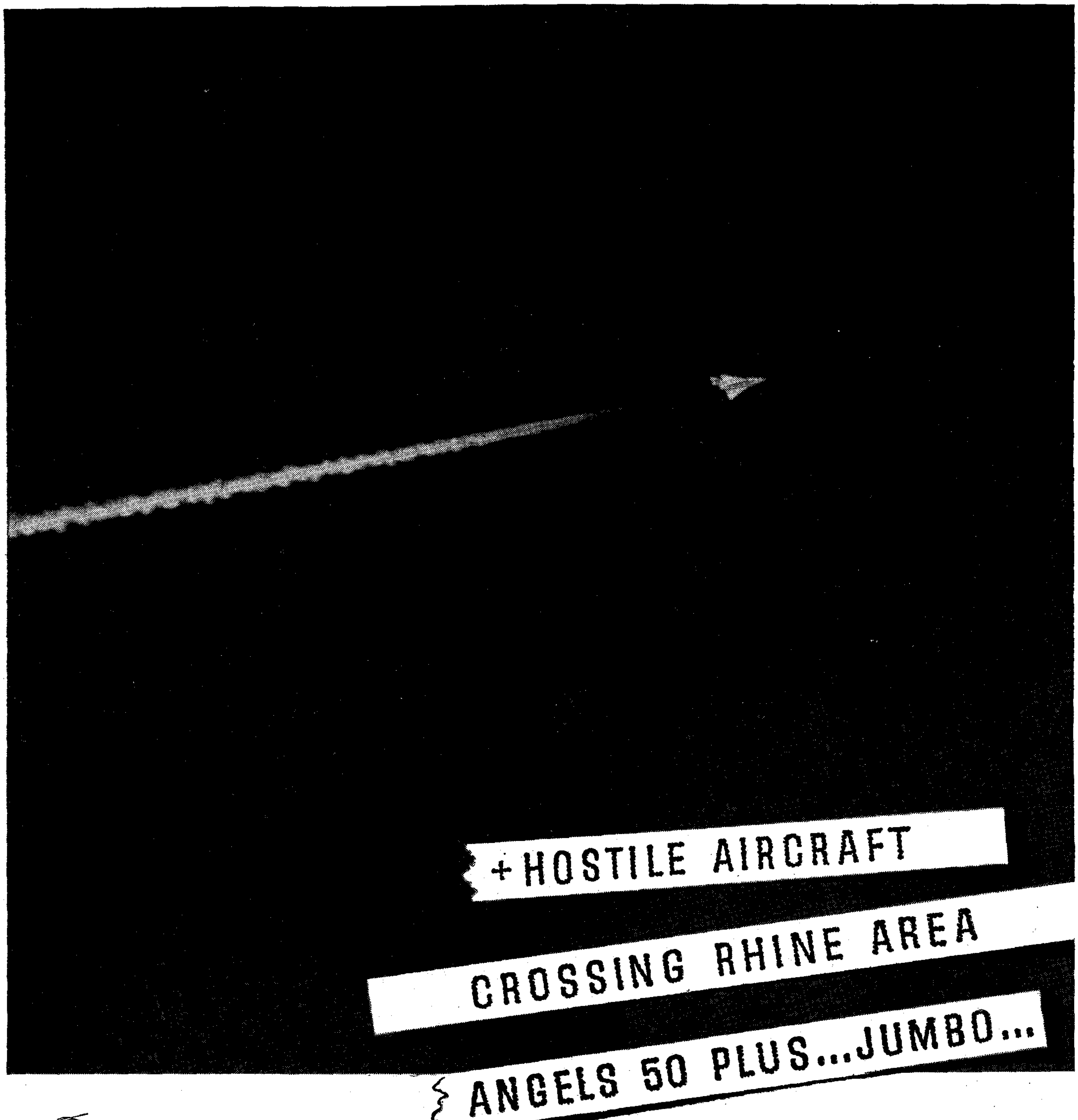

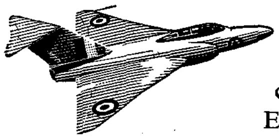

If–and when–that message is clicked out on the teletypes of Western Europe's radar network, New Yorkers, and indeed all America, had better batten down their hatches. It may well be that that pregnant message will signalise the outbreak of World War III. For those who are not airmen, Angels 50 Plus is R.A.F. lingo for altitude over 50,000 ft. Jumbo could mean carrying the Big Bomb, Atomic or Hydrogen. It is a laconic message, but then the R.A.F. is given to understatement.

At that precise moment Javelins will be in the air, fair weather or foul, able to fly and fight higher, faster and more destructively than any other fighting aircraft has ever done in history. The Javelin is not a Sunday flier. No other aircraft in the world equals it in fire power and in that all-important radar. It carries two men–one to fly the machine and the other to work the infinitely complicated radar gear. No one man can do both jobs.

All that can be said within the bounds of Security is that when the time comes, there will be Javelins in the air ready for operational duty within minutes of that ominous tickertape alarm. Take a look at your map. It is not very far from the Rhine to London, hence the importance of the all-weather Javelin.

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There's the sheer *fun* of going places in a car so long and sleek it gives you a lift just to look at it.

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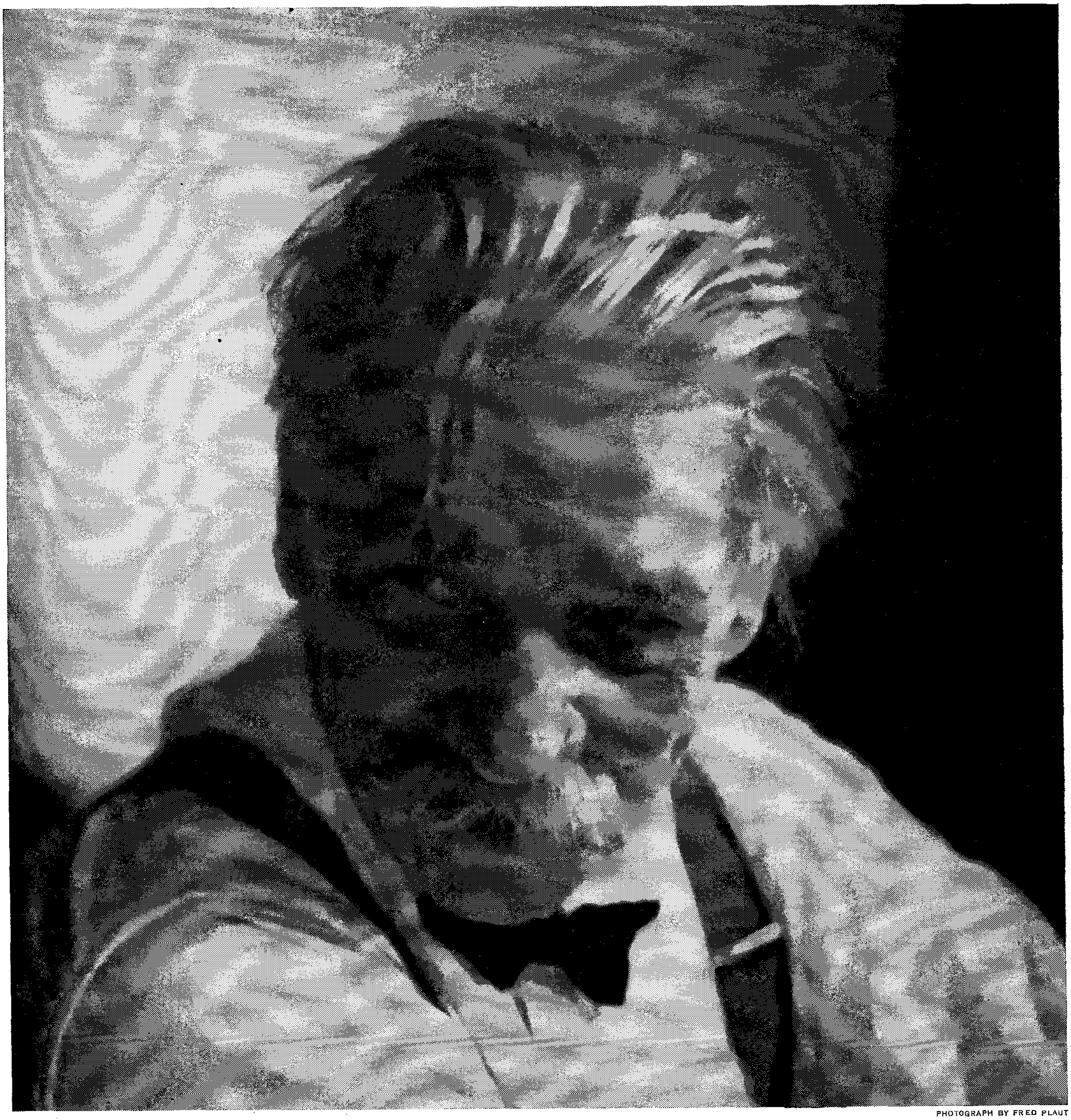

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED PLAUT

The world has long regarded Albert Schweitzer, doctor, philosopher and musician, as the greatest of living men. To hear the organ music of Bach and Mendelssohn played by Doctor Schweitzer on the instrument he built in his native town of Günsbach is an experience that surpasses the pleasure of listening to great music. For here, indeed, is the true sound of genius. Columbia has recorded many hours of Doctor Schweitzer's performances with devotion and patience in order to preserve in perfect sound these priceless achievements. Albert Schweitzer has chosen to record *exclusively* for Columbia Masterworks Records.

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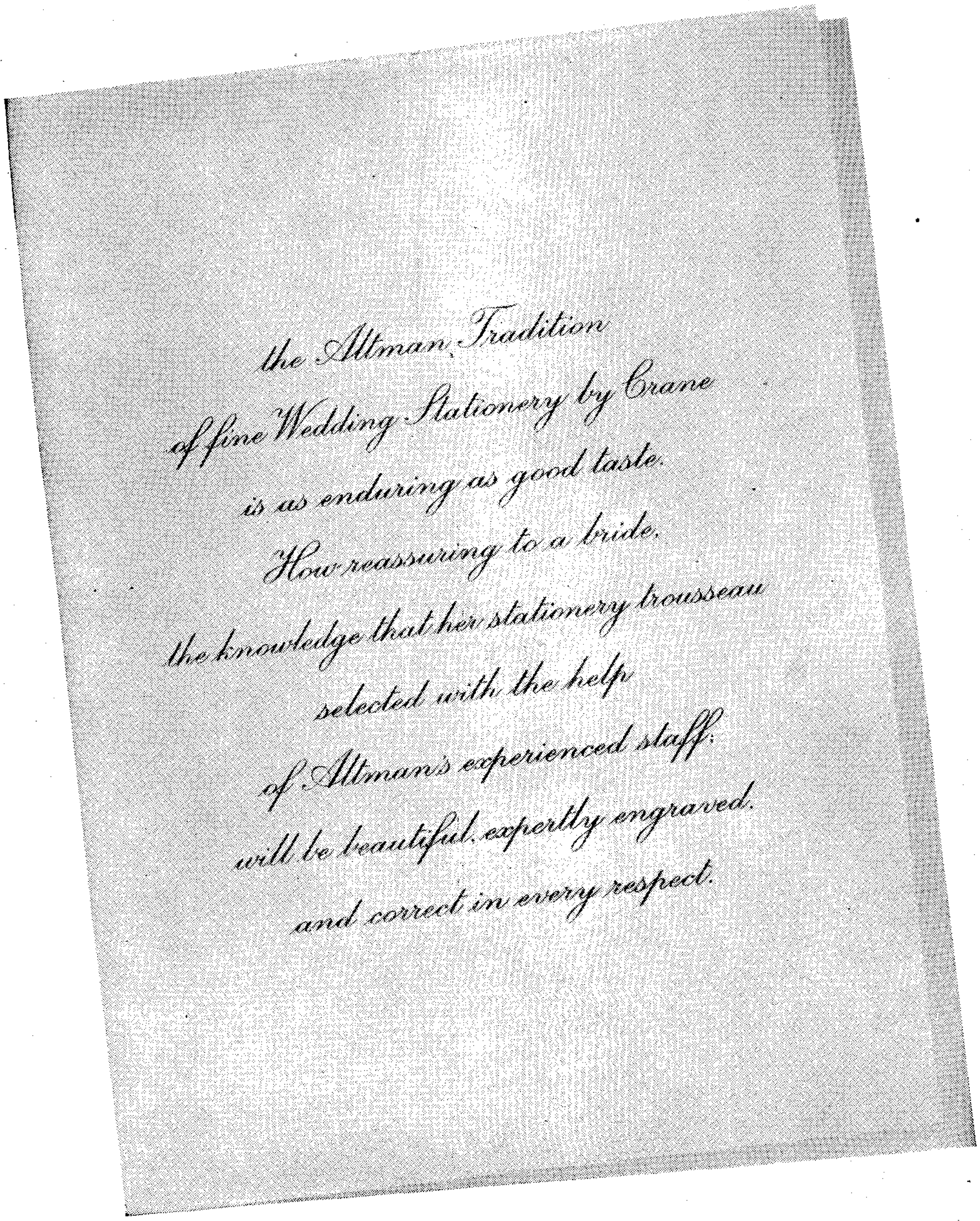

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

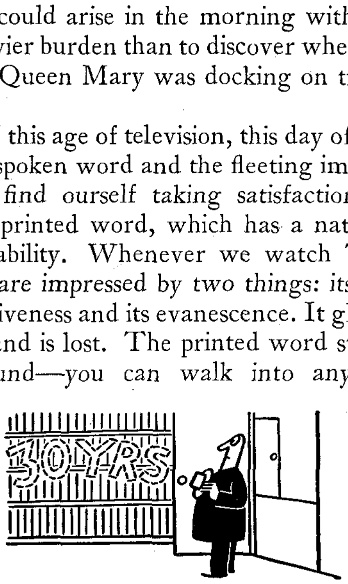
WHEN a stickup man entered a doctor's office a few days ago, he decided to pose as a patient. What he failed to realize was that in a New York doctor's office nobody can beat the system. This desperate individual not only posed as a patient, he damned near became one. The whole escapade turned into a completely authentic tale of modern medicine, modern sickness. Every detail rang true. Let us examine the affair, as reported in the press.

The doctor's office was "in the East Seventies." How right! *All* doctors' offices are in the East Seventies. The gunman exhibited signs of ulcer—exactly the right note for an anteroom. The anteroom was "full." How familiar! How terribly right! The patient was required to wait "forty minutes," precisely the interval everyone must endure who sits alone with pain and destiny, staring at bad water colors and etchings of cathedrals. The robber showed signs of nervousness during this wait. He smoked constantly. The girl at the desk summoned him after a while, and insisted that he sit down with her and recite his medical history, and he forthwith plunged (as do we all) into that dreariest of narratives. (Ah, morningtime in Manhattan!) When his forty minutes were up, he was conducted to an inner room, where, although the doctor had never laid eyes on him, a nurse took some blood. Then he was told to undress. Right? It was at this point that he finally rebelled—the exact point at which so many of us have wanted to rebel but have been deterred for lack of a gun. This guy *had* a gun. Even so, events remained fairly typical, orthodox. The gunman paced up and down, obviously in a state of indecision. The doctor's first thought was of sedation, and he offered the man a pill to quiet his nerves. But the man's apprehensions were very grave; he even rejected the doctor's wristwatch, because it had telltale initials engraved on it. Then came the matter of money. The doctor had two hundred dollars on him—exactly the right sum for a successful New York medical man to be carrying. The technician had fifty dollars. Right. The gunman produced twine and trussed up the doctor, but the bindings failed to hold. Why? People who live in New York can't tie knots. When the police arrived, they arrived in a "radio car," and the patient, who had left by this time, was described as having "pimples" and "wearing a pink shirt." Brooks Brothers, we presume. The perfect crime at last. The perfect vignette.

OUT in California, an oil company started digging a hole about sixteen months ago, in the hope of reaching a deep stratum dating from the Eocene period. The company spent two million dollars, went down twenty-one thousand feet (the world's deepest hole), and then quit without striking oil. "The Eocene," remarked the division manager, thoughtfully, "is at much greater depth than we anticipated." Somehow the episode reminded us of an attempt we once made, as a child at the seashore, to dig through to China. After long labor, we realized that China was at much greater depth than we had anticipated. The episode parallels, also, the adventure of starting a magazine with the idea of drilling for money and truth. *The New Yorker* with this week's issue winds up a thirty-year stretch of drilling. We struck money quite close to the surface, but the Eocene—that dream stratum of the journalist—shows every sign of being at imponderable depths, unattainable. It simply lures one on and on. An oil company, being single-minded and pure in heart, can quit drilling whenever it seems uneconomical to continue. But a magazine, if it operates in the black, is in no such happy position. Dig we must, as Con Edison puts it. Ever downward!

PROBABLY very few of our readers know that *The New Yorker* narrowly missed being *The Marine Gazette*, a sheet devoted to news of shipping in New York Harbor. When H. W. Ross decided, in the early twenties, to start a periodical, he had two ideas in mind. One was a weekly magazine of cartoons and stories, the other was a paper in which the arrival and departure of ships would be chronicled, along with related waterfront matters. He had the name for this latter paper all picked out—*The Marine Gazette.* It was to be modelled after a paper that he knew about in San Francisco. Both projects engaged his fancy, but the *Gazette* began to pale as the vision of the arts grew brighter. We often dream about how simple life would be for all of us if the *Gazette* had won out, and we could arise in the morning with no heavier burden than to discover whether the Queen Mary was docking on time.

IN this age of television, this day of the spoken word and the fleeting image, we find ourself taking satisfaction in the printed word, which has a natural durability. Whenever we watch TV, we are impressed by two things: its effectiveness and its evanescence. It glides by and is lost. The printed word sticks around—you can walk into any library thirty years later, and there (for what it may be worth) it is.



The most puzzling thing about TV is the steady advance of the sponsor across the line that has always separated news from promotion, entertainment from merchandising. The advertiser has assumed the role of originator, and the performer has gradually been eased into the role of peddler. This is evident everywhere. The voices of radio and television are the voices of quick-change artists; they move rapidly from selling to telling and back to selling again. They are losing their sharpness because they have divided their allegiance. In 1925, when *The New Yorker* was born, an artist was an artist, a writer was a writer, a newsman was a newsman, an actor was an actor. Today, every one of these people has developed a split personality and is hawking something besides his talent. A newscaster appears on the screen, and for a moment you don't know whether he has tidings about some offshore islands or tidings about an automobile's rear end. Usually he has both. A girl breaks into song, and for a moment you can't quite pin down the source of her lyrical passion. It could be love, it could be something that comes in a jar. Conscious or unconscious, there is an attempt to blur the line that the press has fought to hold. The line would have disappeared long since were the human voice capable of sounding the same in both its roles, but it isn't. When a man speaks words he has been paid to utter, praises something he gets money for praising, his voice invariably gives him away; it simply lacks the accents that reinforce a voice when it is expressing something that comes straight from head or heart. It seems odd to us that commerce should aspire to violate the line, blend the two voices. Yet it does. If the line were to disappear, if the voices should become indistinguishable, the show would be over.

•

Incidental Intelligence: The illumination in the Candlelight Gypsy Tea Room, on Lexington Avenue, is fluorescent.

Cichlid Fancier

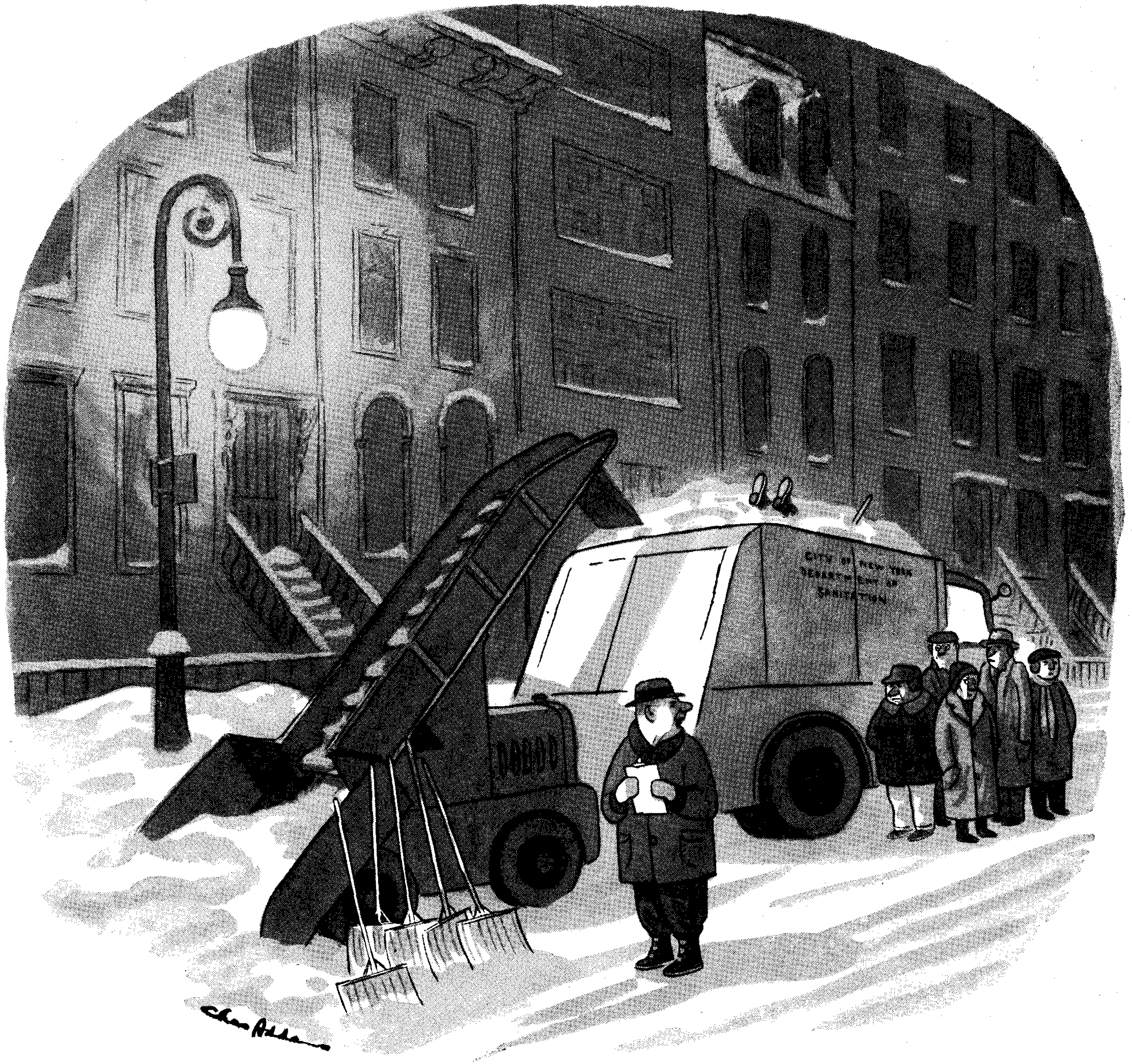
Dr. Konrad Z. Lorenz, a famous animal-behavior man who is assistant director of the Max Planck Institute for Ethology, in Westphalia, Germany, recently visited this country for the first time since 1922, when he spent a year studying zoology at Columbia. This time, he gave more than sixty lectures in three months—at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, the Smithsonian, et al.—and showed delightful moving pictures of his graylag geese, some of whom think he is their mother (he honks at them in a maternal way), at the annual meeting of the New York Zoological Society, which was held at Hunter College in January. We took this in, and caught Lorenz at the Barbizon-Plaza coffee shop some days later, just before he sailed for home. He is a big, genial man of fifty-one, with wavy whitish hair and a wavy golden beard. "I have just been packing fish," he said. "Cichlids, related to your sunfish, which I collected in Trinidad while I was visiting Dr. Will Beebe. When you study the history of evolution, you compare related forms of life and, from similarity and dissimilarity of character, reconstruct the latest common ancestor. Lateness is comparative as applied to morphology. The same thing is true of behavior. Behavior characteristics are very old. To study them, you need a group rich in species and genera, with interesting complicated activities. Pigeons are such a group, and these cichlids are the *ideal* subject for this kind of comparative work. They comprise hundreds of species, are extremely hardy, have highly complicated parental-care responses, and are tropical, which means they breed throughout the year, so you can experiment with them at any time. They mate for life, and take care of their babies. We have twenty-six species at home, and I'm taking back five we haven't got. Most of them stick their eggs to a stone. The parents hover above these and fan water over them for four or five days. As soon as the babies move in the eggshell, the parents pluck them out and carry them to a nest consisting of a shallow pit in sand. They fan water over this, and stand guard. Every night, they pick up the babies in their mouths and carry them to a new nest, for sanitary reasons. After about five days, the babies, who by now have consumed their egg sacs and developed gas in their swim bladders, enabling them to swim (at first, they are heavier than water), follow their parents. The parents defend the territory, snap up stragglers and spit them back into the school, and for over a month bring the children to a nest at night. Then they're on their own."

Cichlids also have complicated mating responses. "Most of them don't recognize each other's sex by sight or smell, but by a chain of reactions," Dr. Lorenz said. "An amorous male approaches another cichlid by unfolding his fins like ornamental fans and making himself as big as possible. If the other puts on a counter-display, the first one knows it is a rival male, and fights it, often to the death. If the second cichlid collapses and begins to retreat, the first one knows it is a cowardly male and chases it out of the territory. If the second fish exhibits social inferiority, devotion, and willingness to mate—by constricting its fins and swimming backward toward the male—he knows it is a female, and acts accordingly. Of course, these observations call to mind human parallels, but we mustn't exaggerate them. There's a danger of what I call cutification. Still, the cichlids' territoriality—defense of its territory—offers an interesting analogy to the institution of private property in the higher vertebrates."

Dr. Lorenz's original territory was Vienna, where his father, Adolf, was a prominent orthopedic surgeon. "I've collected animals ever since I can remember," he said. "A doctorate at the University of Vienna, an instructorship at the Anatomical Institute there, a professorship at the Zoological Institute, a chair in Königsberg, the assistant directorship of the Max Planck Institute, in a castle full of geese, ducks, fish, and small mammals at Buldern, near Münster—that's my ontogeny. My wife is a medical doctor and acts as my secretary. She earned the money we lived on while I did my research. We have a very sensible division of labor; I do everything I like and she does the rest of it. I do everything amusing and she does everything disagreeable."

Liar

A chap we know who lives in the country tells us of an experience he had one morning last month, and it makes a wintry tale indeed. He had got up early and brushed his teeth and his hair, and, in pajamas, bathrobe, and slippers, was making himself some coffee in the kitchen when, glancing out the window, he saw a fox coming across a



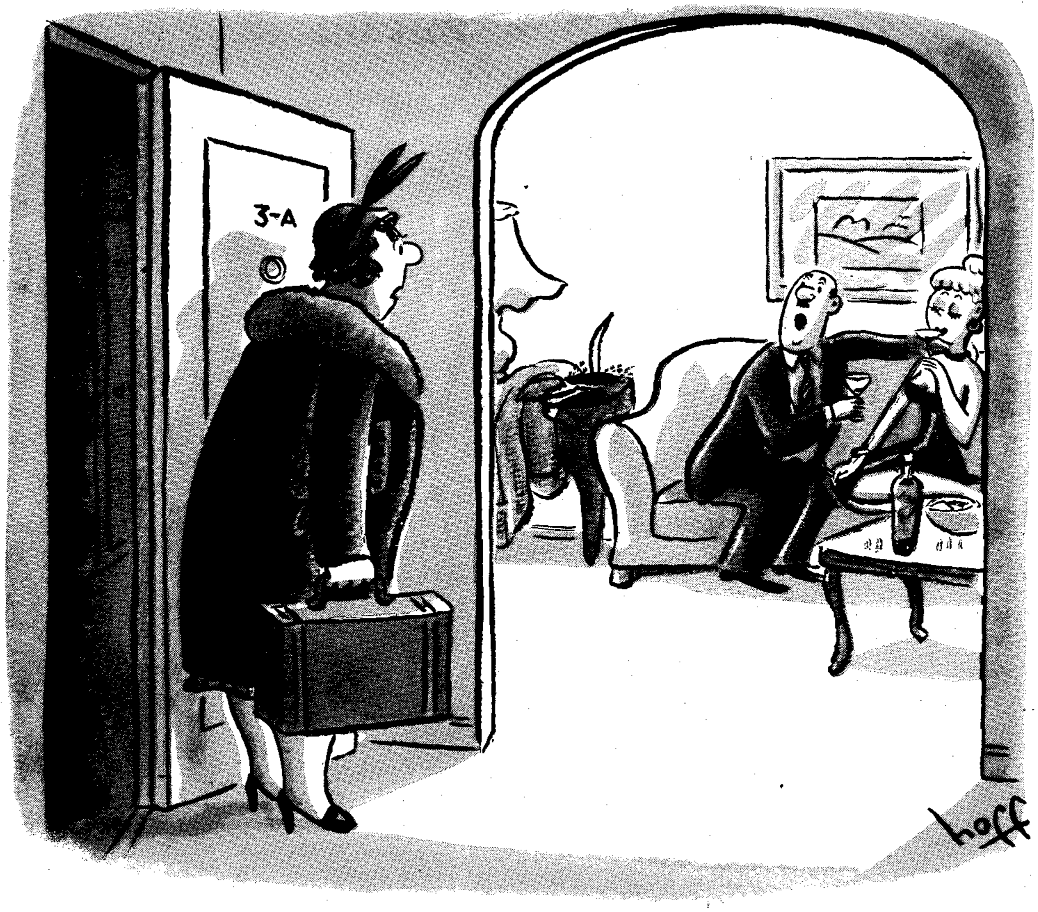
"Just a minute, you guys—we're missing one shovel."

• •

field at a good pace, making directly for his house. He'd heard about rabid foxes that bit children and dogs, so, quick as a pioneer, he grabbed up a shotgun, rushed to the back door, and let the fox have both barrels. The fox turned a somersault and disappeared in a snowdrift. Our man was about to put on some clothes and galoshes and go out to pick up the fox when he saw, coming across the same field, a whole crowd of hounds, horses, ladies, and gentlemen, and he had to think and act fast once again. He ran upstairs, took off his bathrobe and slippers, mussed up his hair, and jumped back into bed. In a few minutes, when some of the gentlemen banged on the front door and asked the barefooted man in pajamas if he had shot their fox, he was able to tell them convincingly, "No."

Cross-Section

IN a grand-jury room of the Criminal Courts Building, down on Centre Street, something known as the New York City Traffic Court School has just been set up, for the instruction of drivers who have been found guilty of breaking one or another of the local motor-vehicle laws. Sentencing of the guilty parties is deferred until they have completed the school's course, with the hope held out to them that diligence and success in their studies will mitigate the severity of their punishment. The school plans a term of seven sessions, meeting on Wednesday evenings at seven-thirty. We turned up last Wednesday, shortly before class time, for the fourth session of the school, and found an eager faculty bustling about with charts, graphs, and drivers' tests in hand. Saul Allen, Director of the Traffic Summons Control Bureau, said that we might fittingly describe him as registrar of the school, and introduced us to several other members of the faculty, including Charles J. Kraft, an Assistant Director of Health Education for the Board of Education; Dr. Leon Brody, a psychologist; Dr. Melvin Schrier, an optometrist; and assorted officers of the Greater New York Safety Council and of the Safety Department of the Automobile Club of New York. "My regular job is process-



"Why, Martha! I thought you were afraid to fly!"

• •

ing and controlling the city's Traffic Court load," Mr. Allen said. "I work under Chief City Magistrate John M. Murtagh. We had a million and a half cases last year. Took in nine million dollars in fines. Wait till you see our students; we have all kinds. Hardened speeders and passers of red lights. Confirmed wrong-way drivers on one-way streets. They're a cross-section in respect to status as well. We've got a cabdriver, a student, a truck driver, a carpenter, a clerk, a draftsman, a textile manufacturer, and a real-estate man, to name a few. Young and old. Rich and poor. Strong and weak. We've limited the enrollment of the class to twenty, so the students can get individual attention, but once we shift into high gear, we intend to hold classes every night. It's all Judge Murtagh's idea. 'Educate,' he says. 'Educate. Educate. Educate.'"

"The grand-jury room is perfect for basic problems," Dr. Brody said. "Brings teacher and student closer together."

The young and old students had begun to drift into the room, and within a few minutes were seated in comfortable leather chairs. Having called them to order, Mr. Kraft informed them that their first task would be a short examination. A faculty member passed out a true-or-false test similar to the one that all applicants for a driver's license take. "We want to find out about ourselves in this test," Mr. Kraft continued, in a soothing voice. "We may seem to be one way in the house, but sometimes when we get behind the wheel we turn out to be hellcats. We're not going to be hellcats, are we? And if we're hellcats now, then we're going to change. Right?" He looked hopefully at the class. One of the older students gave an almost inaudible cough. "That's the spirit," Mr. Kraft said. "Now we're getting somewhere. Everybody got a pencil? Green light! Go!"

The students bent over the test, and Mr. Allen advised us, in low tones, that reaction and discussion on the part of the class weren't yet what they ought to be.

"It's warming up, though," Mr. Kraft said. "Our foot-reaction-timer test last week really aroused their interest. And tonight Dr. Schrier is going to give them a telebinocular test, to show them their visual deficiencies, if any. Basically, they *enjoy* discovering themselves."

"Bring me a bent fender, and I'll show you a deficiency in depth perception," Dr. Schrier said cheerfully.

"What about 'Attitudes'?" Mr. Allen asked. "How's that being covered tonight?"

"We're covering it with a movie called 'X Marks the Spot,'" Mr. Kraft said. "Next week, we'll cover the police and their job, our attitudes toward them and their job, and the reaction of the police officer to the traffic violator. It's a heavy schedule, but I think they'll be able to absorb it."

Mr. Kraft called time on the true-or-false test and invited a general discussion of it while Dr. Schrier got his telebinocular equipment ready. A student got up and asked, "What about this question—'It is always illegal to pass another vehicle on the right.' Is that true or false?"

Several hands shot up, and Mr. Kraft called on the student with the encouraging cough. "False," said the student. "You *have* to pass a car on the right if it's making a left turn."

"Correct!" said Mr. Kraft.

Another student wanted to know if that rule held for drivers of commercial vehicles as well as for people driving for pleasure.

"Driving is driving," said Mr. Kraft. "The law is for everyone equally. In our last class, we're going to have a Stump the Experts Quiz, like on television, and we guarantee to have a panel of experts here. Now, how many of us are going to be ready to stump the experts?"

All the students raised their hands.

Criticism

A LADY leaving the Martin Beck after watching a matinée performance of "The Teahouse of the August Moon" was heard to say to her companion that she much preferred "The Mikado."

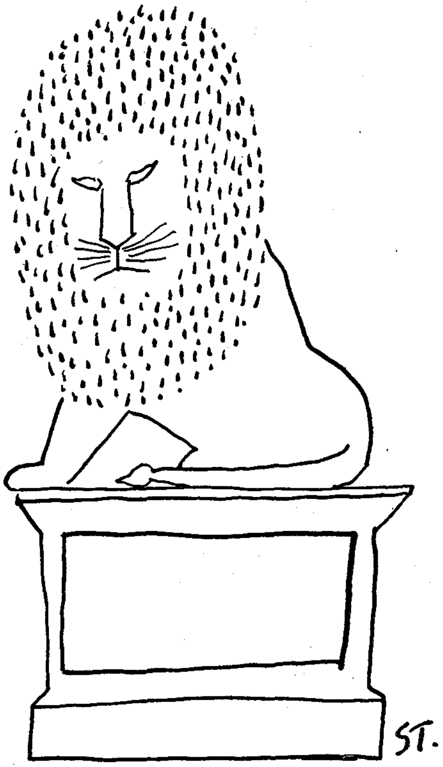
Fact-Finder

IT'S a good thing the Senate Banking and Currency Committee's hearings on the stock-market boom constitute—as Senator Fulbright has explained—a "study," rather than an "investigation," because Robert Ash Wallace, the committee's staff director and chief fact-finder, being red-headed and six feet three inches tall, is altogether too conspicuous to get far as a gumshoe man. We, for example, hadn't the slightest trouble spotting him in the Kitty Hawk Bar, at LaGuardia Field, where we caught him for a short talk late one afternoon last week. Mr. Wallace was on his way back to Washington, after a day of legwork on Wall Street with his chief aides—Amerst Huson, a financial analyst borrowed from the Securities and Exchange Commission, and Myer Feldman, a lawyer, also borrowed from the S.E.C. "This is the second day I've spent in New York on this job, and I hope to make it the last, but Huson and Feldman will probably be up again," Mr. Wallace told us. "An awful lot of our information sources are in Washington—the S.E.C., on regulation of stock exchanges; the Federal Reserve Board, on credit; the Commerce Department, on business conditions; the Treasury Department, on taxes—and besides my wife is about to have a baby. When we first tackled Wall Street in person, I had the feeling there might be a certain amount of clamming up. I guess I just didn't know anything about financial men. Clamming up! Why, people have been bending our ears all day, and would gladly have continued into the night."

We inquired who had been bending Mr. Wallace's ear, and he replied, "Governors of the stock exchanges, stock specialists, floor traders, brokers, and bankers. Keith Funston, president of the New York Stock Exchange, was very coöperative. When he saw me, he said he'd read somewhere that I weigh two hundred and thirty, and he bet that was too high. He was right; I weigh two-ten. Sidney Weinberg, of Goldman Sachs, gave us a lecture on how to become a director of a company. Didn't sound too difficult. We also had a fine talk with Judge Ferdinand Pecora, who conducted the stock-market investigation back in 1933 and 1934, when the famous midget sat on the famous Morgan knee. The Judge reminisced a bit, and said he recognized the reason for the difference between his critical approach and our objective one. Times and conditions have changed. After all, the Securities and Exchange Act, passed shortly after his investigation, corrected a lot of the abuses he'd been uncovering." Mr. Wallace tossed us a four-page agenda of the topics the committee is looking into, and said, "Why did the market shoot up in December? Would a further rise be dangerous? What about marginal trading? What about the capital-gains tax? Those are all things that we, as students, want to find out. Meanwhile, our goal is not to rock the boat. We hope the hearings have absolutely no effect on the market."

Senator Fulbright's chief fact-finder told us he was born in Cordell, Oklahoma, in 1921; moved to Stillwater two years later, when his father joined the English Department of Oklahoma A. and M.; and eventually spent four years as an undergraduate at that institution, studying architectural engineering. At the outbreak of the Second World War, he went to Seattle as a structural engineer with Boeing, and remained frozen in the job until 1945. "I worked nights, deciding whether botched aircraft parts could be salvaged or not," he said. "It got boring, and in my spare time I began brooding about government." He studied government at the University of Washington during his off-duty hours; got his B.A. in 1945; taught there for a year; spent the next two years at the University of Chicago, where he prepared a graduate thesis entitled "Congressional Control of Federal Expenditures;" and went to Washington in January, 1949, to work for Senator Paul H. Douglas. "I was general handyman, officially called 'legislative assistant,'" Mr. W. told us. "When I was new at the job, I called up somebody in Washington and announced myself by my official designation. The man said, 'Well, we must have our titles, mustn't we?,' and I never used the damn thing again unless I had to. I stayed with Douglas six years. Live in Alexandria—two kids, not counting the one on the way. I came to Banking and Currency as of this January 15th, but the deal had been in the works before the stock-market study was proposed. Being a staff director on the Hill is a lot different from being a senator's assistant. It calls for being a cross between a technical expert and a journalist. It also calls for nimbleness in catching planes."

With that, Mr. Wallace was off.



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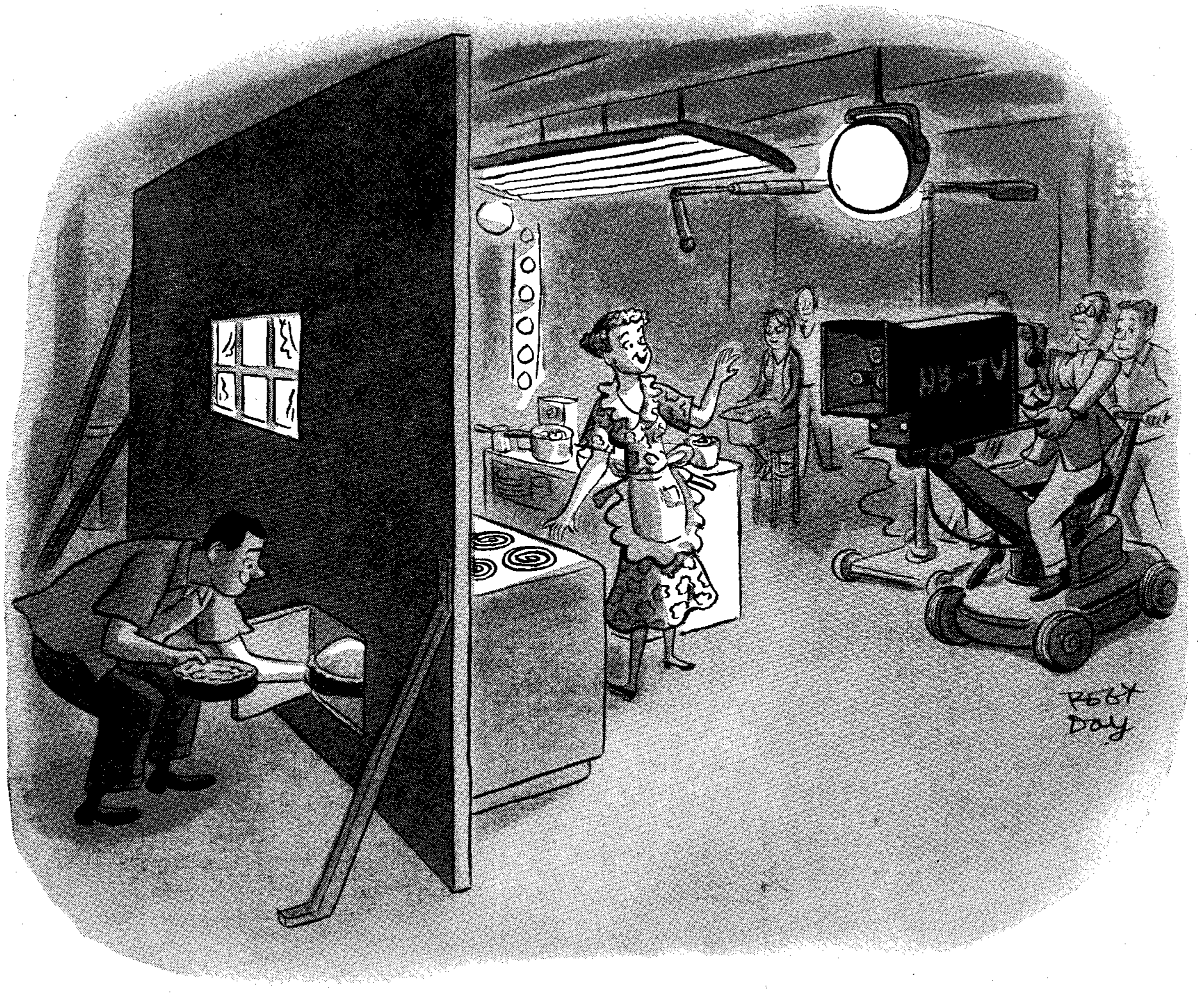
SIGN in the window of the Crystal Tailor Shop, in the Bronx: "Expert Re-Altering."

Happy

THE Garden Supply Trade Show has come and gone, and, oh, the joyous months of tilling, sowing, spraying, feeding, disinfecting, and mowing it foretold! We can scarcely wait for slush time to give way to mulch time. The show was so vast that it filled two whole armories—the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory, at Lexington and Twenty-fifth, and the Seventy-first ditto ditto, at Park and Thirty-fourth—and we were pleased with everything we saw. Everything, that is, except the evidence on all sides of what Dr. Lorenz calls cutification. Baby-talk spelling has swept the world of garden-supply manufacturers. Some advertising idiot has apparently convinced these good people that a product will sell twice as well if its brand name is made so cute that any ordinary customer would rather strangle than utter it aloud in a public place. Kut-Kwick, indeed! And Fertileze! To make matters worse, kittenish spellings are often linked together to produce such horrors of semi-amputation as Weed-B-Gon, Antrol Lawntrol, Plantabbs, RediMix, and Ra-Pid-Gro. (It's only fair to note that a few of the garden people have kept their heads. Burpee's Seeds, for example, continue to be known as Burpee's Seeds, while the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Corporation calls its Black Leaf 5% Chlordane Dust Black Leaf 5% Chlordane Dust.)

A representative of *Garden Supply Merchandiser*, the trade magazine that sponsored the show, informed us that there was three million dollars' worth of merchandise on display and that it could be divided ruffly—roughly, we mean—into two categories: power equipment for the garden, and chemicals and non-power equipment for the garden. Without another fact in our head, we set out to explore the various booths in the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory. The first one we came to held a small portable house made of aluminum screening, to the exterior of which several large plastic flies had been affixed. A young man opened the door of the house and invited us inside. "Live outdoors and love it, with a Grand Patio House," he said, in a remarkably exultant voice. "We're out to change



"And now, ladies, let's look in the oven and see how our soufflé turned out."

America's way of life. In the old days, only the gentry could afford summerhouses on their estates, and at that they weren't usually screened. 'No Flies on Us' is our motto. We're planning to provide electric outlets in these houses, so you can plug in TV, rotisseries, and other conveniences. Our nine-foot-by-nine-foot house retails for two hundred and seventy-nine dollars and can be assembled in two hours." A lady came up and asked the young man the price of the plastic flies. "We're selling the house, Madam, not the flies," the young man said, less exultantly.

We journeyed on, past power mowers, electric and non-electric barbecues, wood and aluminum fences, concrete statuary, and plastic hoses, tools, and chairs. We heard a man at the Power Products Corporation booth say to a visitor, "I'm happy that you're happy," thus confirming our impression of an armory brimming with brotherly love. At the Redi-Set Trellis Company booth, a man proclaimed, "You don't have to be a genius to put this thing together. It's a nice little number and priced right. People usually start by buying three or four of them. And they're expendable. Kids bust 'em up. Dogs knock 'em down. The Mrs. runs into 'em with the car, smashes 'em to bits. They just got to keep coming back year after year for replacements." This wasn't quite the sort of happy talk we wished to hear, and we moved briskly on to New Pistol-Grip Duster ("Squirts an eight-foot stream of insecticide dust with one squeeze of the trigger," said the Pistol man. "Nothing to wear out, ever") and Cabana-Rama, a beach umbrella shaped something like a pup-tent. "Stand it up, and it's a sunshade and windshade," the demonstrator said. "Pull it down, and it offers complete privacy. No sand, no flies." "The spring is always in the cage," said a man in a booth to our right. It was what we oft had thought about spring but ne'er so well expressed, and we couldn't help feeling disappointed when it turned out that the man was talking about a saw.

Cadillac limousines were stationed outside the two armories, to carry visitors back and forth between them, and, having had our fill of the Sixty-ninth, we tooled graciously uptown to the Seventy-first, wherein was bedlam—hoses spraying water about inside Plexiglas domes, guns spraying powder about inside Plexiglas domes, phonograph records grating out sales talks and birdcalls, grinders grinding, mulchers mulching. Someone offered to give us a demonstration of Don's Dandy Digger. Someone else was defending his patented gardening glove. "You say it smells," he said indignantly to a customer. "I say it doesn't smell." Science Products Company of Chicago buttonholed us. "Have you heard about Blossom-Set, our no-seed hormone?" he inquired. We said we were a stranger in the no-seed country. "Spray on this hormone and bypass pollination," he said. "Wonderful for tomatoes. The fruit sets immediately, regardless of temperature, and is often seedless." We asked about the taste. "Indescribable," said Science Products Company of Chicago. In our line of work, when things get indescribable it's time to go home, so we did.

The Dean's Secretary

AN undergraduate at an Eastern-seaboard university (which had better be nameless, at least until everything gets straightened out there) received a letter the other day from the dean in answer to a curricular inquiry he had made. "I have explored most of the avenues in the university with respect to your request," the dean's letter said, "and it looks to me as if you will have to go through with your long-term program. I have discovered no short cut. I wish something could be done about it, but the rules and regulations of the university, and, as a matter of fact, of the Puerto Ricans, are such that we cannot make exception." Not wishing to bother the dean further, the student telephoned his office, got his secretary, and asked her if she could explain the part of the letter that baffled him. "Oh, darn it!" she said. "That's supposed to be 'Board of Regents,' not 'Puerto Ricans.' I keep doing that all the time!"

A COUCH OF MY OWN

(SOME REMINISCENCES PROMPTED BY, AND TO A CERTAIN EXTENT PATTERNED AFTER, DR. JOSEPH WORTIS'S "FRAGMENTS OF AN ANALYSIS WITH FREUD")

MY first few interviews with Dr. Sigmund Freud were not very illuminating. He was not entirely in sympathy with my purpose, which was to embody my findings in a book for the layman, and he made little attempt to hide his distaste.

"You are a science-fiction writer," he used to say. "Go away. I find you repulsive."

There were also a good many occasions when he lost interest in what I was saying, and then he was in the habit of slipping down *behind* the couch—a position in which he was, of course, invisible to me—and going to sleep. In my opinion, a good deal of time was wasted in this manner, but when I mentioned this to him, he was apt to reply with an account of what he himself dreamed while thus, so to speak, in abeyance. These dreams had a somewhat recurrent aspect. He would be lying, he said, in his bath or some other essentially escape-proof receptacle, into which a male attendant continuously poured great quantities of thick, cold soup.

"You recognize this man?" I asked him once.

"Yes," he said curtly. "You. It's always you."

These fantasies caused him great anxiety—a fear of drowning in the soup, coupled with disgust at its viscid and monotonous texture—but we were unable to interpret them in any satisfactory fashion.

Gradually, however, our relations became more amicable—"A man gets used to practically anything" was the way he put it—and I was able to begin the entries in the diary that I kept from October, 1932, until the middle of the succeeding March. In one way or another, the following excerpts seem to me significant.

OCTOBER 8

WE explored some fundamentals today.

"What makes you think you want to be an analyst?" he asked.

"I've always dreamed of it."

"Don't mumble. You Americans all mumble. Speak distinctly."

"I can't. Your dog is lying on me."

Freud's old dog, Jung, was in the habit of jumping up on the couch and lying beside or across the patient. Freud always appeared to find this amusing.

"You dislike the dog?"

"No. I like him very much."

"Her."

"Jung?"

"He was a notorious transvestite."

"I see. I didn't know that. All right then. I like *her* very much."

"Perhaps you ought to be a veterinary."

"That isn't a very encouraging remark."

"It is simply an observation. Animals like you. You might make a very good veterinary."

"I want to be an analyst."

"All right. How about being a *dog* analyst? They have their problems, too."

"I'd rather work with people. Don't you think I have talent?"

"It seems unlikely." He paused. "By the way, when are you going to pay me something on that bill? You got any money on you now?"

"About eighty-five cents."

"All right, give me that."

The rest of the hour was devoted to this topic.

NOVEMBER 3

I DREAMED that S. N. Behrman and I were translating "Hamlet" into Persian. Freud questioned me closely about this.

"Do you speak Persian?"

"No."

"Does Mr. Behrman?"

"No."

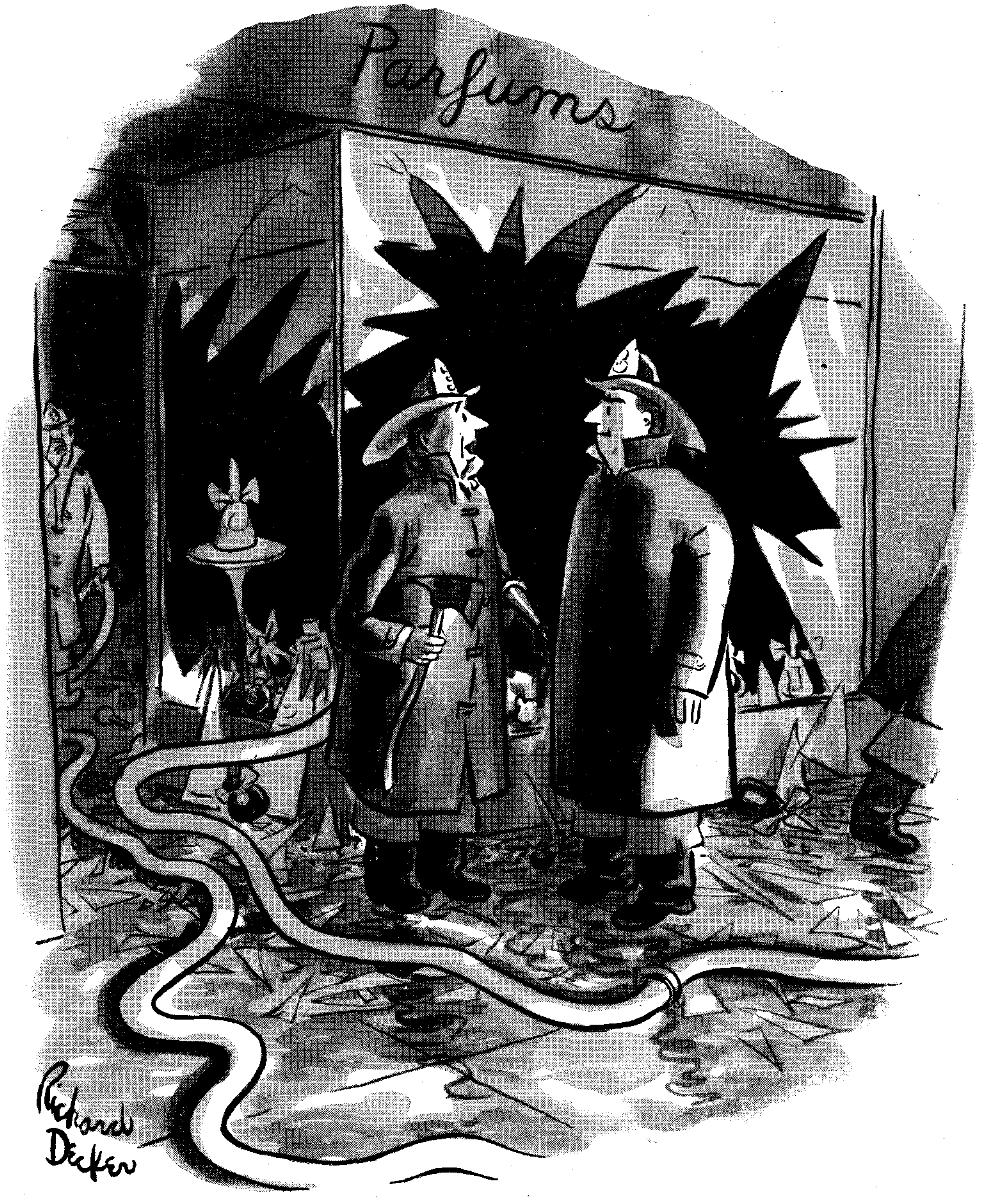
"Where did this dream take place?"

"In the subway."

"What line?"

"The Interborough."

"That's usually a symbol of hunger or dancing. The B.-M.T. is more



"Chief, would you mind giving me a note for my wife, explaining how come I smell like this?"

apt to represent the womb or sheep. How do you interpret this dream yourself?"

"Perhaps I wish to write a play with Mr. Behrman."

"Or dance with him."

"That's possible."

"That's the trouble with you Americans. All you think of is sheep and dancing."

We let it go at that. Jung jumped down off my chest, and I went home.

DECEMBER 8

FREUD was also interested in my daydreams.

"What do you imagine yourself doing?" he asked. "Do you identify yourself with anybody in particular?"

"Well, I don't know. I—"

"Don't think. Just say the first thing that comes into your head."

"All right then. Ty Cobb."

"Who is he?"

"An American baseball player. They used to call him the Georgia Peach."

"You wish to be a peach?"

"No. That's just what they used to call him. When he was with Detroit."

"That's in Georgia?"

"No. It's in Michigan."

"Then you mean the Michigan Peach."

"No. You're probably thinking of Stanley Ketchel. They called *him* the Michigan Assassin."

"Then you *really* wish to be an assassin. You have Communist inclinations?"

"I don't think so."

"I think you have. Mr. Cobb is a Communist?"

"Not that I know of. He owns a good many shares in the Coca-Cola Company. You know, they make coke."

"Coke? That is the slang term, of course. You are a drug addict?"

"That's a hell of a thing to say."

"You must understand that I can't help you if you aren't frank with me. I suggest that you are a drug addict with homicidal tendencies."

"I think that is a *post-hoc* fallacy. Anyway, I resent it."

"We must expect this initial hostility. Now about your identification with this peach . . ."

JANUARY 18

I TOLD Freud that my wife had an almost irresistible impulse to dance with sailors.

"Where?"

"Mostly in elevators."

"Possibly she likes elevators?"

"Or sailors."

"That's a hypothesis, but I'm afraid it's an oversimplification. Is she a handsome woman?"

"No."

"Then what are you complaining about?"

"Well, it causes a good deal of talk."

"That's a bourgeois attitude."

Freud told me that he himself disliked both sailors and elevators.

"It probably means nothing," he said.

MARCH 15

I DREAMED that I was high above the earth in a balloon. The people down below looked like ants. It gave me a strange feeling of omniscience.

"That's *one* thing you don't have to worry about," said Freud when I told him this.

"You don't have to be rude."

"I'm not rude. I just get bored. You Americans all seem to have such second-rate dreams."

I turned around to protest, but he had fallen asleep behind the couch. I shook him, and at last he opened one eye.

"All *right*," he said irritably. "Just don't give me any more of your soup."

"Soup?"

"That's right," he said. "And stop making up to that dog. You think I want her getting on the junk, too?"

I deduced from this that we were basically unsympathetic, and I went home. I had about all I needed for my book anyway, so I never went back.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

WHO'LL BUY MY LINGUAL?

OR, YOU PRONOUNCE PLUIE, LOUIE

I wander through a Paris shower,
Off to inspect a flat *à louer.*

The water pours as from a pitcher
On walls inscribed "*Défense d'afficher.*"

If I have splashed through such a pond,
I don't remember *où* or *quand.*

With raindrops glistening on my garment,
I reach my goal, I don't know *comment.*

I ring, I do not wish to trespass,
For trespassing is naughty, *n'est-ce pas*?

The stairway irks my fallen arch,
Because one learns *l'ascenseur ne marche.*

I like the flat; with cheerful mien
I murmur to the man, "*Combien*?"

He mentions his idea of payment,
I say that it's exorbitant, *vraiment*—

Have I misunderstood his statement?
I do not speak the French *parfaitement.*

He mentions a reduced emolument,
I cry that it's a deal, *absolument.*

And now I think a glass of wine
Would not be too unpleasant, *hein*?

—OGDEN NASH

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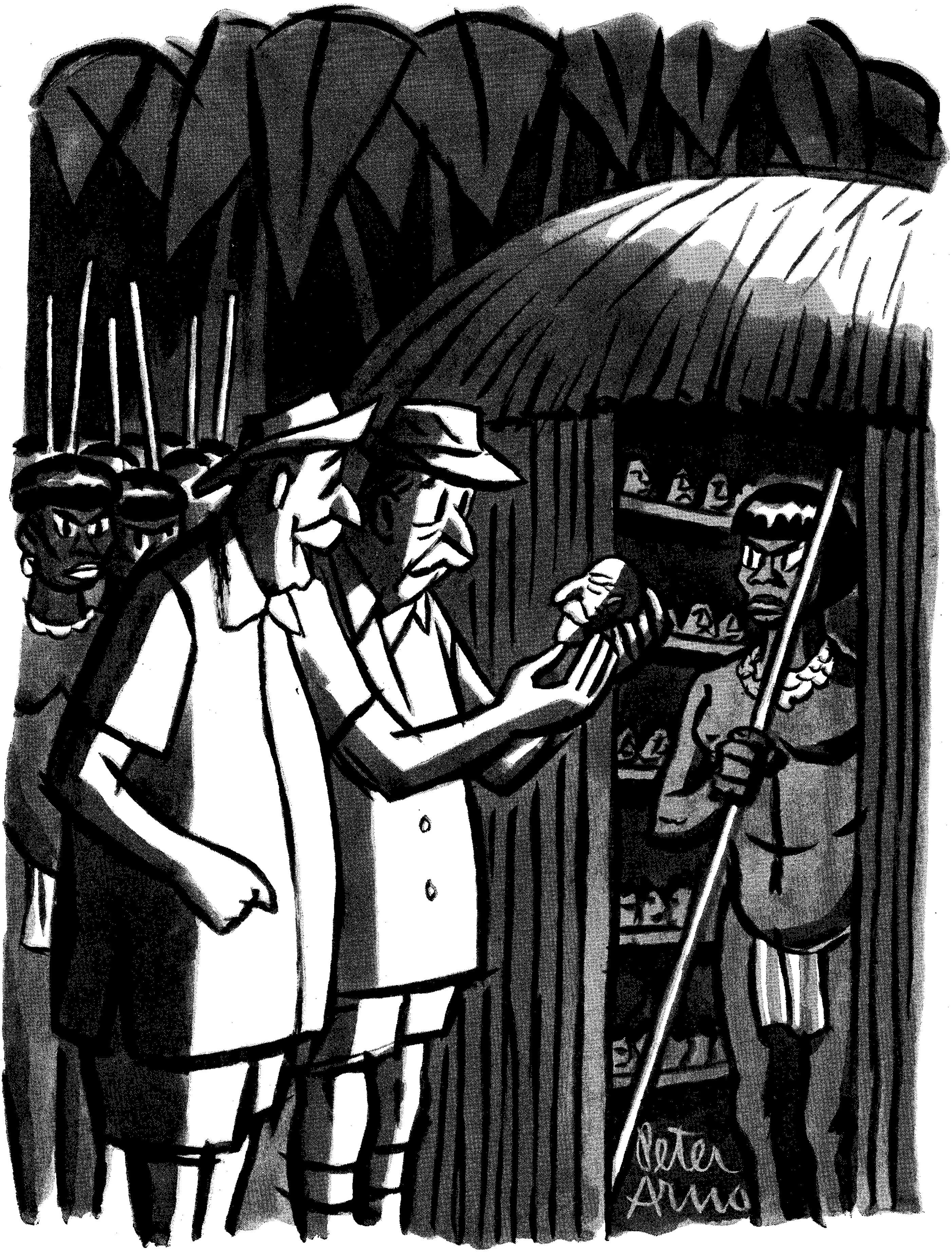


"By George, it is old Whittington! Delightful chap."

THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

WHEN I wake up in the morning in this Virginia town, the children are all calling good-bye to their fathers going off to work. I can hear the cars being started up—there is an old Buick next door that takes its time and makes a deep-throated, portentous coughing—and the chorus of dozens of children up and down the block calling, in their infant Southern accents, "Ba-Ba-Ba," like a flock of tiny, excited sheep.

One spicy, promising morning last September, one of the little sheep was not calling "Ba" when I awoke but, instead, a sort of chant of triumph; I lay still to hear what the words were. The child was shouting, "I'm going to school! I'm going to school! I'm-going-to-*school!*," each reiteration growing shriller and more incredulously ecstatic. I jumped out of bed and went to the window to see. The little girl was just climbing into the car beside her father. Her brand-new tin lunch-box got in the way of her knees; she was wearing a new blue coat and a blue hat to match. I think she must have been seven. As they drove off, she poked her head out of the window and proclaimed once more, like a lark rising, "I'm going to school!"

I got back in bed, thinking I wonder how long that will last. I wondered what it is that happens, so soon, to take the bloom off that rapturous approach to education. It doesn't take long—a matter of weeks, sometimes—before the permanent slump comes, the dismay, the reluctance, the dread that I have propelled two children through during the remainder of their school careers. Of course, some children don't seem to mind, I thought, but I doubted whether they were the ones who would carol so joyfully on the first day of school.

I tried to remember what had happened to me after my own first, blissful entrance. I can remember that first day, how round the suns of the autumn dandelions shone on our front lawn; I myself was four. And yet it cannot have been much more than two years later when I used to pull on my long brown cotton stockings for school, lace up my brown leather boots, feeling such nausea that I would have to stop and lean my head against the frame of my old maple-sugar-colored bed. What happened in between?

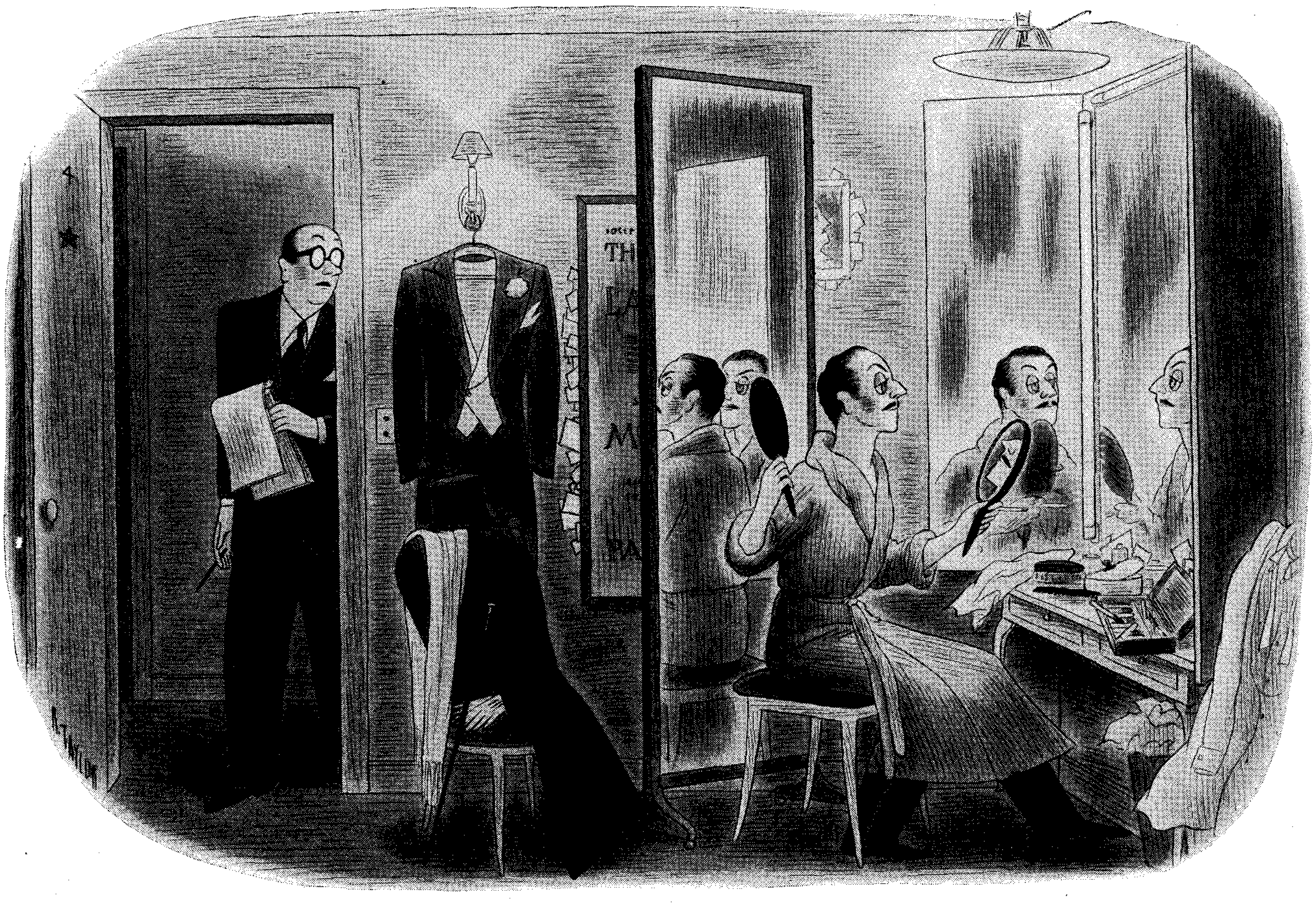
BOWERY SAVINGS BANK
FBModell

I remember certain preliminaries to my first day of school—old Mrs. Stanford saying, when I told her as she passed our house "I'm going to school!," "At your age? Oh, I'm sure you're going to play-school." I answered indignantly, "I'm *not* going to school to play. I'm going to school to *study*," showing I was not under any misapprehensions, and, when someone else (who?) asked me, in an indulgent voice, what I was going to learn at school, replying, "I'm going to learn sweeping and French."

And I was taken to tea beforehand with the headmistress, an English lady who had settled in New England and opened this school for boys and girls up to about fourteen. She was very British, and so, I realize now, was her school. My mother and I had tea with her in her study while, I suppose, I was looked over. The study was dim and crowded with papers and books, and made still darker by an adjoining conservatory filled with plants and vines, vivid green in the late-afternoon sun. Of the plate of cakes that had been brought in on the tea tray, there remained one cake, round, pink-frosted, glossy; my fingers stole toward it, but Miss Cavendish's voice halted me then, for the first time. She said, "Nancy! The last cake is for Miss Manners." I stared at Miss Cavendish, not entirely taken in by this anthropomorphic projection of hers. She was a big, stout woman, somewhere in middle age, with gray curly hair, who wore a black cloth shirtwaist and skirt and, over them, academic robes.

But even this warning of discipline to come did not faintly dim my bliss and pride and self-importance the day I first went off to school—on foot, in those days, holding my father's hand.

It was the only school I knew, so I took it for granted, but, looking back at it, many things strike me as extraordinary; for example, the daily assembly in the gymnasium, all shiny, varnished yellow oak, when Miss Cavendish, in her scholar's robes, read the Order for Daily Morning Prayer out of the prayer book to us little Unitarians and Congregationalists, only partly leavened by a sprinkling of Episcopalians, and when, occasionally, we small descendants of Revolutionary patriots stood up and sang "God Save the King." We sang lots of songs not, I am sure, generally sung in American schools, when we were sitting on the cold, slippery golden-oak bench that ran around three sides of the gymnasium—"John Peel," and "The British Grenadiers," and a number of instructive jingles that were supposed to teach us history the easy



"Tremaine, could I see you for a moment—alone?"

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way. Of these, I can remember all of only one:

Little Jimmy Watt
Saw the cover of a pot
Jumping up and down like a dandy.
So he went and learned a trade,
Built the *first* steam engine made,
And the whole world found it very handy.

Furthermore, when Christmastime came around, the ruling spirit of the holidays was referred to as Father Christmas, and I remember sitting in the darkened gymnasium in a folding chair beside my mother, watching the older children put on the Christmas play. It concerned Saint George and the Dragon, and included characters named Holly and Mistletoe, and could probably, I now realize, have been classed as a pantomime. A year or two later, I myself, dressed in pink cheesecloth, with a gold tinsel girdle, represented Discretion in a school rendering of "Everyman."

But none of these curious phenomena had anything to do with rubbing the bloom off my glory at going to school to study. I viewed them as one views the whole unaccountable spectacle of the world at four—with phlegmatic calm. They made as much sense as anything else. Only the black-robed figure of Miss Cavendish, reading prayers in her British voice in the chilly yellow gymnasium, became daily more frightening, less human.

We, the youngest children in the school, had as our classroom a large room on the south side of the ground floor. The school had been a private mansion in which a few changes had been made. We sat on little, chunky, green-painted chairs around long, narrow tables to do our reading lesson or to sing:

All things bright and beautiful
All creatures great and small
All things wise and wonderful
The Lord God made them all.

In the middle of the morning, we went into an adjoining pantry, where we were served either cold milk or hot cocoa. The cocoa was served in tall, narrow, white china mugs with a blue pattern; I remember how the scum on top of the cocoa clung to the bowl of the spoon as one lifted it carefully off, for I had learned, listening to the others squealing or groaning, that scum is disgusting. With the drinks went Huntley & Palmers biscuits called Petits Beurres. The winter sun streaked through the southern windows to the right; the window at the left was partly blocked by the end of Miss Cavendish's conservatory.

To this dark corner, we pull our green chairs in a circle to take our French lesson from Mlle. de Mostuéjouls, who comes to the room for the purpose; other classes are going on in the rest of the room behind us. We learn phrases and sing French songs:

Savez-vous planter les choux
A la mode, à la mode?

I am sitting beside a little boy named Charlie Mellon. I stare at him, transfixed, for he is the most beautiful person I have ever seen—black hair, blue eyes, pink cheeks, long, sweeping eyelashes. Prompted by my delighted admiration, I lean over and kiss him on his pink cheek. Mlle. de Mostuéjouls sees me.

At once, a torrent of horrified French bursts forth, and I am snatched from my little green chair and made to sit at the farther end of the circle from Charlie. By Mademoiselle's expression—shoulders raised, nose wrinkled—and the squeals and groans of the boys and girls once she has communicated her opinion to them, I learn that I have done something as disgusting as scum on the top of cocoa is. I sit quietly at the far end of the circle of children, over where Miss Cavendish's conservatory leaves me in the shadow.

THE next bad thing I remember happening was the lie I told about the cat.

I am sitting at one of the long tables, I think in a reading class. Suddenly I have a fearful urge, a need, to assert myself, and I remark that at home I have a cat who can read and write.

"Oh, Nancy!" says the teacher. "No cat can read or write. Don't tell lies."

But it has become true. I *have* got, privately, at home, a remarkable cat who actually can read and write. In my mind's eye I can see her, the book propped up before her wise and whiskered face.

"I'm not telling a lie," I say. "She really can read and write."

The trouble that came to me after that! I was called, alone, into Miss Cavendish's study, where she sat, a thoroughly terrifying object by now, at her desk, in her robes.

"Nancy, you are telling a lie."

"No, I have a cat who can read and write." I clung to it as if everything—stability itself—depended on it.

My mother was got in touch with, paid a long call shut away with Miss Cavendish in her study, and emerged with red eyes.

"Nancy, you mean you can *imagine* a cat who could read and write," my mother said.

"No, I really have—" But here something broke. It was because I was looking at my mother. Watching her handsome, distressed face, I know that in the place where she and I live, there is no cat who can read and write. It is very much of a shock to realize this

So then there are apologies exacted, to Miss Cavendish, to the room teacher—"I'm sorry I told a lie." And after that there is a distinct difference, not only in the way I feel about school but in the way school feels about me, for I am branded as a liar, unreliable, at least for a time.

Standing up with the others in a long line in our classroom, on a day when no sun comes through the windows to the south—perhaps it is snowing—I am given a word to spell, and I spell it wrong. The girl next to me spells it right, and I exclaim spontaneously, "Oh, I knew that!"

A SEA CHANGE

Across the swamps and marshlands of the hours,
over the cloud-banked air and under the dark
hills of fog where lamps
float incandescent caves in drowsy streets,
the drowned sound of the sea wells up in foghorns
blowing out of their watery towns.
That chilled gray groan
rises on sunken mountains, upon
oceanic rain-eroded shores, under
hollow crystal gongs at icy poles,
and rides through cabled water-years of sound
to echo upward over the rusty buoys
bobbing and clanging in a blind mist
along our inward bays,
and cry an old sad song in the soggy bones
under our chalky shores.

The cold ache and dull blue sound of the sea
fade in the foaming crests,
mock at rocks
jutting their gray-green heads from the gray-green sea,
and sleep in the world's great valleys.
There the riding ocean sighs
over the shoals of continental shelves
down to submerged kingdoms
where drowned soldiers, logged in the sound,
dream while their salt-encrusted eyes
glow in the weeds and corals of their skulls.

Across broad-rivered deltas and crumbling cliffs,
that long gray sound
faintly vibrates over the ocean floor
and rises under our surface solitudes,
as if a huge volcano, muffled under the sea,
erupted with no sound.

—JOSEPH LANGLAND

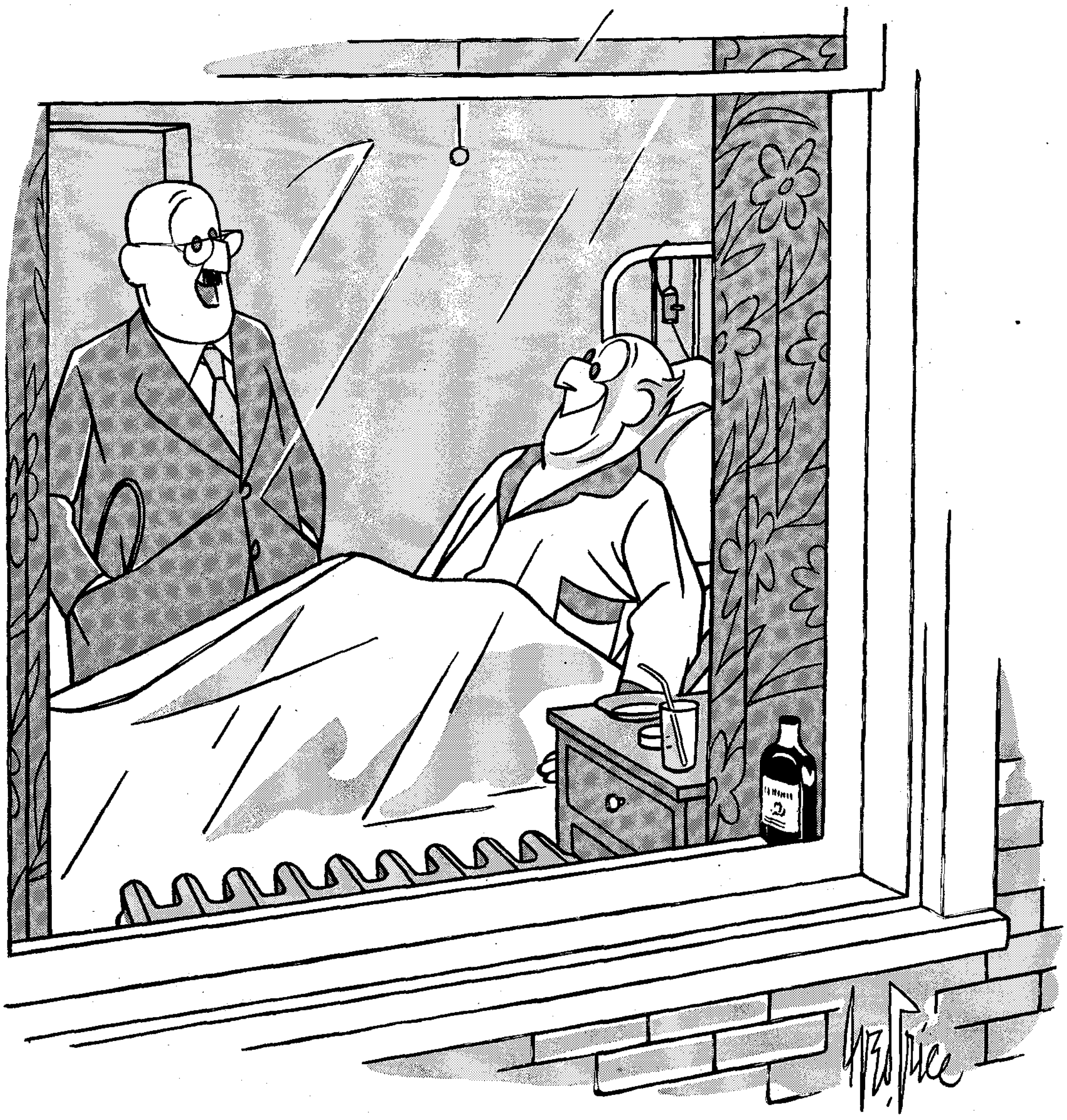
• •

"Don't lie, Nancy," the teacher says. "If you'd known it, you would have spelled it right."

But I *had* known it; only forgotten. It was an injustice. The next class was in singing, and I remember how the hymn we sang so often seemed now overlaid with slime, so that I felt a sort of disgust toward it. "All things bright and beautiful—aagh . . ." it sang itself in my head.

In that first year, we small children saw really very little of Miss Cavendish except in assembly. The following year was different. The following year, to get to my classroom I had to climb one of the pair of curving, formal staircases that mounted symmetrically from either side of the big hall to the upper rooms. Now Miss Cavendish herself taught us English, and we took arithmetic instead of "numbers," and in addition to learning French orally we had to read and write a little; we had the regular penmanship teacher now, who also taught sewing to the girls, and we took a course from Ambrose, the school handyman, in something called Sloyd, which meant an infant version of carpentry.

Also, we were faced with the existence of the Brigade. The Brigade was a very small group of the best children in school; that is, to belong to it you had to get high marks and, in addition, you had to display characteristics



"I must say you manage to keep looking *chipper enough."*

• •

like Honor, Trustworthiness, Responsibility for the Younger Ones. Those who had attained membership were given pins to wear—pale-blue enamel pins in the shape of a triangular banner, with wavy undulations, which bore the motto "Fais Ce Que Tu Dois." The year that I mounted the grand staircases for the first time, all the members of the Brigade happened to be boys. No girls had been considered worthy.

I longed—we all did—to be chosen for the Brigade, but with those blots upon my record I never expected that I should be. And I was not, until late in that year, perhaps in May.

I was standing at the top of one of the staircases, preparing to descend for recess, when Miss Cavendish bore down on me like a black-sailed ship. I don't know why she didn't call me to her study, but she didn't.

"Nancy," she said, in her clipped British accent, "I hope you will make a great effort to live up to the honor which is about to be conferred on you. You're to be a member of the Brigade, my child." She put the precious pin into the palm of my limp hand, and retained my hand in hers. She was speaking quite loud, as usual, and several of my schoolmates gathered. "It's not to be taken lightly, you know. As the only girl"—she said "gel"—"you will appreciate your position. And now," she said, turning my hand over in hers, "go into the bathroom and wash those dirty fingernails and hands."

The humiliation—meted out at such a time, in such circumstances—felt for the moment greater than the honor. I walked down the long second-story corridor to the big, old-fashioned unconverted bathroom and, with my face crimson and burning, turned the water on in the basin. I laid the badge of the Brigade on the glass shelf, which was above my head, and dipped my hands in the water. Slantwise through the glass I could read the motto on the pin—"Fais Ce Que Tu Dois"—"Do What You Ought To." I was longing to be at home. It was the first time I remember getting that familiar longing. I no longer wanted to be at school. I wanted to go home.

NOWADAYS, of course, schools are better, or at least less eccentric, than the one I first went to. But, one way or another, the same sort of disillusion befalls those who perhaps too joyfully set off for their first day of school. This morning when I woke up, in addition to the chorus of bleating baby lambs I heard a voice raised in wails and screams of protest—"I don't want to go to school! I *won't* go to school! I hate school!" Poor, wretched child, of course those pitiful assertions of the will did her no more good than they have any other child who roars out what he will or won't do. I looked out of the window and saw my little September friend being dumped into the front seat of the car by her father; still dressed in that brave blue coat and hat, clutching automatically at the once proud lunchbox. Off they went. I figured that it had taken her about five months.

Naturally, one has to go to school, and one does get something out of it. Of my own three aims as declared at the time of starting, two seem to have been accomplished—I did study at school, and I did learn French rather thoroughly during a total of twelve years of it. But I never learned to sweep, alas, and I can't yet.

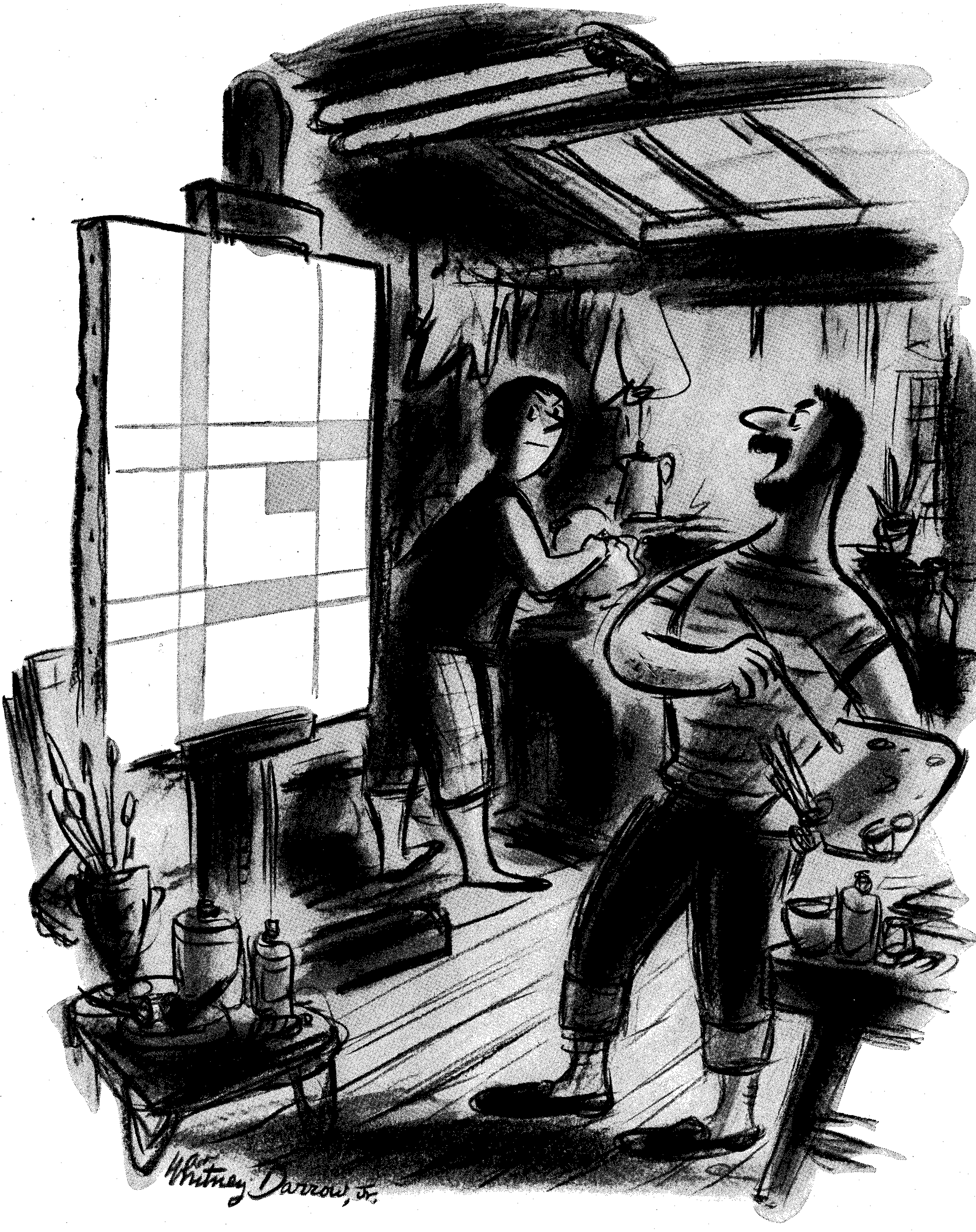
—NANCY HALE

•

Gene Tierney is having a wonderful time with lots of beaux; tells me she's coming to Hollywood soon for a picture but didn't know the name of it.

She divides her time between Manhattan and her Connecticut farm, and remodeled both places.—*Hedda Hopper in the Dayton (Ohio) Journal-Herald.*

The fresh eye.



"There! A message of good will for all mankind."

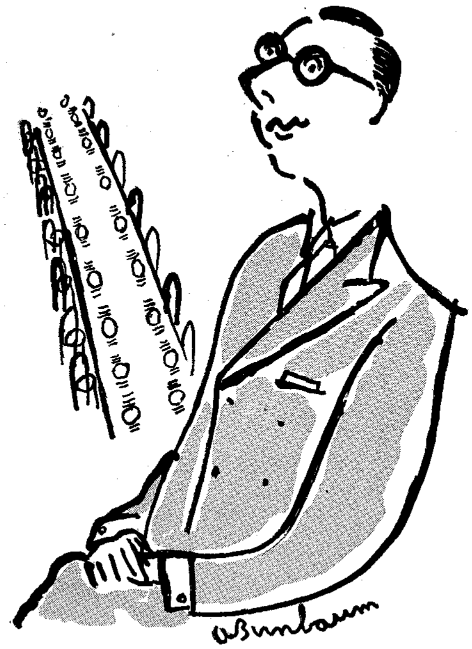
PROFILES

VERY, VERY CORDIAL

THE contemporary Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on Park Avenue, successor to and namesake of the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on Fifth Avenue, opened in October, 1931, toward the end of the second year of the depression. Planned before the Wall Street crash and predicated, grandly, on a pre-depression economy—with fourteen-by-eighteen-foot "boudoir baths," marble-floored dressing rooms, cedar-lined clothes closets, and a special railroad siding for guests with private cars—it soon slid fashionably into a kind of corporate receivership widely and noncommittally referred to in the thirties as 77-B, after a section of the Bankruptcy Act that was set up in 1933 as a tonic for sick companies whose immediate values had gone way down but whose long-range prospects were not hopeless. The Waldorf proved a resilient invalid. Last year, it did a business of twenty-two million dollars and cleared a profit of a million dollars. The depression, which caused its downfall, or that of its bondholders, also contributed to its rehabilitation, if not theirs. The fiscal and social changes that followed the collapse of 1929 made large-scale entertaining in the home as rare as the heath hen. The extensive hospitality—undertaken privately or, more often, for the benefit of worthy causes—that used to fill the ballrooms and banquet halls of the rich has moved to the restaurants and public rooms of luxury hotels, where the servant problem, to use a deliciously old-fashioned phrase, is taken care of by the unions and the management.

This sort of entertaining is a mainstay of the Waldorf's business, and the mainstay's mainstay is Mr. Claudius Charles Philippe, an agile, athletic, alert, intense, forty-four-year-old London-born Frenchman of American citizenship and medium height, who is the Waldorf's vice-president in charge of catering, head of its banquet department and kitchens, and its director of sales. The sales in his title refer to the food, beverages, service, flowers, music, and sometimes the talents of entertainers provided in the hotel's six restaurants, eighteen public rooms and private dining rooms, and to the rental of the public rooms and the private dining rooms. Along with the room service in the Waldorf's two thousand guest rooms—another Philippe responsibility—sales account for nearly two-thirds of the hotel's yearly business, and something like three-fourths of its profits. The remaining business and the remaining profits come from rental of the guest rooms, rental of the permanent quarters of the Canadian Club and the Junior Leagues of America, and rental of concessions, which range from a twenty-four-chair Terminal Barber Shops shop to a Sulka showcase, or, as it is called in the Waldorf, vitrine. However, since a large per cent of the hotel's income from the renting of living quarters stems from convention visitors brought in for public-room banquets arranged by Philippe, or from individuals who call up and ask Philippe for a room reservation, simply because "Philippe" is the first word they think of after they think of the word "Waldorf," he is in fact responsible for *more* than two-thirds of the business and *more* than three-quarters of the profits. "At the Waldorf," an officer of a company that has often rented the hotel's Grand Ballroom said the other day, "Philippe is Mr. It."

In point of service, Philippe is vastly senior to his employer, Conrad Hilton, who bought the Waldorf in 1949, and to his immediate boss, Colonel Joseph P. Binns, whom Hilton installed as its executive vice-president and general manager. Colonel Binns, who served with the Air Transport Command during the Second World War, is in charge of all ten Hilton hotels in the East. Lucius Boomer, head of the Waldorf from 1931 until his death in 1947, hired Philippe five days after the present hotel opened, as an assistant to the late Oscar Tschirky, a Waldorf maître d'hôtel, super-head-waiter, and figurehead, whose position was so vaguely defined that in his account of himself in *Who's Who*, the best he could manage was "has been actively identified with the Waldorf-Astoria since it was opened, 1893." Oscar was a greeter. "Said to know more people from all over the world than any other person in America," he wrote in his *Who's Who* autobiography. Philippe, whose job has not only swallowed up Oscar's but taken in extra-Oscarian fields, is not a greeter. "I probably know fewer people by their first names than the average hotel man," he once told a friend. "I don't believe in playing golf and drinking with customers. You can't play golf with more than a few people at once, and anyway I don't play golf. I just give them a lot of service."



Claudius Charles Philippe

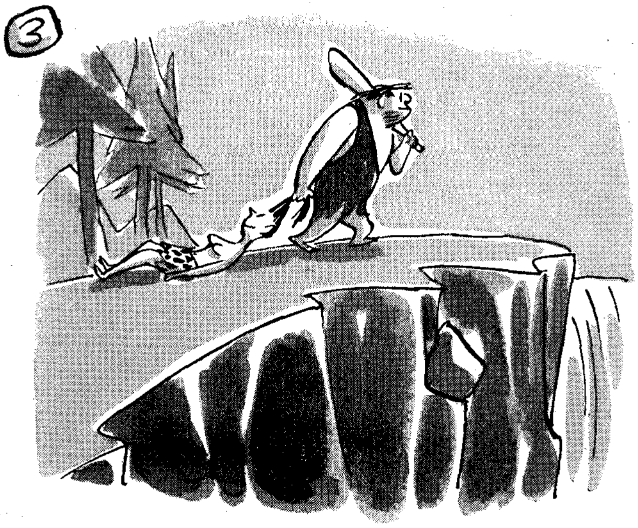
After the fashion of Oscar, who was known as Oscar of the Waldorf, Philippe, during his twenty-three years on Park Avenue, has come increasingly to be known as Philippe of the Waldorf. He is a man of unflagging energy, tact, ruthlessness, charm, know-how, school spirit, and heroic working habits, who speaks French and English equally well in an insinuating drawl. Although naturally intense, he has acquired an air of relaxation and detachment. He works an average of fourteen hours a day six days a week. He has a Gallic intuition about himself, and is inclined to attribute his success, and, by extension, that of the Waldorf, to the fact that as a child he was advised by his father, a waggle-tongued French chef, that he was stupid and unattractive and would in all likelihood never amount to a hill of *haricots verts*. "I was an only child, motherless at five, and my father adored me," Philippe says. "But he abused me so roundly that I didn't realize how he felt about me until I was twenty-six, when he came to the station to see me off on my first honeymoon and burst into tears." Philippe has had two more honeymoons since, and has a thirteen-year-old daughter, Claudia, who lives in New York with her mother, Philippe's second wife.

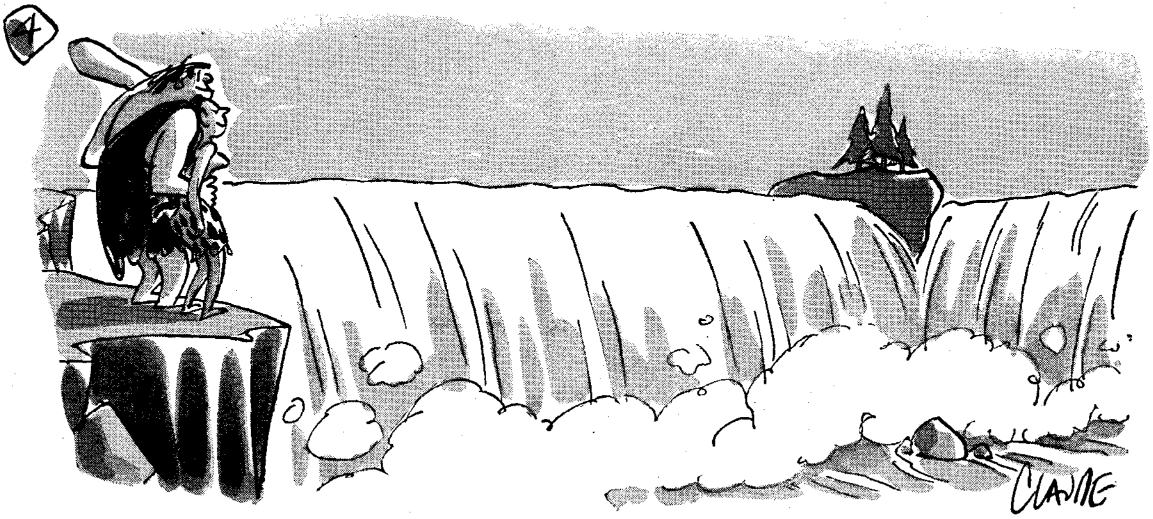
At work, Philippe wears conservative Tremlett or Sulka ties, white poplin collar-attached shirts with French cuffs, which he buys in Paris, gold-button cuff links, and suits either made for him by Wimbledon or bought off the rack at Wallachs or De Pinna. He owns twenty or thirty suits, as well as seven dinner coats, four morning coats, and two tailcoats. He wears a black tie or, occasionally, a white tie every night except Sunday. He buys three new dinner coats a year. He likes the ballet, the theatre, and the opera, reads good books in concentrated snatches, and takes a lively, liberal interest in politics and the future of mankind, but his heart belongs to the Waldorf. In New York, Hilton also owns the Plaza, the Roosevelt, the New Yorker, and the Statler, and Philippe heads a Manhattan intra-Hilton-hotel committee that coördinates the prices of the food and liquor sold by these hotels. He refers to their catering staffs as "my boys at the Plaza," or "my boys at the Roosevelt"—and, indeed, many of them are Waldorf banquet-department, or Philippe, alumni—but he does not throw business their way unless it is business that the Waldorf does not want, or is too full up to handle. Philippe likes the Waldorf to be full up. "If he hears that some industrial or charity outfit's convention or annual party that used to be held at the Waldorf is being moved to the Plaza, he'll call not only the chairman but every member of the board of directors, and remind them of what he's done for them in the past," a Philippe graduate, now at the Plaza, said recently. "His voice is always controlled, but his face turns a peculiar shade of purple when he feels an old customer is being disloyal. He's a superb salesman and banquet manager. The one criticism of him you ever hear is that he sometimes overbooks. This means that he sometimes has to get a function out of a public room pretty fast in order to get the room ready for the next function. He's made some enemies that way, and lost some customers, but it's the sort of thing that's inevitable in a property like the Waldorf. It can't be left idle. You have to take calculated risks."

Philippe's banquet department, which does a bigger catering business than any other hotel banquet department in the world, is staffed by sixty or seventy assistants, secretaries, stenographers, typists, page girls, file girls, receptionists, telephone operators, and comptrollers; by five headwaiters and assistant headwaiters; by fifty waiter captains; and by a fluctuating army of from twenty-five to fifty cooks, seventy-five to a hundred stewards, and a hundred and fifty to five hundred waiters, depending on the season. The seasons that call for the greatest mobilization of troops are fall and winter. These are also the seasons during which the Waldorf loses the greatest number of demitasse spoons. During really busy stretches, when the hotel is alive with meetings and two-thousand-cover banquets, it loses twenty-five thousand of these spoons a week to guests who think they make interesting souvenirs. Philippe replaces them gladly. "We don't mind," he says. "We think it's good publicity. At certain dinners where many of the guests are out-of-towners, there's a ninety-percent loss of demitasse spoons. The average person stops at forks and knives, but we *have* intercepted people carrying potted palms out." Philippe thinks this is carrying public relations, or potted palms, too far.

Counting demitasse spoons, Philippe annually buys for the Waldorf—or, rather, has a controlling voice in the buying of—nearly two hundred thousand dollars' worth of silver, china, and glass; three hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of furniture and upholstery; two and a half million dollars' worth of food; and a million dollars' worth of beverages, of which a hundred and fifty thousand dollars are spent on wines. Philippe is a bug on wines, and especially on French wines. He is the part owner and moving spirit of two French vineyards—one called Prieuré-Lichine, near Margaux, of which he, Alexis Lichine, Henry John Heinz II, and Gilbert Kahn are the proprietors (Lichine is Philippe's wine representative in France), and the other called Lascombes, also near Margaux, which is owned by a syndicate of twenty-one men, among them William A. M. Burden, David Rockefeller, Maurice Newton, Mac Kriendler, Lewis Strauss, John Ringling North, and George F. Baker, Jr. Philippe goes abroad every summer to inspect his vineyards and to buy from other growers. He has persuaded a number of the Waldorf's industrial customers to switch from cocktails and whiskey on the rocks to pink champagne, which he considers a more civilized overture to a meal, and from highballs to Bordeaux and Burgundies, which he considers more civilized accompaniments to one. "I won Goodyear Tire & Rubber over to pink champagne four years ago," he says. "It's now a standard fixture at their functions. They recently served it at a lunch for two thousand that they gave in the Grand Ballroom. We suggest wine to guests. We sell more French wine than any other hotel in the world, including the hotels in France. Last year, we sold sixty thousand bottles of French still wines and champagnes—mostly vintage and estate-bottled, which means the best. It's easier to sell whiskey, and less trouble, since you have to buy wines more carefully and then keep them for the right amount of time, but we believe that certain meals should have wines. We buy our French wines direct from the growers—not through dealers. In this way, we avoid the risk of buying stuff that's been mixed with inferior Algerian or Rhenish wines. The wine importers are mad at me because I don't buy through them. They brought pressure on Colonel Binns to make me change my policy, but he backed me up. Four years ago, the National Association of Alcoholic Beverage Importers took its annual dinner away from the Waldorf, out of pique. I don't think the importers *should* be mad at me. I think I'm the greatest friend they have, because more and more Americans drink wine on account of *me*. They get introduced to it at the Waldorf, and then they buy it for their homes."

Philippe has founded, or helped to found, a couple of dining clubs that pay as much attention to wine as they do to food. In 1936, he and a number of other men, including Joseph Donon, the chef of the late Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly, started Les Amis d'Escoffier, an organization of nearly two hundred chefs and other talented feeders who hold two dinners a year at various hotels, among them the Waldorf. The Amis generally serve six different wines at their get-togethers. Then, in 1950, Philippe founded the Lucullus Circle, a group of sixty men who pay two hundred and fifty dollars a year apiece to have five dinners at the Waldorf. The

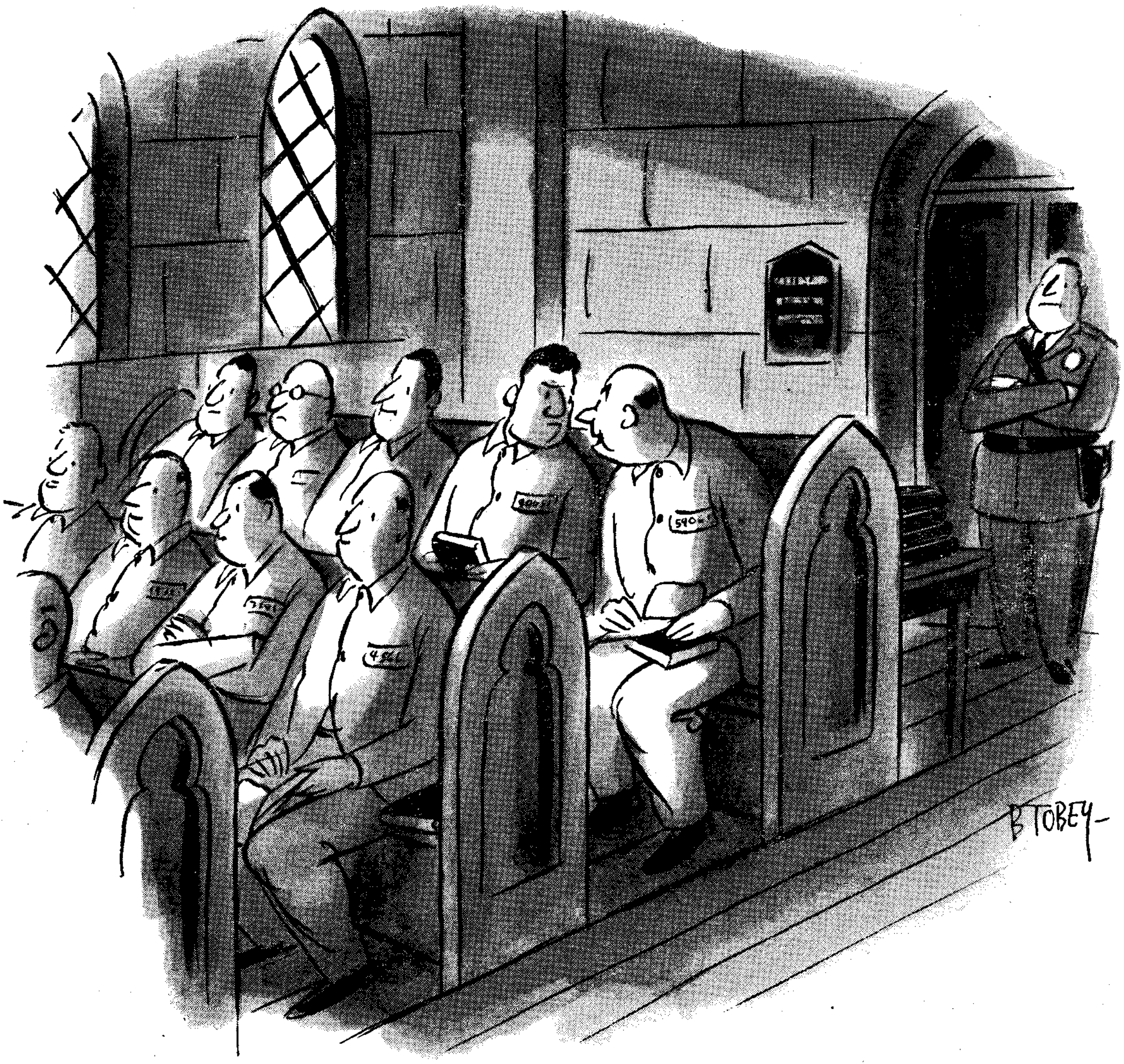




menus and wines are chosen by Philippe. There is generally a choice of six or seven wines with the *amuse-bouche;* eight or nine more are served with the meal proper. The members include Burden, Heinz, Kahn, and David Rockefeller, and such other gourmets and winebibbers as Philip Cortney, the head of Coty's; Bernard Gimbel; Duncan Hines; Alfred Knopf; Leon Leonidoff; George Sokolsky; Philip Liebmann, the brewer; General Albert C. Wedemeyer; and William Zeckendorf. Conversation at these affairs is sometimes halting, but the wine flows. Philippe, who rules the Circle with a velvet glove, has stated that no one in the wine or liquor business is eligible for membership. Anyone so engaged, he fears, might exert an unwelcome commercial pressure on the selection of beverages. "Alexis Lichine is my permanent guest at the Lucullus when he is in New York," he said not long ago. "But he cannot become a member." A good many importers around town feel that Philippe should have blackballed himself.

PHILIPPE has an apartment on the fifth floor of the Waldorf—a quick backstairs climb from the offices of the banquet department, one floor below. He sometimes stays in the hotel five or six days in a row, without drawing a breath of outside air, but his activities are by no means confined to the Waldorf, or even to the four other Hilton hotels in New York. In addition to these, Hilton owns nineteen hotels in the United States, one in Mexico, one in Puerto Rico, and one in Europe. Philippe has no official connection with any of the hotels outside New York, but he was on hand, and a behind-the-scenes worker, at the opening of Hilton's Statler in Hartford last fall, and he has what he calls "an oar" in Hilton Hotels International, which controls Hilton hotels outside the United States. Last July, he flew to Madrid to see that the proper wines were served at the opening festivities of the Castellana Hilton, and he is going to Istanbul this spring to see that all runs smoothly at the opening of the Istanbul Hilton. Philippe is fairly international himself. He is as much at home in Paris as he is in New York. His wife—Mony Dalmès, who is an actress at the Comédie Française, and also active in French television—lives most of the time in Paris. The Philippes have an apartment on the Quai aux Fleurs, and Philippe flies over several times a year for five-day weekends. He generally takes two secretaries with him to the airfield—one American, one French—and dictates letters until the last minute. "I go to see my wife and to sleep," he says. "It's more restful than Atlantic City. It's a completely different life in Paris. It's relaxing."

Philippe also relaxes at a country place called Watch Hill Farm he owns near Peekskill. It once belonged to the theatrical producer Crosby Gaige, who made millions with the Selwyns and lost them all before he died in 1949. Gaige was an authority on typography and foods and wines; the farm, in addition to a big, unpretentious gray wooden house with a glass-enclosed sunroom and a flagstone terrace that looks out over the Hudson toward Haverstraw, has a workshop that is filled with printing presses, cases of type, and early literature put out by the Wine & Food Society; Gaige was a founder of its New York chapter. Philippe, who was a good friend of Gaige's, started visiting the place twenty-three years ago; he bought it from Gaige's estate. Gaige is said to have spent over four hun-



"Which commandment are you in for?"

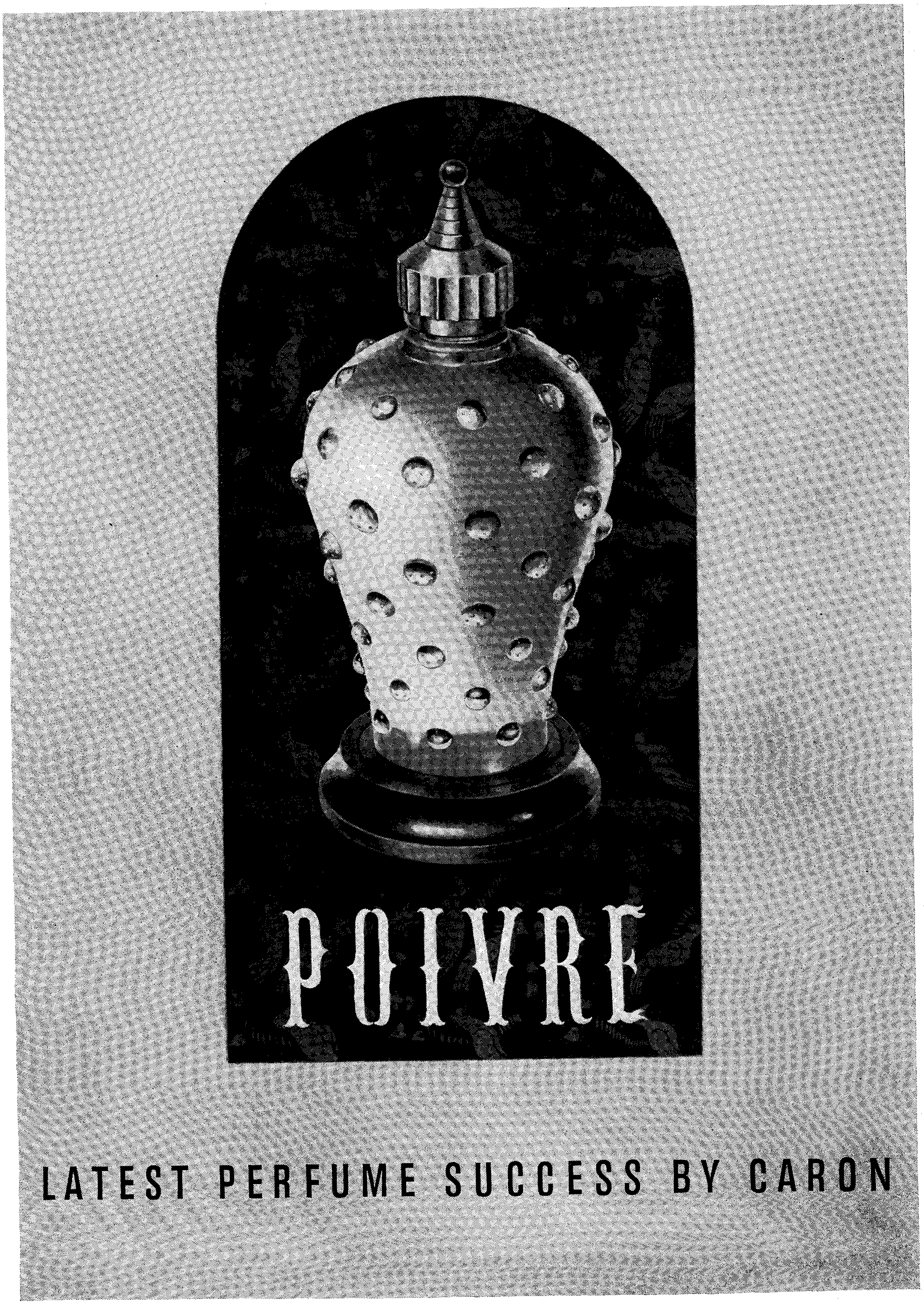
• •

dred thousand dollars developing it, and on its grounds are a greenhouse; an arboretum of weeping white birches, hawthorns, Japanese cherry trees, azaleas, and so forth; and a series of formal gardens deployed on half a dozen grassy terraces on the side of a hill and leading down to an old-fashioned French walled vegetable garden and an apple orchard bisected by a grape arbor.

On a typical weekend of reasonable weather, Philippe sets forth for the farm late Saturday evening in a Cadillac convertible stuffed with boxes of flowers and food. He is often driven by Thomas Hogan, one of his banquet-department assistants. As they go up the Saw Mill River Parkway or the Albany Post Road, Philippe watches the traffic and unobtrusively tells the driver when to move into another lane or when to take it easy because he has spotted a cop in the rear. Arriving, he changes into blue jeans or gray flannels, a checked flannel shirt, and an odd tweed coat. He likes to tell guests that he has no servants, and that everyone makes his own bed, but actually he has a full-time housekeeper who is also a superior cook—a German lady who was Gaige's housekeeper and, later, Gaige's wife—as well as a part-time factotum and full-time house guest, Jimmy McCarthy, who also came with the place. According to Philippe, McCarthy, the son of a former Gaige theatre carpenter, "came for the weekend when he was nine years old and parlayed it into twenty-six years;" he works in a local Chevrolet plant weekdays and helps around the house weekends. Philippe spends Sunday mornings repairing or refinishing furniture in his workshop, conferring with his gardener, watering the potted geraniums and dwarf begonias in his greenhouse, and climbing trees in order to saw off dead branches. His latest rural joy is a formal French garden, with twenty-five hundred miniature box trees arranged in an uncompromising pattern, which he refers to as "our Versailles project." He keeps a kind of open house on Sundays; over a period of years he has urged more than a hundred friends to call up any Sunday and drop in for lunch if they feel like it. At ten or eleven on a Sunday morning, he may tell Mrs. Gaige to count on six for lunch, but friends keep calling up and asking if they can bring *their* friends, and by late afternoon, when lunch is served, there are sometimes twenty-five or thirty to eat it. Philippe is generally up a tree, or in a forest of rhododendrons, while the telephoning is going on; he comes back to the house around three to find it full of guests drinking fine wines and eating fine cheeses and pâtés. He may take them to his wine cellar, which contains five thousand bottles, and pull out magnums of Château Mouton-Rothschild and Château Haut-Brion of the very best years for them to admire, and quaff. "Let's drink a toast to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," he will say. Often Charles Ohrel, his banquet manager, is on hand to act as co-host, introducer (while Philippe is still up a tree), and major-domo, and Ohrel occasionally brings one of *his* assistants with him to help out. Claudia, an attractive, bright girl, is frequently there, sometimes with a classmate from P.S. 96; the girls help set the table, and make themselves generally useful. At four-thirty, everyone sits down in an enormous, beautifully equipped kitchen—the house has a dining room, but it is never used—and the steak that Mrs. Gaige had tentatively planned for eight or ten will be served as an appetizer to two great sides of beef. Philippe carves, and talks a blue streak. "We always serve steak before roast beef," he said at such an affair a few weeks ago. "We often serve broiled chicken with broiled steak." He went on to discuss democracy. "What is the basic difference between a man and an animal?" he asked Claudia, and answered himself, "Animals don't walk upright on two feet."

"Bears do," said Claudia.

"No, they don't," her father said. "Some people don't find it uncomfortable to live on their knees; others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do. That's what democracy is—the willingness to be killed for the right to walk on our feet and not wear a red or blue shirt seven days a week. The time comes in every man's life when he has to decide whether he is willing to die for what he believes in. Who'll have some more roast beef?"

THE commander of the Waldorf's restaurants, room-service, and public-room troops was born on December 10, 1910, in London, the son of Claudius Marie Philippe, a Frenchman, and the former Charlotte Caroline Desroches, an English-born lady of French descent. His parents had been married in the French consulate in Liverpool when Claudius Marie was working in that city as a chef with Lyons & Company, the British restaurant chain. Claudius Charles Philippe, who signs his letters "C. C. Philippe" or "C. C. P.," and is generally called Philippe, Philip, or Phil, and occasionally Claude, enjoys showing friends a copy of his parents' marriage certificate. "Look at the four witnesses," he says. "All cooks!" Philippe was born in London because at that time his father was chef of the Carlton Club there. After his mother's death, in his sixth year, he was educated in Jesuit schools in London and Paris. On his father's side, he comes of a prolific Savoyard mountain peasant family, and his vacations were spent on relatives' farms in Savoy. When young Claudius was sixteen, his father got him a job in the kitchen of the Crillon Hotel, in Paris. There he early acquired discretion and worldliness. Graduating to the restaurant and then to room service, he was assigned to carrying breakfast trays to a famous general who was unmarried but not unaccompanied. It was Philippe's responsibility, and one that he fulfilled admirably, to arrange the tray, which held two breakfasts, to look as though it were for just one person.

When Philippe was seventeen, he decided to move to the United States. "I needed an affidavit of support, like every immigrant," he says. "Mrs. Christian Holmes was staying at the Crillon, and I had been serving her for months. One day, I took her her luncheon and stood behind her as she began to eat. I summoned up my courage and asked her if she would give me an affidavit. She never turned around. 'Yes,' she said. 'I have confidence in you. You have strong hands.'" Before Philippe left France, his father, who was by then chef and proprietor of a restaurant in Grenoble, gave him letters of introduction to a number of restaurant and hotel people in New York. Philippe worked here first as a kitchen steward at the Sherry-Netherland. Later, he became an assistant of René Black, who was the manager of the Central Park Casino, a hotspot of the Jimmy Walker era, and helped open the Embassy Club in Palm Beach and the Deauville Club in Miami Beach. Less gaudy days followed; the depression set in, hotspots cooled, and Philippe, finding himself out of a job, got one as a front-office clerk and secretary at the Ridgewood Country Club, in New Jersey. "I was an indifferent stenographer and was soon fired," he says. "Then I answered an ad in the *Times* and became a Fuller Brush salesman. I sold brushes along lower Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh Avenues for eleven months before going to the Waldorf." Black, who had left the Casino for the Waldorf, recommended Philippe to Boomer. "Boomer was a genius," Philippe says. "He ran the best hotel in the world. I was personally fired and rehired by him three times. Once, he fired me because I booked a communion breakfast for six thousand lady employees of the New York Telephone Company, which he felt was too many to handle. I'm always inclined to fight, and ask permission later. We handled the breakfast, and it was a great success. We had to buy additional aluminum coffeepots, and we were glad to have them during the war, when such things became scarce." Philippe has been unremittingly grateful to Black, who recently resigned as restaurant and room-service manager of the Waldorf to take over the restaurant end of the Fontainebleau Hotel, in Miami Beach. He calls Black "my adopted illegitimate father," and invites him to Lucullus repasts. Black attributes part of Philippe's success to his insinuating drawl. "The Central Park Casino customers fell in love with Philippe's voice," he says.

LAST fall, the banquet manager of the Mars Hilton, which is run by Hilton Hotels Interplanetary, was instructed by Hilton to spend a day with Philippe in order to watch him at work. Hilton felt that what was good for Earth might be good for Mars. He knew that Philippe's workday was an astonishingly industrious and varied one, and that the Waldorf's chief business-getter carried an amazing number of things in his head at once, and he felt that his extraterrestrial employee might pick up a few valuable tricks of the trade by putting in a dozen or so hours on Park Avenue. After passing in review before a bank of three secretaries partly concealed behind potted plants in an outer room, Hilton's man arrived at Philippe's office at eight in the morning; Philippe was already at his desk, going through some clippings he had torn out of the *Times* at breakfast. On the wall behind the desk, the visitor noted a large mural, painted by Count Bernard de Perthuis, which showed guests in formal dress entering a banqueting hall from a long *allée* and men in livery hovering about the table. In addition to Philippe's desk, the room, which looked to the visitor more like a living room than an office, contained two sofas—one red, one green—a couple of armchairs, two or three small tables, and, behind a conspicuous row of more potted plants, the desks of two more secretaries, one of whom, pad in hand, was standing in front of Philippe's desk.

Philippe held up a clipping having to do with the Audio Fair at the Hotel New Yorker, and dictated a letter to its sponsors asking them why they hadn't held a banquet during the show. He next examined the *Times'* "Events Today" column, which listed various dinners and other functions that were about to be held in town, and commented critically on the fact that one or two of them that he felt might have been scheduled at the Waldorf weren't. "I like to think that everybody tries here first," he said to his visitor. "Sometimes we move one thing out to make way for another. And when we can't, it's pleasant to know that a great many of our competitors' most important accounts are where they are because we didn't have room for them."

Philippe picked up another clipping, describing a dinner in honor of Morris Morgenstern and S. Ralph Lazrus that had been given under the auspices of the American Red Mogen Dovid for Israel at the Pierre the night before, and asked the secretary to check the files to see whether the Waldorf had made an effort to land the event. "I'm interested in this one because Ralph Lazrus is an old Waldorf customer and chairman of the board of Benrus Watch," he explained to the Mars Hilton man. "I don't think he should have gone to another place."

When Philippe had finished with his clippings, he began to go through a sheaf of incoming mail, memorandums about future Waldorf functions, and requisitions for food and beverages. With a long blue crayon pencil, one of a dozen in a tray on his desk, he marked the papers "File. P.," "O.K. P.," or "AV Ack VVC." The last notation, he explained, meant "Ann Viccaro: Ac-

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knowledge very, very cordially." "Ann is my office manager," he said as he worked. "Every time someone gives a dinner, we thank him and send him a credit card. Here's a letter from Mrs. Stanley Mortimer thanking us for the way we handled the Public Education Association dinner at which an award was presented to Roy Larsen. Here's one from Louis Skidmore, the architect, thanking me for congratulating him on his new Manufacturers Trust Building. At the time it opened, we catered fourteen lunches, dinners, and receptions there—up to two hundred and fifty guests apiece—because the bank's president, Horace Flanigan, is a friend of ours. We do a few outside catering jobs like that for friends. I feel we should keep in close contact with what goes on in the community. Besides, Mr. Flanigan is a director of Hilton Hotels."

While Philippe was making these annotations and remarks, he was also constantly busy with one or another of three telephones on his desk, taking incoming calls and putting in calls himself. His telephone manner was cordial but businesslike. "I'm very well, but I can't see you this morning," he said over one phone. "I'm busy."

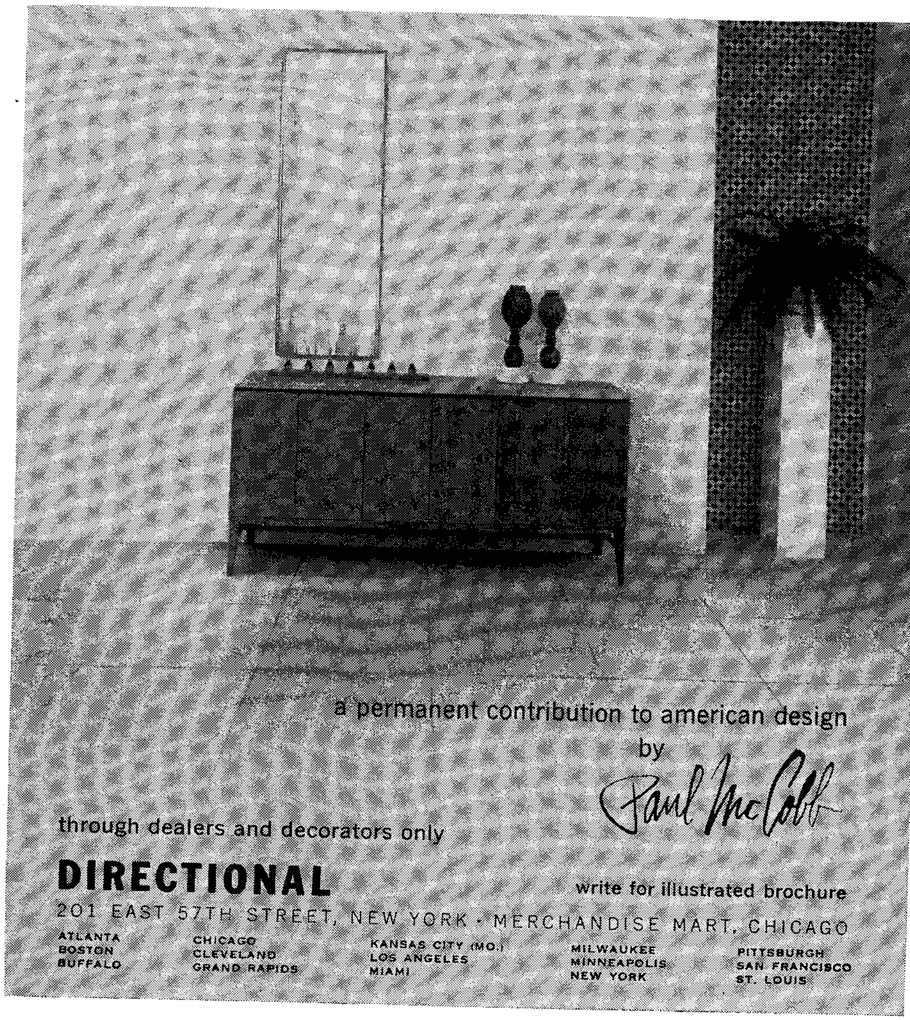
At twenty minutes past eight, Theodore Cannarozzi, the hotel's executive operating steward; Henry Nanna, a business and financial analyst for the banquet department; and Ohrel came in with a proposed budget for silver, glass, and china.

"Have you got the figures for the last three years?" Philippe asked. "Have you got the figures on breakage, too?"

The three men sat on the red sofa and began a rustling search through their papers.

Upon simultaneously concluding a phone call and signing a requisition to his purchasing agent for Scotch, champagne, cognac, and gin, Philippe got up and joined the budget men. They discussed replacement, wear and tear, and breakage for a few minutes, and then Philippe went back to the phone. "Get me the florist," he said, and, after he had been connected, "You've got to hide those flowers so they won't see them." Hanging up, he turned to his visitor and said, "Elaborate dinner for two thousand for the American Trucking Associations in the Grand Ballroom tonight. The flowers for it are all there, but the A.T.A. is putting on a big lunch there today, too. The lunch is stag; the dinner includes wives. The flowers must not be visible at the lunch, so they'll come as a surprise in the evening."

John B. O'Connor, the Waldorf's



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convention manager and a major Philippe assistant in the sales department, entered the office and handed Philippe a batch of clippings from the *Herald Tribune* revealing that Maurice Stack had been appointed financial secretary of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company and of the Centennial Insurance Company; that J. L. Brown, Jr., had been elected a vice-president of the American Motors Corporation; that James C. Gray had been made a vice-president of the United States Steel Corporation, in charge of operations and coal; and similar bits of information. Laying the clippings on his desk, Philippe announced his intention of dictating letters of congratulation to the men involved. "I'll express a hope that their companies will hold, or continue to hold, their functions at the Waldorf," he said. "Some of them are customers, and the rest are people we feel might become customers."

It was now eight-forty-five. Leaving the three budget men still thumbing through papers on the sofa, Philippe, with his visitor trailing along, walked rapidly to a conference room down the corridor from his office. About a dozen banquet housemen, wearing black uniforms, were sitting on chairs that lined three walls of the room. Philippe told the housemen he wanted to listen to what they had to say, and besought them not to get up but to speak sitting down. Then he sat down on a sofa near a window, where he was joined almost at once by Adolphe Fischer, the hotel's entertainment manager, and Ernest Ilberg, a banquet-department assistant in charge of the housemen's time schedules. "Now, there was some trouble on the Roof," Philippe said, crossing his legs.

C. T. Enderly, the Waldorf's personnel director, came in and took a chair.

"I think we ought to get a little more fair treatment," one of the housemen said, in a thick Central European accent. "The head houseman shouldn't put his finger in a man's face."

The head houseman, John, stared at him blandly.

Speaking in a compassionate drawl, Philippe said that people often put their fingers in *his* face. He said that many disagreements came about because John's instructions were often not carried out quickly enough, and that the quarrel under discussion, having to do with whether the Sert Room should have been set up before the Starlight Roof on a particular occasion, fell into this category. "Don't you think it would have been better not to argue about it at

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the moment?" he asked. His manner was at once friendly, fatherly, humorous, and tough.

Most of the housemen looked tense and angry. "Two of us were sent to the Roof to clean up the Palm Room," one said. "John told us it took too long. He jumped on us."

"Let's see what John has to say," Philippe suggested.

"I think it took too long," John began.

Several of the housemen interrupted him. "I think for two men that was a wonderful job," one declared.

"You're men, not children," Philippe said. "I'm amazed. Suppose he didn't talk to you quite right? What's so awful about that? And you'll have to admit that we've never asked you to do more than a full day's work."

"Mr. Philip, we don't mind work," said another houseman. "But we don't like the way John talks to us."

"You talk as though John was a Simon Legree," Philippe said. "I don't see any bruises on any of you."

"We're nervous," said a houseman named Cornelius. "We don't have enough men to cover the job."

"As you know very well, our business fluctuates," Philippe said. "And there's this aspect to it, too. Last week, three of you men were out. Short of being in bed with a hundred-and-ten fever, you ought to come in. Three of the fifteen of you were out."

The wrangle went on for several minutes, and then Philippe got up and leaned back informally against a table. "Look, gentlemen," he said in a silken tone. "We all have to get back to work. When you criticize your boss, don't forget that he has a tough job. Maybe he's a little rougher than he should be, in the excitement, and I'm asking John to be a little easier on you. But what it boils down to, by and large, is this: The authority of John cannot be questioned, or we have chaos or anarchy. Try and work together. No one's perfect. I make mistakes. You can't expect John to be an angel with two wings, or he wouldn't be working at the Waldorf. [Smiles.] I think this meeting's been a good one, and let's have another one in about a month. I think we've made a start on solving some of our problems."

The meeting broke up at nine-thirty, and Philippe went back to his office and rejoined Ohrel, Cannarozzi, and Nanna, who were still sitting on the red sofa. "I'd like to relate the breakage to the number of covers," he told them. "You see, we've been going up. There's no question about it. The breakage cost per cover went up from five point seven cents in 1951 to six point seven cents in 1953."

The three men got up and huddled around Philippe as he glanced through their pages of figures. "What are your proposed figures?" he asked. A hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars for glassware and silver, he was told, but really a hundred and ninety-eight thousand, because thirty thousand was needed for deferred purchases that were still to be delivered.

"We can't do it," Philippe said.

"These figures are only for the first nine months," Ohrel said. "Thirty-five thousand is reserved for the remainder of the year."

"The total, then, is two hundred and thirty-three thousand," Philippe said. "Impossible."

"It's in line," Ohrel said.

"You're not going to get it," Philippe said.

The three men cited more figures, to show how they were trying to cut down on expenses.

"I don't want to order any more of the old banquet coffeehouse china," Philippe said, changing the subject. "We want to end up with room service having the only separate china."

"The floral pattern for banquets, too?" Cannarozzi asked.

"We can start mixing it," said Philippe. "We want to cut out the old banquet pattern and increase the others."

"Men's Bar, too?" Nanna asked.

"At five-thirty, we'll go up to the French & Company gallery, on Fifty-seventh Street, and see about this buffet supper we're going to do there for Robert Smallwood next Sunday," Philippe said to Ohrel and Cannarozzi, without answering Nanna's question. "It's for the American Friends of the Allied Circle. Ben Sonnenberg is mixed up in it. Smallwood is head of Lipton's Tea. He's a customer of ours, you know. We gave that company party for him the other day."

The three budget men left and a maintenance man came in. "The plants in Peacock Alley," Philippe told him. "I want them changed every two months."

The maintenance man nodded, and as he went out, Philippe called to one of his secretaries, "Get me Alfred Barton on the phone." Barton runs the Surf Club in Miami Beach. Philippe initialled a couple of papers and, in response to a buzz, snatched up a phone. "Good morning," he said to

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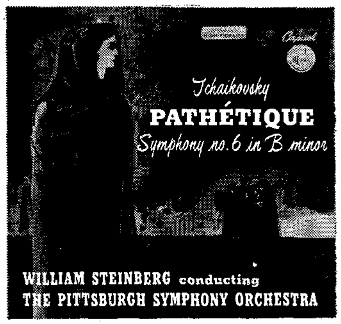

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Barton, VVC. "How *are* you? . . . You brought us good weather, anyhow." Philippe continued to initial papers as he talked, cradling the phone on his right shoulder. "Come in and say hello, in any case," he concluded, and hung up. It was now nine-forty-five. He O.K.'d a number of menus and reservations for banquets, then picked up a phone and said to the operator, "Mr. George Backer, at his house," and took an incoming call on another phone from a General Electric man who seemed to be complaining about something. From Philippe's tone, which was ABC (anything but cordial), the Mars Hilton visitor gathered that he was not talking to the head of General Electric. "I hope you will pardon us if we've had something else on our minds instead of these wonderful General Electric lamps," he said. "Yes, I understand, but you must go through our chain of command."

The call to Backer was put through on the first phone. "I didn't hear from our friend about the dinner this April," Philippe said to him, and then, after listening, "There's no hurry."

Philippe hung up, grabbed the third phone, and talked to Joseph Donon about the Amis d'Escoffier dinner that was to be held at the Waldorf that evening. "Something *grand siècle*," he said. "A hundred and seventy-five for *ce soir*."

An executive of Hilton Hotels International came in, handed Philippe a bill, and said, "The Caribe Hilton sent this to me. I don't like to bother the Mayor's office."

"I'll speak to Bill Peer, the Mayor's executive secretary, about it," Philippe said. "Have Mrs. Neil, Peer's assistant, call Mr. Philippe at the Waldorf," he called to a secretary.

"Will you send the bill back to me, please?" the International man said.

"No, I'll just tear it up and throw it out the window," said Philippe, without glancing at him. "Silly questions get silly answers." The International man left.

Two secretaries came up and stood at Philippe's desk. "Let me look at the Escoffier dinner list that came from the printer," he said to one, and to the other, "Can we start on that alphabetical list for the Versailles Ball?"

A constant stream of girls brought in memorandums, which Philippe read and scribbled on while continuing his telephone conversations. "Will you check on this?" he said to one of the girls, pointing to a menu requisition. "Does this man really want only hearts of palm and tomato in the salad? It

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sounds rather peculiar. Better add some watercress and lemon-and-oil dressing." The girl nodded and left. "Get me Abel Green on the phone," Philippe said in the general direction of the secretaries' desks behind the plants.

"The French Tourist Office is on Number One, Mr. Philippe," a secretary said. Philippe picked up the phone. "Hello," he said. "*Très bien. . . . Oui. . . . Oui, oui. . . . Il est seul ou avec sa femme?* . . . Give him a twenty-five-per-cent reduction. . . . *Bon. Je m'en occupe. D'accord. . . . Il n'y a pas de quoi.*" Then, to a secretary who was holding a menu in front of him, he said, "Is this a hot soufflé or a cold soufflé? If it's hot, I question whether we should serve *petits fours.*"

"Mr. Philippe, Commissioner Patterson's calling on Two," a secretary said. Philippe picked up the phone. "The Foreign Policy Association called me about a luncheon on the twenty-third," he said to the Commissioner—Richard C. Patterson, Jr., the Commissioner of Commerce. "Four hundred in the Empire and seven hundred on the Roof. . . . That's right. . . . We had nine hundred and fifty there the other night for Secretary Humphrey. Nine hundred and fifty seated, served, and paid."

Hanging up, Philippe turned to a secretary. "Get Mr. Simmons, the head of protocol of the State Department," he said. He began to dictate in French to a French secretary, but was interrupted by an incoming call. The French secretary sat quietly, with her pad on her lap. "Hello, Abel," Philippe said. Two secretaries signalled him that two other calls were waiting. The French secretary doodled in French. Philippe talked with Abel Green, the editor of *Variety*, for a while, about the current attractions in the Las Vegas night clubs, and then took one of the waiting calls. "Are they really chukar partridges?" he said. "Are they New York dressed? . . . Five-fifty a pair? . . . Can you bring them from Maryland? . . . Drop me a line today. I'm having a meeting with my chef Friday."

The French secretary read aloud the last sentence in the letter he had been dictating, and Philippe continued with it. Twenty seconds later, he took another call, this one from the hotel's manager. "Hello, *mon vieux,*" he said. "Mrs. Ogden Reid called me up yesterday about some damage done to the dress of Mrs. Floyd Odlum at the head table. As I wrote Mrs. Reid, it sounds a little peculiar, because none of our chairs have been freshly painted. . . . It can't be very difficult

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to clean. . . . It certainly couldn't be paint. . . . O.K. Fine!"

Alfred Barton, a tall, well-dressed man, walked into the office. Philippe jumped up and said, "Hello, how *are* you?," TTC (terribly, terribly cordially). He drew Barton into a corner of the room, where they sat down and began to chat about a rebuilding and redecorating project that Barton was contemplating for the Surf Club. "You're in a monopoly position," Philippe said to Barton.

"I'm going to tear down all the cabañas," Barton told him.

"I'm sorry you didn't get to see my wife playing when you were in Paris," Philippe said. "I talked to her on the phone early this morning."

"I hear she was terrific," Barton said. "We're going to organize a Chez Maxim gala in Miami Beach. Try to come and stay with me."

Philippe said his wife would be over soon, and Barton said he would expect them both. Philippe ushered Barton out. Returning, he said to a secretary, "Ask Mr. Barton to the next Lucullus Circle dinner."

A man from the steward's department approached Philippe's desk and said, "I have a list of oysters and clams for Friday. Fourteen varieties."

Philippe glanced at the list as he picked up the phone and said, "Get me Mrs. Boomer, in 35-H." While he was waiting, he asked a secretary, "Would you get Ohrel in here with the Oltarsh wedding files?" On the phone again, he said, "How *are* you, Mrs. Boomer?" and went on in a deferential tone to tell the widow of the Waldorf's former president about a table he had arranged for her at a forthcoming dinner.

Philippe finished reading the clam-and-oyster list and said, "We can use these."

The French secretary, who had stepped out during Barton's visit, came back, and Philippe resumed his dictation. He stopped in the middle of a sentence to dictate a memorandum in English to make a three-week room reservation at the Waldorf for a visiting French Cabinet Minister at a diplomat's discount of twenty-five per cent. He wound up the letter in this fashion, "*Nous voulons bien fleurir la salle avec des fleurs de France, et je pense qu'il ne sera pas difficile de s'assurer un succès énorme. . . . compter sur votre aide. . . . au nom du comité.* Love and kisses."

A secretary said, "Mr. Townsend on Two," and Philippe picked up a phone.

"Hello, Reggie, how *are* you?" he said. "Marion," he said to one of the girls behind the plants as he listened to Townsend, "make that definite for Mr. Townsend. Reception, American Committee for Liberation from Bolshevism. . . . Fine," he said to Townsend. "I'll put it down definitely. *Au revoir.*"

"You have a lunch date with Mr. Lichine," a secretary reminded him.

It was now a quarter to twelve. Philippe looked a little weary. He picked up a phone and talked with Arthur Hagedorn, the banquet department's ranking headwaiter, about the Escoffier dinner. "*D'accord,*" he said. "Absolutely. . . . Yes. . . . Yes, I'm going to invite Alexis Lichine."

The French secretary came in and asked Philippe for the name of the French Cabinet Minister. He replied that he had already given it to her. "As we say in French, when you have no head you have to have legs," he told her. The secretary went away, looking daggers.

"Miss Maxwell on One," a secretary said.

"Hello, Elsa," Philippe said, TTC. "Yes. . . . Uh-huh. . . . Uh-huh. . . . Yes. . . . Of course. . . . Oh, sure. . . . No. Wonderful. . . . Uh-huh. . . . I couldn't agree with you more. . . . I know. *I* know. . . . Wonderful. . . . Uh-huh. . . . Yes. . . . Fine. . . . I think it's about time somebody did. . . . Yes. I know. . . . Uh-huh. . . . Well, that's why nobody can touch you. . . . Good. . . . Wonderful. . . . Fine. . . . Good. . . . Thanks, Elsa. . . . Wonderful. . . . Why, of course. . . . Well, you let me know any time. . . . Well, I— Yes, I know. . . . The Perroquet Suite or the Sert Room would be lovely. . . . Sure. . . . Let me check on the Sert Room and I'll let you know right away, Elsa. . . . Good, and let me know about the rest. . . . Fine, Elsa. . . . Excellent, and we can have the private dinner parties in the Empire Room, right next to the Sert Room. . . . Fine. . . . Good. . . . Good-bye."

Four secretaries were now standing at Philippe's desk, and he began to dictate to them in turn.

"Miss Maxwell again," a secretary said.

"Yes, Elsa," said Philippe, taking the call. "Yes, yes, yes." Cradling the phone on his right shoulder, he turned to a secretary and said, "Call Dell'Agnese, and get the date of the arrival of the Windsors." Back on the phone, he said, "Naturally. . . . Of course."

The secretary put through a call to Fio Dell'Agnese, the manager of the Waldorf-Astoria Towers, which is the long-term apartment section of the hotel and whose occupants include the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Herbert Hoover, General MacArthur, and Cole Porter. "Mr. Dell'Agnese," she said, "Mr. Philippe would like to know when the Duke and Duchess are arriving. . . . The fifteenth? . . . Thank you."

"That person is a psychopathic case," Philippe said to Miss Maxwell. "The Windsors are arriving on the fifteenth, so they'll be too late, but anyway—Fine. . . . I think it's a good day. . . . The Sert Room will be perfect. . . . Fine, Elsa. Goodbye." He hung up.

Lichine, a big, urbane man of forty-one, came into Philippe's office and began to josh the secretaries. "Mr. Lichine, will you please leave my office alone?" Philippe said. "We have enough trouble as it is."

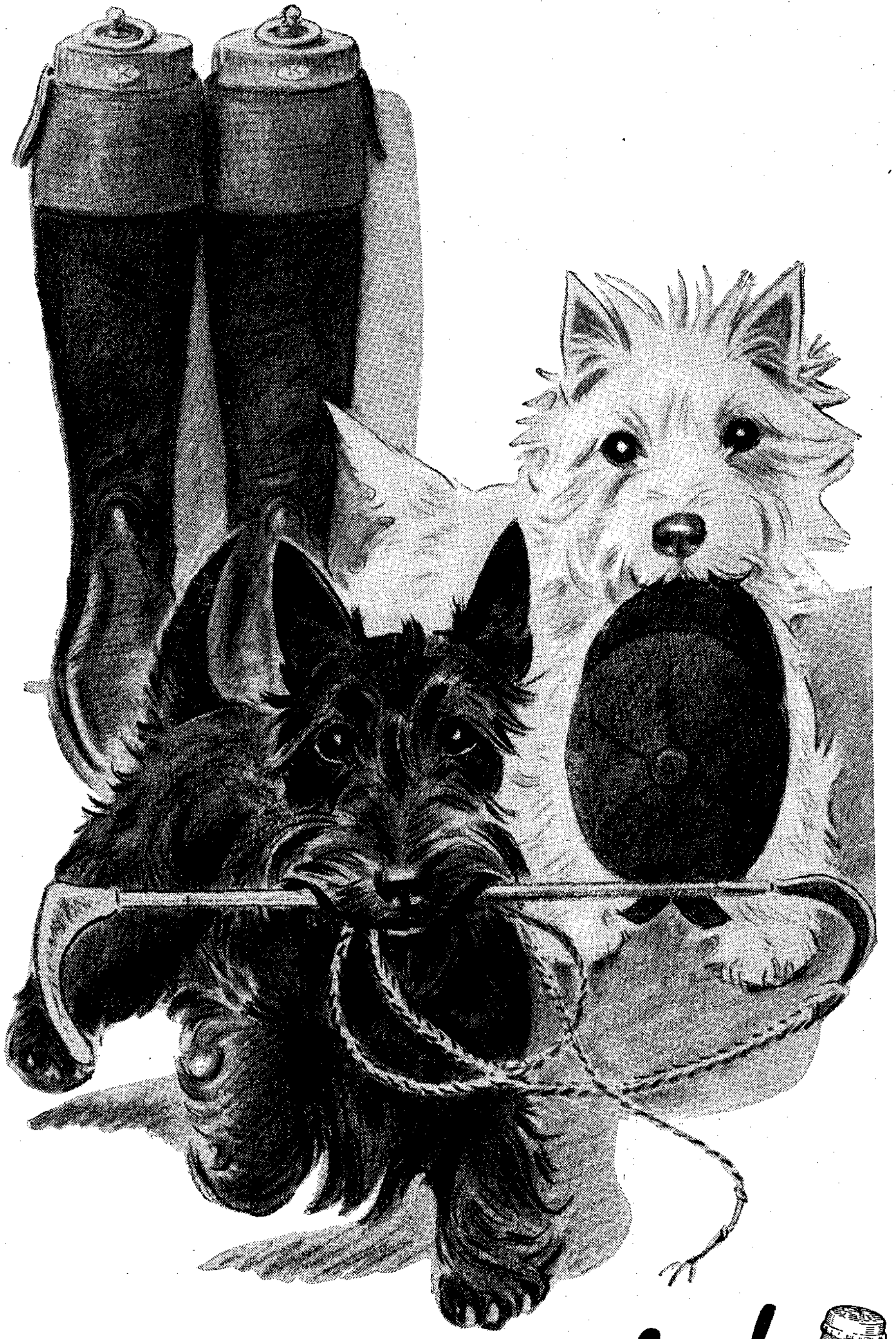
"Look," Lichine said. "I just want to let you know there's no more Lascombes '49 in magnums."

PHILIPPE told Lichine he would meet him downstairs in the Empire Room in a few minutes. After making a few more remarks to the secretaries, Lichine departed. Followed by his visitor from the Mars Hilton, Philippe, moving at a trot, left his office to inspect a luncheon meeting that Barton was holding in the Pillement Suite for his fellow-governors of the Surf Club. He stopped a man in the corridor and said, "Aristide, make a note for the housekeeper that the wall in Four-F has a smudge on it." In the Pillement Suite, where a number of men were drinking cocktails, Philippe chatted with Barton and some others for three minutes; then he hurried away. First, he stopped off at a Firestone lunch in the Chinese Room. Next, he took an elevator to the nineteenth floor of the hotel and walked rapidly toward room-service headquarters, from which as many as seven hundred breakfasts, three-hundred lunches, and three hundred dinners are served in a day. In the hall outside, he paused beside a tray set for two with gold-embossed glasses and china.

"Why the gold service?" he asked a waiter.

"For Mr. Porter," the waiter said.

Philippe nodded. He then went into the silverware room, praised the virtues of an automatic drying machine, and remarked that the Waldorf employs one man simply to repair tables in guest rooms, and then darted into the waiters' locker room, where he glanced sharply at a napkin on a chair and told a waiter to pick it up. Philippe ran down a flight of stairs to a kitchen that serves the Star-



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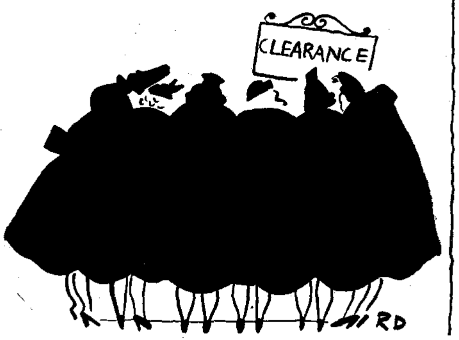
light Roof and the Canadian Club. He snatched a menu from a captain. It was the menu of a lunch the Canadian Club was going to give later in the week, and Philippe took exception to its inclusion of melon *prosciutto* and suggested turtle soup instead. "Melon *prosciutto* is not a dignified first course," he said.

Philippe entered the Starlight Roof, where the Greater New York March of Dimes Appeal was giving a lunch for three hundred people. There he spent ten minutes hopping from chair to chair on the dais, conversing with Bernard Gimbel and other community leaders. His next stop was the third floor, where, in a private dining room, he exchanged pleasantries for two or three minutes with the guests at a lunch being given by the magazine *This Week*. Then he hopped about the dais for a quarter of an hour at the American Trucking Associations lunch for two thousand in the Grand Ballroom, leaving it to dash into the adjacent kitchen and show his visitor some automatic ice makers there. "We used to make a hundred tons of ice a day in the basement and trundle it up," he said. "Now we have automatic ice-makers all over the house—some for cubes, some for flakes." Spotting a knife and some rolls that had fallen on the floor, he told a busboy to pick them up. The boy glared at him. Philippe waggled the forefinger of his right hand at him slowly and reprovingly without saying a word, and went on to the Jade Room, where the Pan American Society was holding a pre-lunch reception; there he greeted a dozen men.

Next, on the lobby floor, Philippe spent half an hour table-hopping in the Norse Grill. Rich pickings there—Hilton and his son, Conrad, Jr.; two Waldorf vice-presidents; and several high-up officers of the New York Central and Metropolitan Life. In the Lounge Café, he talked with Judge Sylvester Ryan, and in the Peacock Lounge he greeted several acquaintances, among them Jinx Falkenburg. He then beat it for the Sert Room, which was empty but decorated to the nines for the Fruehauf truck-trailer



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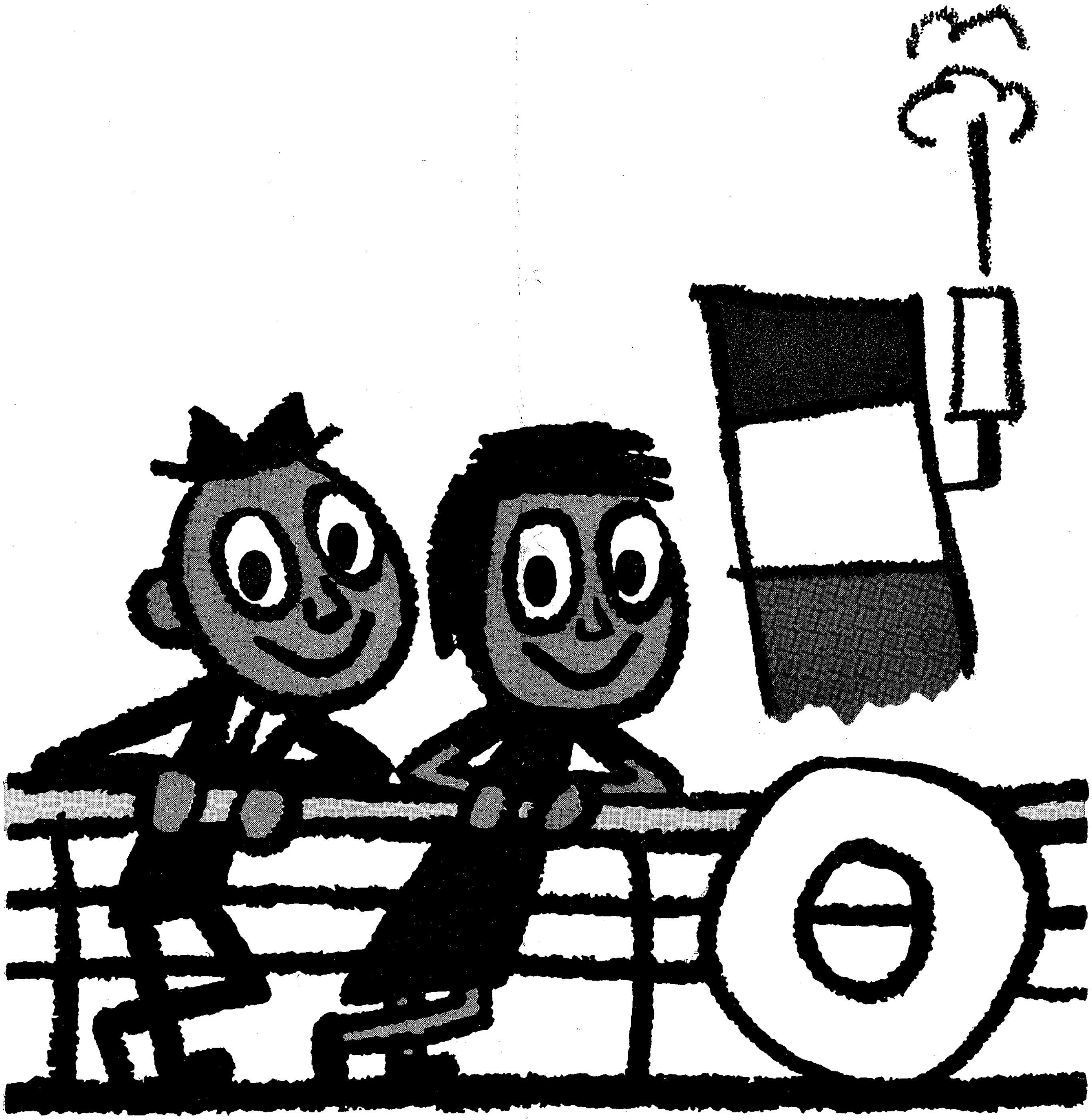

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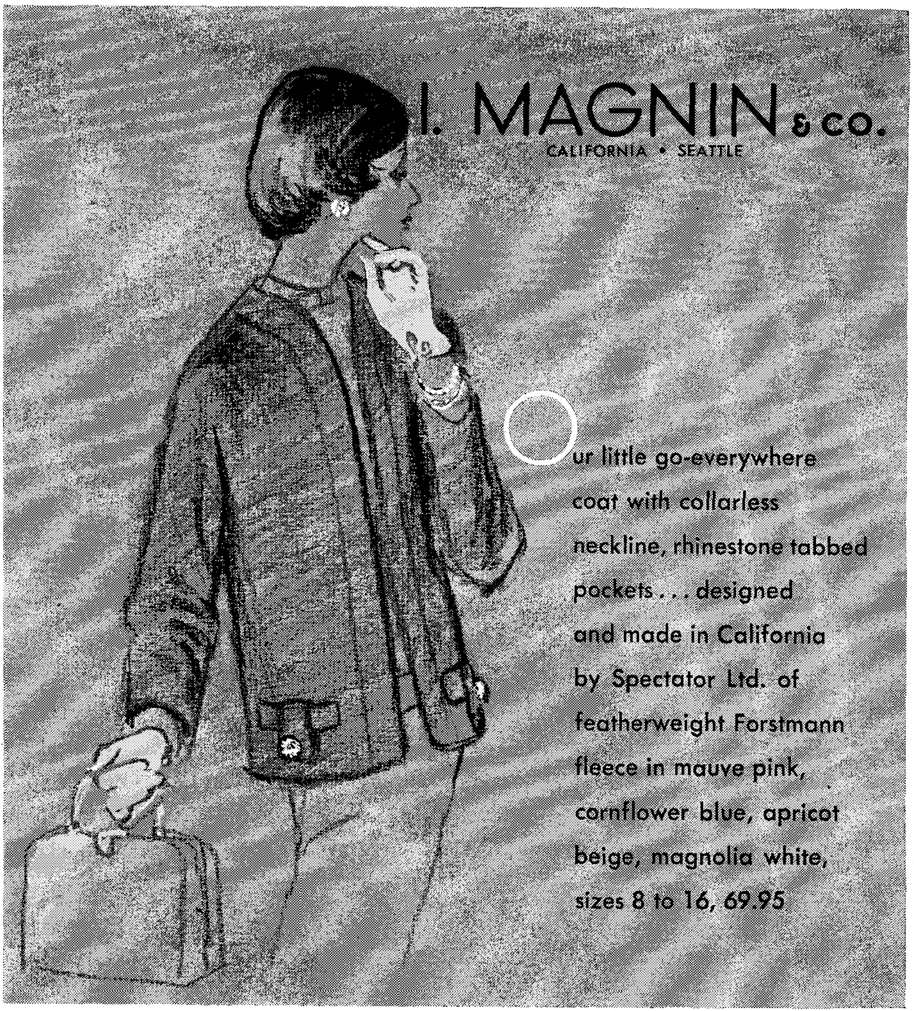
Philippe now descended a short flight of stairs to the main foyer, facing Park Avenue. "François!" he said to a functionary. "*Toutes les chaises sont en désordre.*" He trotted across the foyer to the Empire Room, where a crowded fashion-show lunch was in progress, and, with his visitor, joined Lichine at a wall table. Lichine had been waiting for him nearly an hour.

"When I go through the vineyards in France, those Burgundian peasants ask, 'How is that other nuisance?' " Lichine told Philippe's guest. "He's more vociferous than I am when it comes to getting wine away from them. They always want to hold topnotch wines back, as a hedge against inflation."

Lichine was well into a bottle of wine. Philippe ordered two Martinis and took a courtesy swallow of his. "We give these peasants star billing," Philippe said. "We put their names on the bottles. It enables them to stand up against the big *négociants*. We send them the bottles, the labels, and the corks."

Lunch consisted of lamb chops, peas, and potatoes, accompanied by Rosé de Lascombes '53 and Château Prieuré-Lichine '52—both Philippe-syndicate products. Philippe nibbled at his chop and left his peas and potatoes untouched. "You know, that wasn't a bad lamb chop," he said when he had finished. "The Waldorf is a great hotel. Two thousand lunches in the Ballroom today, three hundred on the Roof, a thousand in the restaurants—four or five thousand lunches, and you still get a lamb chop like this!" He asked his visitor to rejoin him in his office in a few minutes, and left.

"I've known Philippe since 1936," Lichine said. "He was bubbly then, too, but less confident. As an assistant of Oscar's, he was always complaining about office boners. He's exacting and thoughtful. He has a flair for the dramatic. Important guests at the Waldorf used to get a bottle of Scotch or bourbon as a present. Now a green decanter of armagnac is sent up. This is a Philippe innovation. Instead of drinking it up, like the Scotch, they take it home and put it on prominent display. Philippe is methodical and resourceful, and he knows how to concentrate. He can do so many things at the same time and understand them all. Sometimes he'll make a decision before he's actually



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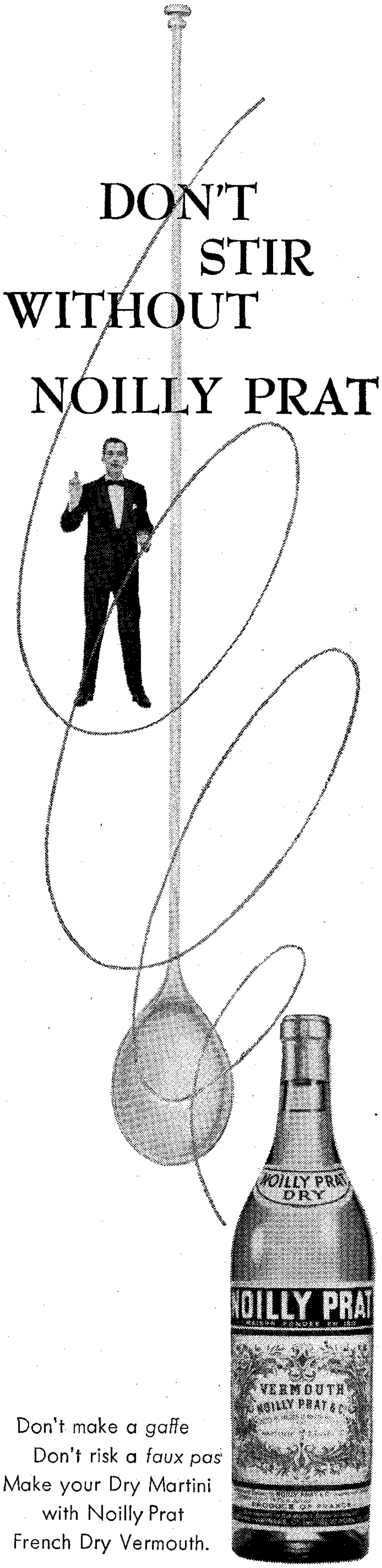

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heard what the problem is. He's eager to learn about everything pertaining to good taste. For example, type. He has a tremendous feeling for type. He makes sure that the Lucullus Circle menus and certain other super-duper Waldorf menus are always beautifully printed. He reads enormously. In the country, he'll get a whole bunch of guests pulling weeds. He sets a slave gang going. Then he reads a book while the slaves work."

THE visitor got back to Philippe's office at two-thirty. His host was talking on the phone. "How *are* you?" he was saying. "Fine. What's new?"

Donon, Mrs. Twombly's chef, came in and sat down on the green sofa. Philippe talked on the phone some more, annotated papers, signed letters, and conferred with visitors for about an hour, while Donon waited. At length, Philippe joined him on the sofa, gave him a Romeo y Julieta cigar, and lit one himself; it was his first smoke of the day. The two men talked about the Escoffier dinner that evening, and then Donon left. Philippe went back to the phone to take a call. In French, he told a friend that he was going to Paris the weekend after next—"*passer deux ou trois jours avec ma femme.*" Another call in French followed, with Robert Valeur, counsellor of the French Embassy in Washington. Next, he went to the outer office and greeted Mrs. Cornelius W. Middleton, who was planning a private party for the wives of the members of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, of which her husband is a vice-president. "Hello, Mrs. Middleton, how *are* you?" he said. "It's good to see you. Won't you come right in? I just want to see what we gave you for your party last year. Then we can talk about this year." A phone call was waiting for him. Asking Mrs. Middleton to be seated, he took it and said, "Yes, but not for that elaborate a menu. . . . Three-course luncheon with soup. No celery and olives. Mr. Abrams was very happy with the simpler menu."

Philippe returned to Mrs. Middleton and talked about her luncheon menu. "Some freshly made cheese straws," he said. "Let's give them a little crabmeat Louis. And a little soup. I think the soup is a good idea. We have some very good Virginia ham. Would you like a little Rock Cornish hen?"

"It was divine the last time," said Mrs. Middleton. "It was perfectly elegant."

"Let's have a *coupe* of lemon ice with Jamaica rum," Philippe said. "We'll say the same price. Seven-fifty. No wine with the luncheon."

"And no music," Mrs. Middleton said. "Please send the bill to Mr. Middleton, at the Babcock & Wilcox Company."

Philippe saw Mrs. Middleton to the door, and ushered in a Frenchman. They discussed the menu for a lunch for a hundred and fifty that was to be given by the Société des Professeurs Français en Amérique in the Sert Room at the end of the week. "*Tomates Farcies Escoffier*," Philippe said, reading from a menu. "*Poulet Marengo. Petits Champignons. Pommes Duchesse. Haricots Verts Sautés. Soufflé Glacé Alaska, Sauce Montmorency. Petits Fours.* Four dollars per person. Beverages à la carte. We will provide greens and candles—no charge. We will provide a gooseneck mike on the head table, and a lectern. No dancing. Carpet down. *A samedi!*" he said, as the Frenchman left. "*Au revoir!*"

"Hello, how *are* you?" Philippe said as he picked up the phone to receive a call from Commissioner Patterson. "Don't worry a bit about the flowers. We'll be in touch with Mrs. Patterson about them, and everything will be in top shape. . . . Don't be concerned. . . . All right. . . . Goodbye, Commissioner."

It was twenty of five. Three men approached Philippe's desk. Philippe's visitor was exhausted; he had never seen anything like this on Mars.

"He's asking for three hundred rooms," one of the three men was saying.

"No. Ninety," said Philippe.

"There's a hiatus," the man said.

"You know," one secretary behind the plants said to another, "there are more unfinished conversations around here."

PHILIPPE lit his second cigar of the day and left the office. While he was away, Victor Borge came in, wearing an overcoat. "Everybody quiet, please," he said to the girls behind the plants. He introduced himself to Philippe's visitor, and immediately added, "My Vibo Farm Rock Cornish game pullets are doing very well. Twenty-five hundred are being served at the truckers' dinner tonight. I'm giving half an hour to the Versailles Ball on Thursday, at Philippe's request. One hand washes the other. You know, we recently had the one-year anniversary of my show. The day before, I talked to Philippe and said I wanted champagne and canapés for the whole audience. In the intermission. Philippe catered it. Sent a headwaiter

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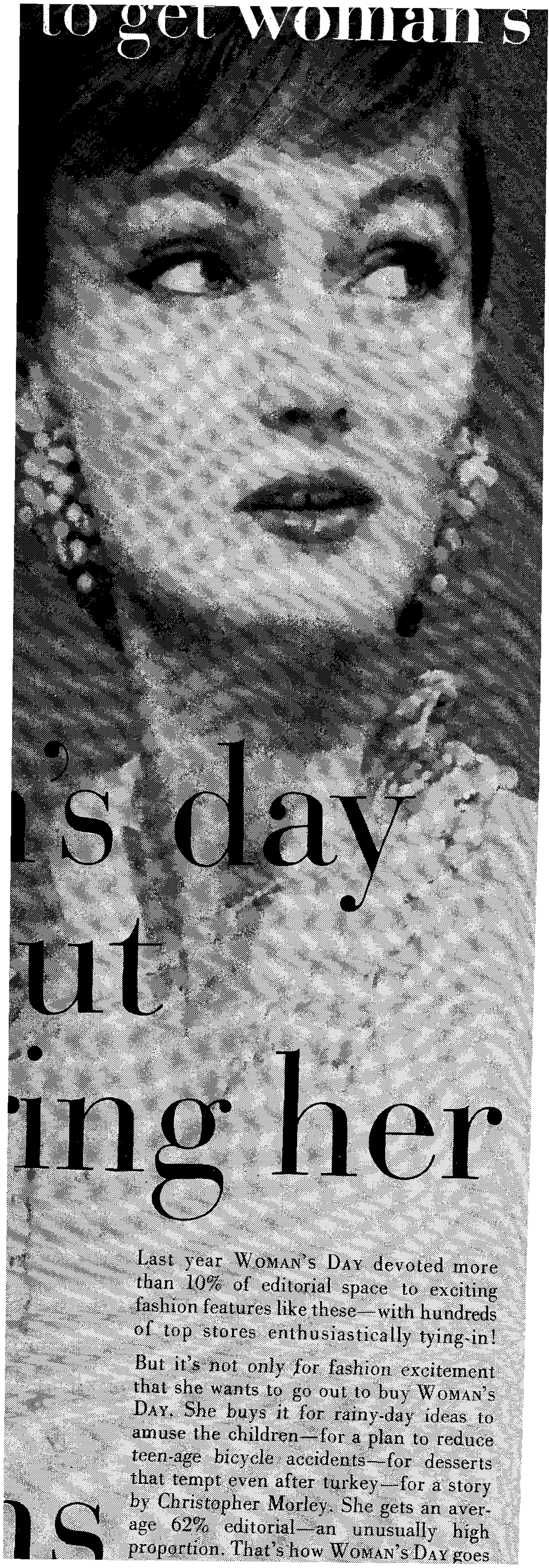

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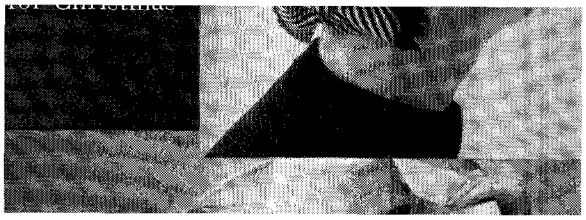
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Pronunciation Guide to FRENCH Wines

From a poster by Toulouse-Lautrec

Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!

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Chablis	*Shah blee*
Chateau Yquem	*Shot-oh Ee-Kem*
Chateauneuf du Pape	*Shot-oh Neff du Pop*
Chambertin	*Sham bear tan*
Graves	*Grahv*
Haut Sauternes	*Oh So tairn*
Macon	*Mah kon*
Medoc	*May dock*
Montrachet	*Mawn Rah Shay*
Pommard	*Poe mahr*
Pontet-Canet	*Pon tay Kan nay*
Pouilly Fuissé	*Poo yee Fweesay*
Prince Blanc	*Prance Blahn*
Prince Noir	*Prance Nwahr*
Sauternes	*So tairn*
St. Emilion	*Sant Ay mee lee on*
St. Julien	*San Jeu lee en*

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and staff. I've seen Philippe work since 1943 and I don't understand how he does so many things at once. He's a one-man atom."

Borge was strolling around Philippe's office as he talked. "Oh," he said suddenly, looking toward the secretaries, "I have good news for you girls. Philippe was just fired!" Still in his overcoat, he sat down at Philippe's desk, looked at a pile of outgoing letters and memorandums, and said to a secretary, "Do you want me to sign?" Just then, Philippe entered the room, followed by Ohrel, Cannarozzi, and Hagedorn. Borge marked a paper "O.K. V.B." and stood up. "There wasn't much to do today," he said.

"Please, Victor, will you get out of here?" Philippe said.

"It's all taken care of," Borge said. "All tomorrow's mail sent out yesterday."

"Get me Mr. Schaffner," Philippe said to a secretary.

"Schaffner isn't in," Borge said. "How about Hart or Marx?"

"Go away," said Philippe.

"Philippe, where do you want the swimming pool?" Borge said. "In that corner?" He turned to a secretary and said, "Get an estimate on a swimming pool."

Philippe again set to work signing and initialling memorandums and letters. The Mars Hilton man asked him how many of them he handled in a day, and he said four or five hundred. He turned over carbon copies of a couple of dozen letters he was signing to his visitor, among them the following:

Mr. Frank X. Mara
United States Aviation Underwriters, Inc.
80 John Street
New York 38, N. Y.

DEAR MR. MARA:

Thank you for the International Union of Aviation Insurers meeting last week and trust everyone was well pleased with our cuisine, service and general arrangements.

We presume and hope that you will again meet in New York next year, and with your approval I shall be very happy to now tentatively reserve the necessary accommodations on the corresponding dates.

In the meantime, please do not hesitate to call upon us whenever we can be of service, even if it is only to arrange a room for an important out-of-town client or friend, or a table for luncheon or dinner in one of our world-famous restaurants.

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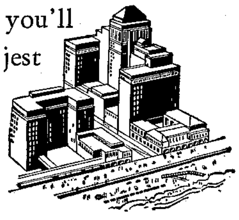

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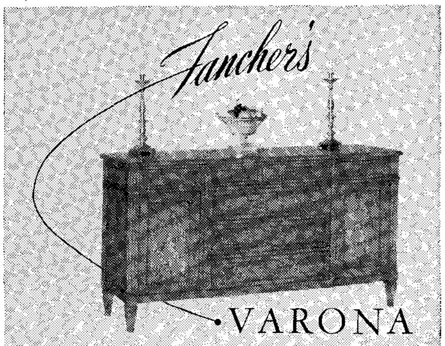

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ward to the pleasure of hearing from you and again helping you arrange another successful meeting, I am

Cordially yours,

Mr. Wm. G. McKnight, Jr., President,
Hotchkiss School Alumni Assn.
Eastman, Dillon & Co.
15 Broad Street
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. McKnight:

I note with much interest that Mr. George Van Santvoord, Headmaster of the Hotchkiss School, is retiring at the end of the school year.

May I suggest that you mark this occasion with a New York Alumni Dinner which should also serve to welcome his successor, the Very Rev. Thomas Huntington Chappell.

It would give us much pleasure to help arrange such an outstanding event and you may be certain that, favored with your valued patronage, we will spare no effort to please you in every way.

Looking for the pleasure of hearing from you further, I am

Very sincerely yours,

Mr. Spyros P. Skouras
Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation
444 West 56th Street
New York, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Skouras:

I am most disconsolate and sorry to learn from Mr. Sullivan that no plans have been approved for a "Napoleonic Ball" following the opening of "Désirée."

For a party of 300 or 400, our lovely Starlight Roof decorated somewhat as we are doing this Thursday for the Versailles Ball would offer you the ideal background with complete privacy using the 50th Street Tower Entrance and Elevators.

It would be quite possible to make such an affair a truly enormous and memorable success and I am sure that the relatively reasonable expense would be more than justified by the added public relations and publicity value.

Looking forward to hearing from you and with best personal regards,

Mr. W. R. Skeeles
"Midhurst"
Constantia, Cape Province
South Africa

Dear Mr. Skeeles:

I am pleased to acknowledge your letter and would, of course, be interested in the future in buying fresh asparagus between the end of August and the beginning of December.

I would be very happy to have you send me a box of samples of your four different sizes, which should be consigned to me at the Waldorf-Astoria.

As to the prices we would be prepared to pay, I would rather wait until we see the quality of your product, and as to any import formalities or Department of Agriculture restrictions, I suggest you contact your local American Consul.

"Time to go up to French and Company," Philippe said to his visitor at twenty after five. "They're going to

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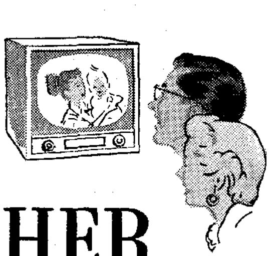

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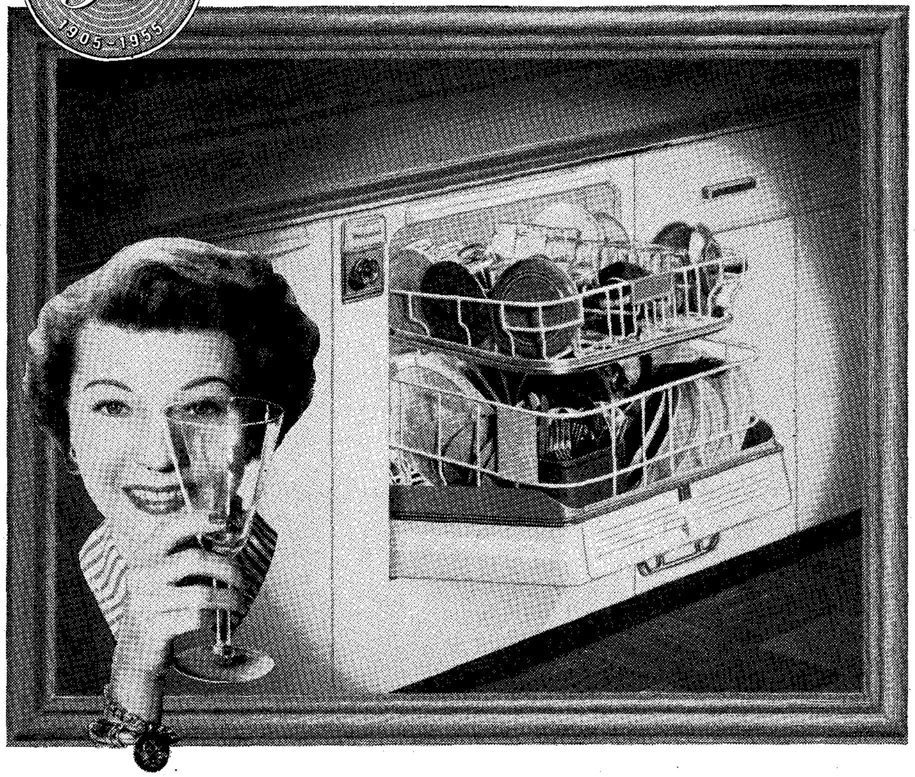

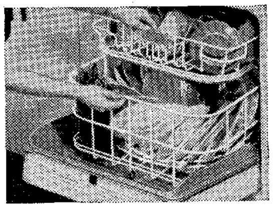

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DAIRY FARM
SAUSAGE

JONES DAIRY FARM
Fort Atkinson, Wis.
Mary P. Jones, Pres.

have a buffet at the auction there Sunday, and Mr. Borge is going to be there."

Borge took a paper off Philippe's desk and handed it to him. "Philippe," he said, "just initial this. I want to build a new hotel."

PHILIPPE ran out of the office, followed by Borge, Ohrel, Cannarozzi, Hagedorn, and his guest. He ran to the elevator, and when he reached the street floor, he ran out to the private driveway that passes under the hotel between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets. There the six men piled into a taxi. "I got you twenty-five cases of French champagne for that intermission of yours," Philippe said to Borge. "And twenty-five waiters."

"That explains it, then," Borge said. "They each took home a case."

At the French & Co. gallery, which occupies a seven-story building near Third Avenue, with entrances on Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh Streets, the group was greeted by one of the owners of the gallery and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Samuels; Mr. Smallwood; and Mrs. Alfred de Liagre, an American Friends of the Allied Circle committeewoman.

"Do you have an antique spinet for Mr. Borge to play?" Philippe asked Samuels, who replied that he didn't. With the Samuelses and Smallwood as guides, Philippe proceeded to case the joint. Smallwood told him that when the guests arrived, at around nine o'clock, each of them was to be given a glass of champagne; the auction would start at ten, and would be followed by a buffet supper. "I'd like this area for service," Philippe said, marking off a section of the ground floor with gestures. "Make a note of this, Theodore. We'll come in at the Fifty-sixth Street entrance. We'll serve everything on trays, Mr. Hagedorn. Supper at eleven-thirty."

Cannarozzi and Hagedorn took notes on large pads as Philippe, walking rapidly around the ground floor, continued to issue instructions. "I always like to operate very close to the entrance," he said. "Make a note to bring ten candelabra. Let's have twelve cocktail tables. Pink tablecloths and candles with pink shades. Over a hundred ashtrays. Twenty-four white candles. I'd like to have five or six big things of flowers around. Six cases of champagne—Besserat. Make a note—four hundred people. No, better figure half a bottle apiece. Better bring fifteen cases, our best run. And I think we

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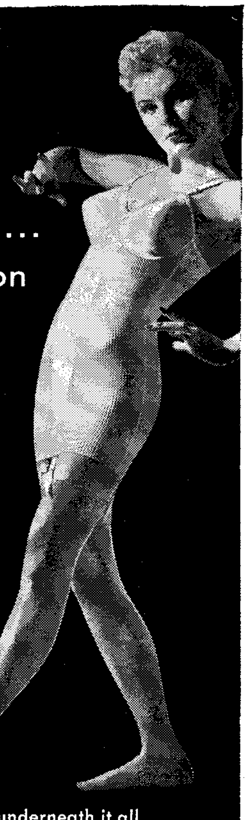

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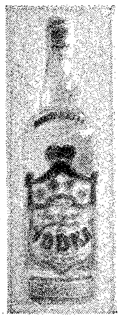

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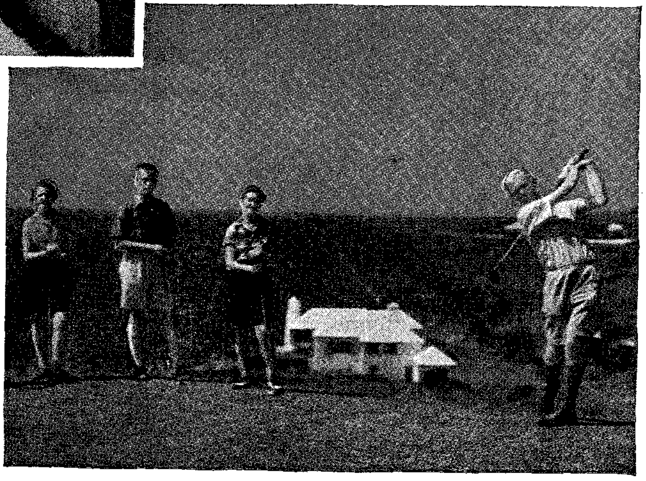

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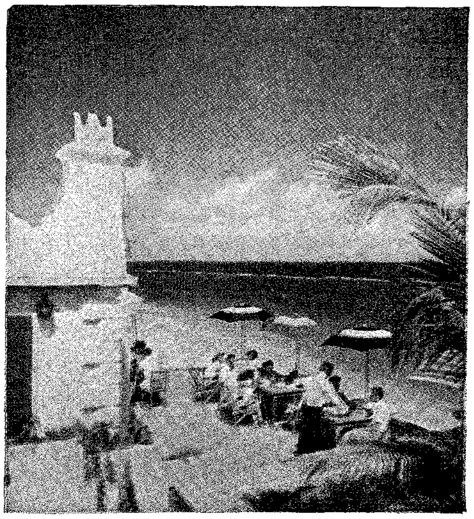

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should have a few soft drinks—two cases each of ginger ale and Coca-Cola. Bring over twelve hundred champagne glasses. Make those tablecloths blue. Thirty waiters. Chicken à la king, hams, turkeys, tongues, two or three salads, and macédoine of fruit."

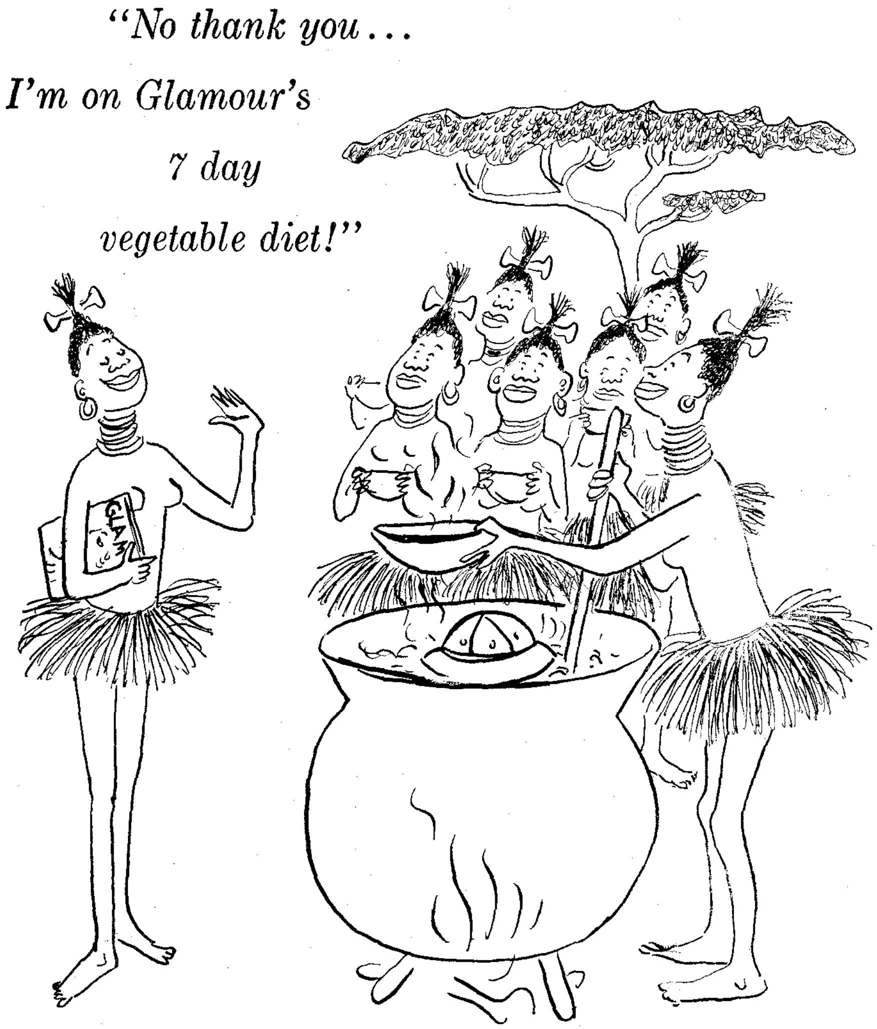
PHILIPPE and his party left the gallery at six-fifteen. They jumped into a taxi, and ten minutes later he and his guest were in the Grand Ballroom, inspecting the scene of the imminent dinner for the members of the American Trucking Associations and their wives. "Blanke," he said to a headwaiter, "will you get me a menu?" Blanke brought him one and he studied it awhile and then handed it back. "White Burgundy, two red Burgundies," he said.

On another floor, Philippe inspected a private dining room where Pierre Donzelot, Cultural Counsellor to the French Embassy and Permanent Representative of French Universities, was giving a dinner that evening for the rector of the University of Grenoble and the rector of the University of Paris. At half past six, he was back at his desk, signing mail. Two page girls in uniform stood at his right. One passed him letters for his signature, spreading each sheet flat on his desk for him, and handed the signed letters to the other girl, who arranged them in a pile on a table. As Philippe signed letter after letter, he lit his third cigar of the day. When the pile of signed mail got to be about six inches thick, the second girl took it to the outer office and returned with another batch.

"Get me Bruno in here," he told a secretary behind the plants; she was a new face, having replaced the three who had been there during the day. The second page girl took a pile of signed letters out of the office and returned with a new pile of unsigned letters. A French secretary—not the one who had been on hand during the day—came in and took a letter. She went out, returned a moment later, and asked him a question about a word she had been unable to transcribe. "*Tu es dans la lune, ma petite*," he said. "*Est-ce que tu es amoureuse?*"

"*Non*," the girl said, smiling.

A waiter came in and stood at attention in front of Philippe's desk. Philippe dismissed him. Looking puzzled, the waiter said he had been told that Philippe wanted to see him. Philippe said nothing. The waiter left. "You got the wrong Bruno," Philippe told the secretary behind the plants. "I meant



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Elizabeth Arden

the big Bruno, not the little Bruno." He went on signing letters, and the page girl went on bringing in new batches.

PHILIPPE quit his office at twenty past seven, leaving his visitor with a magazine. He was back in a few minutes, in a black tie. "You're coming to the Escoffier dinner with me," he said. "We don't have to dress for it—I put this on to say hello to Donzelot and his guests. But let me take you to my apartment to freshen up." He led the way up the back staircase to Suite 5-E—a living room-bedroom with a bed-sofa, an ample dressing room, and a big bathroom. The apartment was full of books and china, and contained large photographs of Philippe's parents, his wife, and his daughter, Claudia. There was also an aerial view of the Virgin Islands, where Philippe owns four hundred acres. Philippe left his visitor in the apartment, telling him to join him later on the Roof. The visitor took a shower, put on a fresh shirt that Philippe had laid out for him, and went to the Roof, where, after caviar, hot hors d'oeuvres, and apéritifs, he sat down with Philippe and a hundred and seventy other men to *le Consommé aux Perles de Florida, les Paillettes Diablées, le Gratin de Homard Waldorf, le Suprême de Chapon Périgourdine, le Risotto au Safran, les Salsifis au Beurre, le Granité Champenois, le Jambon de Virginie, la Galantine de Canard avec la Salade Forestière, le Gâteau Glacé Fleuriot, les Mignardises, le Moka;* Chassagne-Montrachet Les Ruchottes '46, Château Lascombes '49, Clos des Lambrays '45, Clos Haut-Peyraguey '42, Marsan Armagnac Private Reserve, Godet Cognac, and Vieille Cure. The visitor knew he was sitting down to this because he read the menu.

"We're not supposed to discuss our work at these dinners," Philippe said to his guest as they dined, "but I'll tell you this: I don't say our methods are to be recommended to young men who want to live to a ripe old age, but in this business you have to be on the firing line every morning. There's no way of operating by remote control. In a way, it's like holding a bag or a purse—you must clench or the whole thing falls. We deal in intangibles. Our motto is total warfare and total service. We're the bestest with the mostest—I've spent a hundred million dollars of other people's money giving parties—but you don't get there unless you fight every day. The average hotel's attitude is that the customer's a customer between the time he arrives and the time he

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"Cut it out," said a man across the table, and Philippe began to talk about the ballet. —GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

If one connects the indication, "expectation and lyricism" with "spirit" in the broadest sense of the word, and "oppressive, with imperative tone" with Teutonic fascism and its criminality, then the domain of inspiratory impulses is satisfactorily defined.—*Program notes for a performance by the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra in Philadelphia.*

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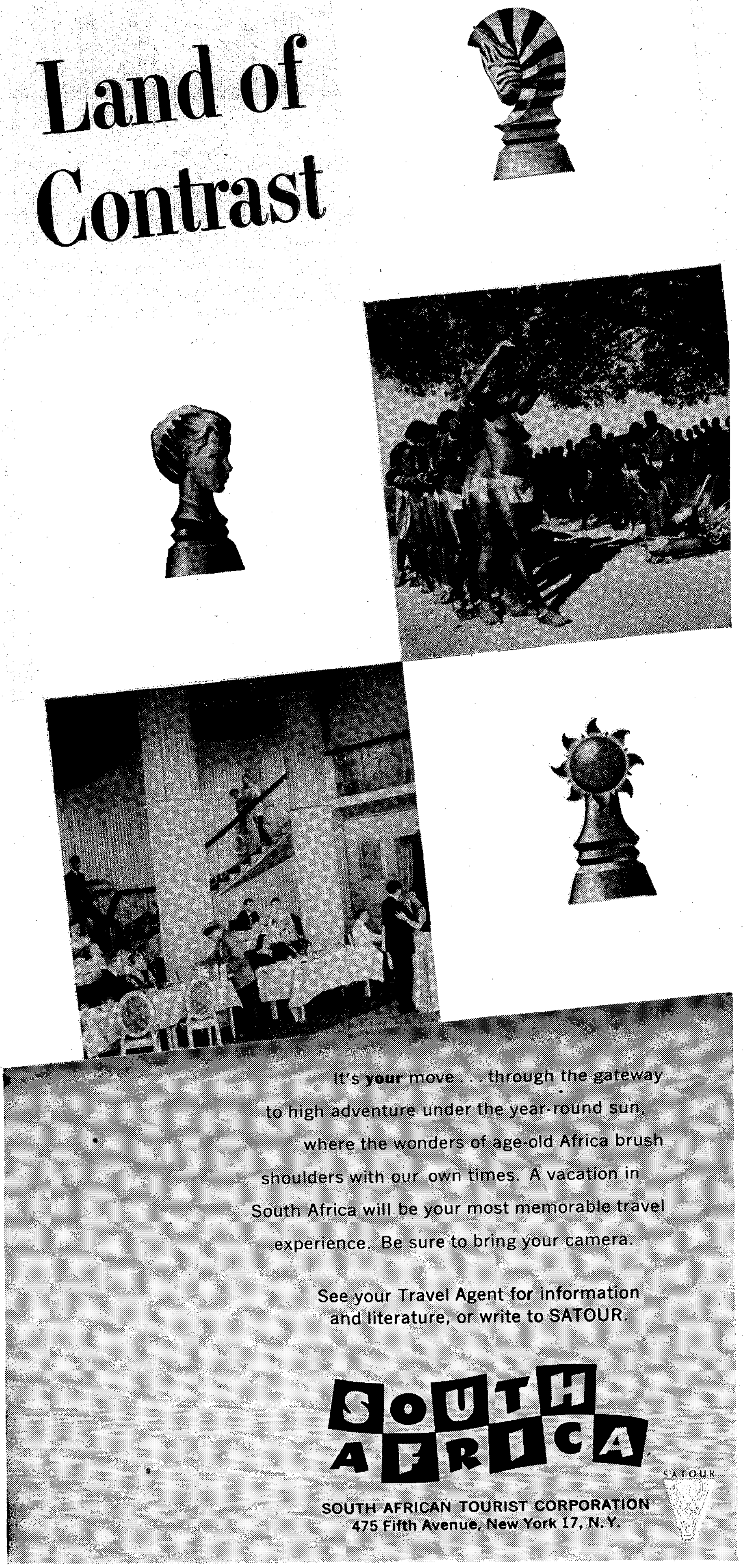
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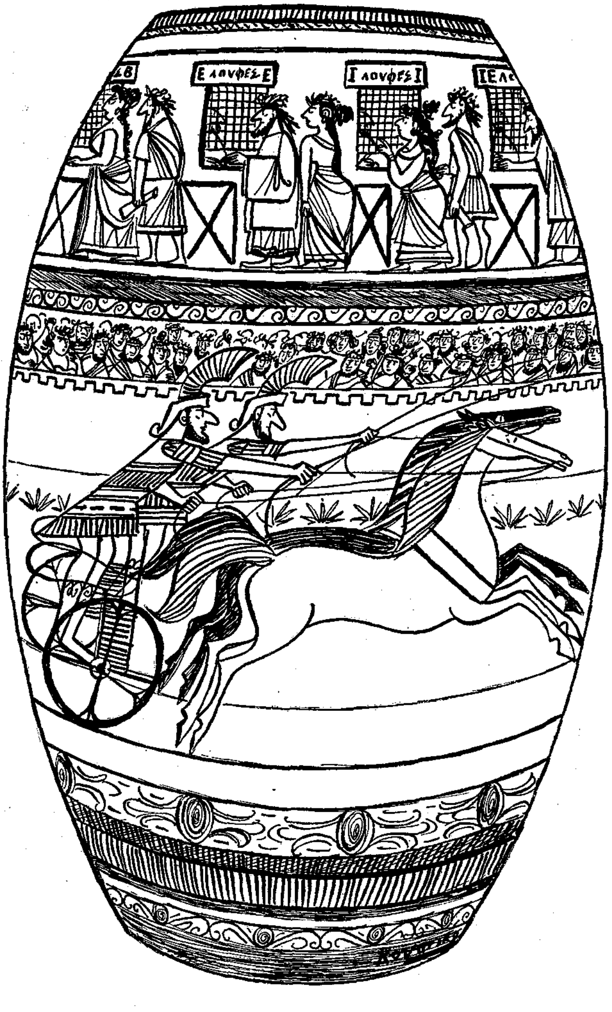
THE THEATRE

BANG!

"THE DESPERATE HOURS," Joseph Hayes' adaptation of his own novel, which opened last week at the Ethel Barrymore, seems almost certain to be the season's great dramatic hit and perhaps even a historic one. This is quite as it should be, because it is that very rare thing, an almost perfect melodrama—fast, tight, logical, combining sentiment with gunfire in exactly the right proportions, and containing just enough ethical reflection to give the simpler members of the audience a feeling that they are turning something weighty over in their minds without really taxing their powers to any uncomfortable extent. If I am not mistaken, Mr. Hayes' book was inspired principally by an actual incident in a Western state a few years ago. This case was thoroughly reported in the true detective magazines, which are read with some attention in my house, and the facts, as I recall them, were roughly as follows: A salesman driving through a desert was waylaid by three escaped convicts, who forced him to take them to the bungalow in town he shared with his wife and two small children. The idea, of course, was that, with his family held hostage, the man could be permitted to maintain his contact with the outside world without fear that he would go to the police. The scheme worked as far as getting the criminals temporary sanctuary was concerned, but it fell down when it came to obtaining money for a getaway. I seem to remember that they accompanied the man downtown to sell his car, that some implausible negotiations at a bank aroused the suspicions of a teller, and that the trio was arrested and returned to prison in a rather tame and embarrassing manner. It was a good story—there could be no gainsaying the nightmare experience the victims underwent in the beginning—but it had the common drawback of things that really happen; that is, it lacked artistic arrangement and picturesque characterization. The salesman and his wife were not people of abnormal sensitivity (if I am not mistaken, the lady contributed an "as told to" memoir about her ordeal to one of the magazines), and their heroism lay in the fact that, though frightened and bewildered, they still stubbornly resisted a final, and possibly fatal, hysteria. Moreover, the convicts, though tough and mean, were essentially too stupid to be of any particular literary interest. The plot itself was a little blurred around the edges. It was never precisely clear why anybody did anything (the expedition to sell the car had the moon-struck air of an old Chaplin comedy), and the exact emotional climate that prevailed at the house was somewhat confused, when the case came to trial, by defense testimony that the wife had danced and drunk, though reluctantly, with the prisoners. This allegation was denied, but its introduction in court suggested to the reader that such behavior might not have been entirely inconceivable. The whole affair, in short, was too real, too lacking in moral elevation or truly spectacular depravity, to be at all suitable for the commercial theatre.



I tax you with this rather glum synopsis only because it is interesting to me to see what a really alert mind can do to raise muddled life to the stature of disciplined art. Mr. Hayes has, of course, retained the original entrapment in the house, but he has heightened and rearranged things with enormous skill. The hero now is a man of great, quiet courage and astonishing ingenuity, capable of thinking up stratagems to use against the invaders that leave the police stunned with admiration; and his wife is not only brave, too, but also unmistakably a lady (if she contributed anything to the magazines, it would almost certainly be a sonnet to the *Atlantic*); one of the children has been transformed into a beautiful red-headed teen-ager, with a suitor who is pretty handy with a gun, and the other is a reckless tot, who makes two heroic but misguided attempts to release the family from captivity; the gangsters are vicious beyond belief, and their leader is a species of criminal genius with an inverted father complex that would amuse Krafft-Ebing; and the police officers, one of whom, it turns out, faces death because he sent the head of the mob to jail some years ago, are not so much simple instruments of justice as the exponents of two warring theories of crime and punishment.

All these improvements, together with the cold-blooded murder of an innocent bystander, the comic intrusion of a spinster schoolmistress, and a climax of shattering violence, are very intelligent and highly effective. It occurred to me now and then that the debate on penology that took place at Police Headquarters ("They are slime. I'd shoot them down with no more compunction than I'd crush a bug." "Then you'd be no better than they are") was somewhat tedious, familiar, and elementary, and the labored insistence on the rebirth of family love as the result of a common disaster struck me as a standard literary decoration rather than an honest report on real emotions. However, a certain amount of romantic posturing and ethical vaporing are probably almost essential in a work of this kind (we are not, after all, talking about Dostoevski), and I guess my complaints against them can be safely laid to low vitality. In the end, the fact remains that "The Desperate Hours" is a superb melodrama, and you'd be very bright to put your order in for it now.

Almost without exception, the performances convey exactly what they are intended to, which is, on the part of the members of the beleaguered family, unostentatious fortitude coupled with indomitable charm; on the part of the villains, villainy mitigated only by an interesting sickness of the soul; and on the part of the police, tough virility, with, as noted, occasional philosophical overtones. In the first classification, the players are Karl Malden, Nancy Coleman, Patricia Peardon, and Malcolm Brodrick, and they are all completely enchanting. In the second are Paul Newman, George Grizzard, and George Mathews, and while it is possible that Mr. Newman, as the leader, is too psychopathic too soon for a properly mounting effect, they are still a very menacing bunch. And in the third are James Gregory, Judson Pratt, Kendall Clark, and Rusty Lane, and they are excellent—especially Mr. Gregory, who is very impressive in spite of having been given some of the most crippling lines in all the show. There are also brief but accomplished efforts by Mary Orr, as the teacher; Fred Eisley, as the admirer of the daughter of the house; and Wyrley Birch, as a garbage man who makes the fatal error of calling for his bill. Every one of them can be congratulated, as can Robert Montgomery, for his brilliantly paced direction, and Howard Bay, whose two-story interior and side scenes of Police Headquarters and an attic hideaway are as ingeniously designed as any I can remember.

If you feel spry enough to make the long voyage down to the Cherry Lane Theatre, which is located somewhere in the dark backward and abysm of Greenwich Village, you will find a very pleasant entertainment there in the shape of Lucienne Hill's English adaptation of Jean Anouilh's "Thieves' Carnival." It is perhaps an occasionally over-elfin maneuver (a harlequin playing a clarinet and presumably representing the spirit of pure Gallic rascality was, I'm afraid, too cute for me), and it may be that the microscopic stage makes

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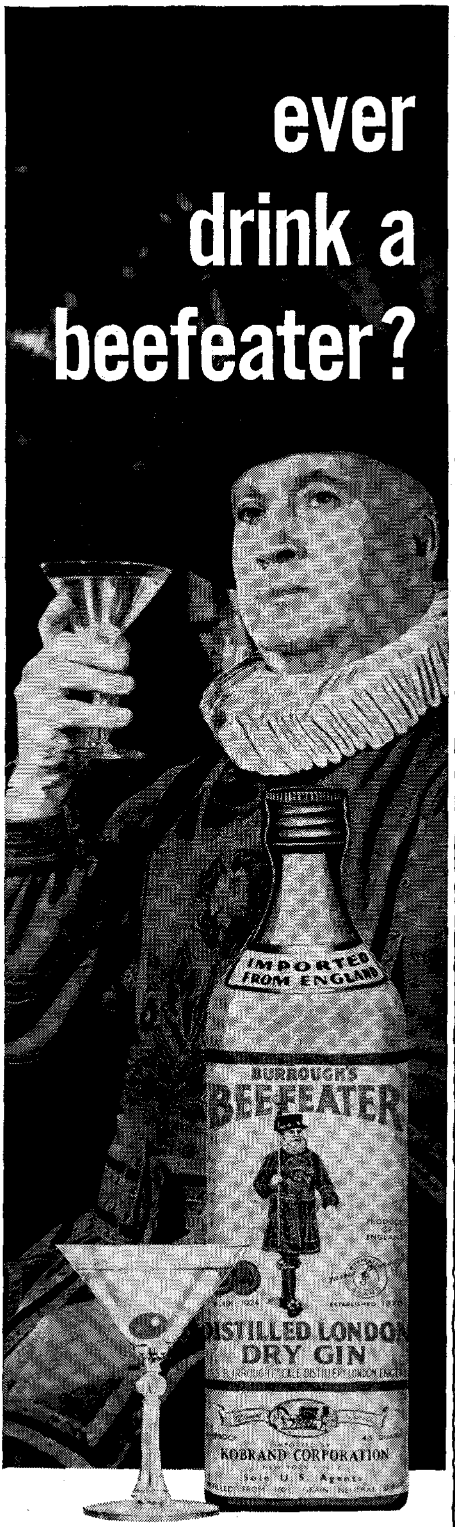

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the titled British millionaire's living room and his conservatory, which are the two principal sets, seem a trifle meagre and crowded, but on the whole the production has style and the play itself is quite witty and charming. The plot is a lighthearted fantasy, not too firmly anchored to any time or place, about three remarkably incompetent scoundrels who have designs on two young ladies of wealth and fashion. Somehow, the rogues manage to insert themselves into their victims' household, and there the conspiracy runs its worldly course in a fashion at which the French are, of course, historically proficient. The complications of the story and the mannered perversity of the conversation that accompanies it aren't, I should say, really distinguished examples of literary invention, but they are certainly more diverting and civilized than most of the things we have been asked to laugh at uptown in recent months. There is, for instance, a neat comedy sequence in which one of the thieves doggedly pops in and out of a series of disguises in an attempt to find the one with which he won his lady's heart, and there is another showing a pretty young heiress thoughtfully advising her lover as to which of her possessions it would be most profitable for him to steal. The whole thing is about as silly as that, and if you have a weakness for amiable nonsense, you will probably enjoy it very much. Like many writers of his kind, M. Anouilh has a frail and vagrant message—something about the failure of youth to perceive the bitter comedy of life—but that, I think, you can successfully ignore.

The performances are all correctly artificial. The three rascals are played by William LeMassena, Stuart Vaughan, and Thomas Carlin; Bernard Tone and Gerry Fleming are their aristocratic dupes; Frances Sternhagen and Dolores Mann are the young ladies who are pursued; Tom Bosley and Raymond Johnson are a pair of competing and even more bungling fortune hunters; and Don Redlich is the musical faun. There was a little superfluous archness here and there, but in general I thought everybody was admirable, and Don Crawford's settings, considering the space and material at his disposal, are extremely attractive.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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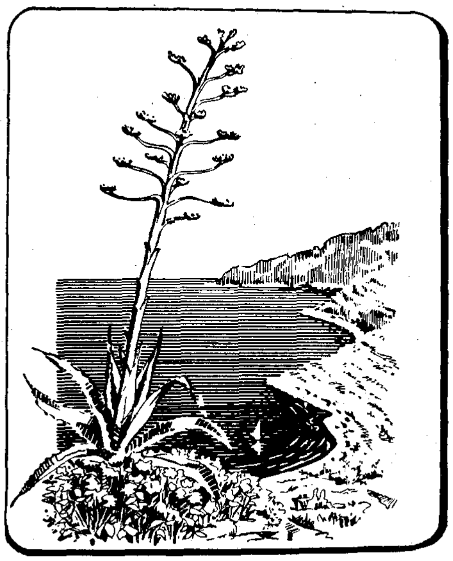
Q.—Which is correct—cold slaw or cole slaw?—Mrs. L. D. S., Cicero 50, Ill.
A. Cole slow. —*Chicago Tribune.*

Next question.



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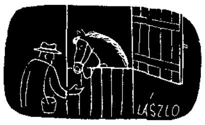
THE RACE TRACK

Long-Shot Day



IT almost seems as if even our better horses deliberately tried to confuse us last weekend. Both Santa Anita and Hialeah ran off preludes to hundred-thousand-dollar races, and horseplayers were in a fine state of anticipation. Just for that, form went topsy-turvy. At Santa Anita, Gigantic, a 42–1 shot, won the San Antonio Handicap, while Determine and Poona II, the future-book favorites for next weekend's Santa Anita Handicap, finished out of the money. And at Hialeah, Prince Noor, a mere 11–1 chance, was first in the Everglades Stakes, a warmup for next Saturday's Flamingo Stakes, and Saratoga, the public's choice, reared at the start and came in last. No wonder everybody is bewildered.

GIGANTIC, a huge, gangling four-year-old whose sole claim to attention last season was that he won the Louisiana Derby, carried only a hundred and nine pounds in the San Antonio. Imbros, who finished second, gave him fifteen pounds, and I daresay that did the trick, because Imbros led until less than a furlong from home. From all accounts, Determine, who came in sixth, just didn't buckle down to running; some observers thought the hundred and twenty-seven pounds he carried might have been too much for him. Well, that's two pounds less than his impost for the Santa Anita. Poona II, who finished fifth, seemed to have a better excuse. He was bumped at the first turn and never got back into his stride properly after that. Anyway, it was a big day for Jockey Lumm, who rode Gigantic, for earlier in the afternoon he rode Alidon to victory in the San Luis Rey Handicap. In case you didn't notice, a $2 ticket on Alidon paid $112.80.

SO much for California. As for Florida, I don't for a moment think Prince Noor beat a gaudy lot of three-year-olds in the Everglades Stakes. True, he may be just finding his racing legs, but it's my guess that he's nothing Nashua will have to worry about in the Flamingo. In any case, one point that nobody can be in doubt about is that Hasty House Farm, which owns Prince Noor, has a sharp horse for this weekend's Widener Handicap in Hasty Road, who also had his tune-up gallop at Hialeah last Saturday. As you probably know, Hasty Road led all the way in a little number called the Abraham Lincoln Purse, winning easily from Cerise Reine, Maharajah, Scimitar, and half a dozen others. Social Outcast was scratched, and that was too bad, but I suppose one can't have everything.

The sprightliest performance of the week at Hialeah wasn't in a race but in a morning workout. Nashua had been booked to make his first appearance of the season in an overnight event at seven furlongs but was withdrawn because the track hadn't dried out from a small cloudburst the day before, and Jim Fitzsimmons, who trains the big Belair Stud colt, decided that the going would be too rough for him. However, when the footing was fast again, Nashua was sent about his business. Ridden by Atkinson, he did six furlongs in 1:10⅖—a second slower than the track record for the distance but a bit faster than most horses run. Starting off in company with Golden Gloves, he quickly left his companion lengths behind as he stepped off the first quarter in 0:22⅕ and the half in 0:45⅘. He finished the gallop handily, as the clockers put it. Needless to say, the gallery of trainers was tremendously impressed. Nashua's stable plans to give him one race—probably early next week—before the Flamingo Stakes, in which he will be ridden by Arcaro. By the way, Arcaro has been engaged to ride Nashua in all his races this season. And speaking of workouts, Boston Doge had one the other morning; he went six furlongs in 1:12, and had to be ridden out hard to complete a mile in 1:40⅗.

WEATHER REPORT: Despite last Friday's snowstorm, which at times hid the horses from view, eight races were run off at Charles Town, West Virginia. The attendance, if you care, was 2,852. —AUDAX MINOR

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EMBLEMS

Summer is emerald.
Autumn is battered gold.
Winter is in between
old gold and the snowy green
of spring's celadon.

And yet, of all—the gem,
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—LUKE ZILLES

W. Shakespeare

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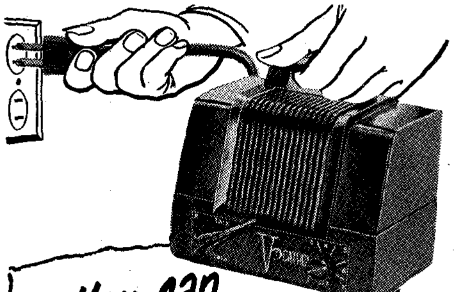

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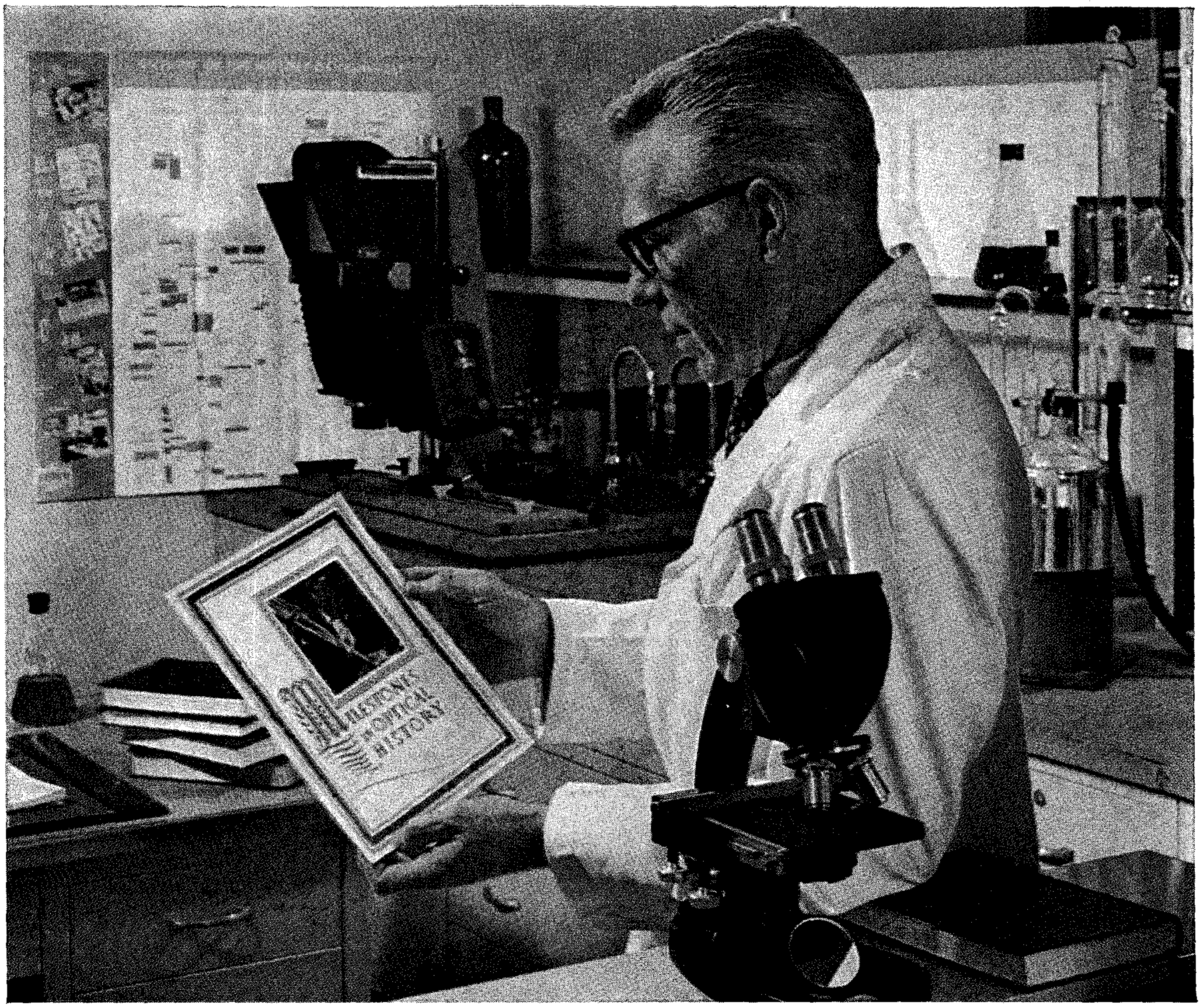
LETTER FROM LONDON

FEBRUARY 9

THE only drop of comfort that anybody was able to distill from the chilling events of the past week, during which people were alarmed over Formosa, gloomy over China's answer to the Security Council, and dismayed by the fall of Premier Mendès-France across the Channel, was the fact that the Commonwealth Prime Ministers were in London for talks that might almost have been arranged expressly to coincide with the dismal catalogue of events—to which now suddenly is added the cryptic shifting of power in Russia. It has seemed a good thing to many worried British that all the members of the family should be right here at this juncture, able to pool their views and decide, perhaps, on a common line of conduct. Though what they said from day to day did not appear in the papers, and though mighty few of the Londoners who peered interestedly into the large official cars rolling in and out of the narrow gorge of Downing Street were able to identify any of the important visitors (always excepting the handsome, enigmatic Mr. Nehru), simply knowing that they were here was a relief. The Cabinet-level, and therefore private, nature of the talks possibly reassured people more than anything else, there being an increasingly trustful local belief in the powers of old-fashioned diplomacy, which was private, rather than in the blaring, publicized, modern variety, which hides nothing.

The London press has been giving the Far Eastern news widely differing interpretations, and the divisions in the political parties and in the country are just about as sharp. The Conservative papers came out with editorial approval of President Eisenhower's message and attacked Mr. Attlee for describing the China shooting as a civil war in which America should not interfere and Great Britain certainly had no intention of interfering. The anti-Conservative *Daily Mirror*, which easily leads the circulation race and caters to readers who like their news short and shrill, produced the shortest and shrillest plain speaking on the subject, in a front-page declaration reading, "The British people believe that America's present policy on China is wrong and perilous. If America involves herself in a major war because of this policy, such a war would NOT [the "not" in the *Mirror's* blackest, fiercest capitals] command the sympathy of the British people." The independent Manchester *Guardian* has been highly critical all along, deploring part of the President's statement as ambiguous because it could be read as threatening an American attack on the mainland, and demanding, "Has Washington any idea how deeply it appears to be putting itself in the wrong?" The disturbed public certainly had something to think about last week, wherever it did its reading.

Parliamentary concern over Formosa has so far been expressed only in the questions introduced on most days for the Foreign Secretary or the Prime Minister to answer before the start of the current business. Since the House of Commons returned from its Christmas recess the other day, it has been discussing mainly domestic affairs—such as the new increases in railway workers' wages and the proposed "clean-air" bill, which may result in future Londoners being born into a town where smog is unknown—but the Far Eastern situation is explosively under the surface of everything, including the Conservative government's prospects of remaining the Government after the next general election. (The date of this event is confidently predicted by politicians in weekend speeches now and then, but the present international perplexities have caused a great silence to fall on the ranks of those who used to play the game of guessing when Sir Winston Churchill plans to retire.) It seems that the clean split between the parties on foreign affairs has given a new aspect to the political picture. Conservatives had been saying cheerfully that most of the heckling voices that disturbed the calm, or downright apathy, of recent by-elections were irritably concerned with such comparatively minor grievances as the high price of tea, which will soon be a rare luxury, instead of the staple national comforter, and that the country on the whole has seemed to be digesting the Government's record with more approval than not. Now, however, the Labour Party has come out practically with one voice—instead of noisily with two, as it did in the matter of German rearmament—behind Mr. Attlee in his stand on Formosa, and it seems highly probable that if the election should take place while the situation is still doubtful, many British voters would feel that



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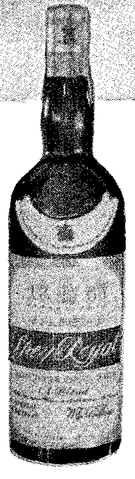

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SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., 595 MADISON AVE., N. Y. C., SCOTCH WHISKY—A BLEND . . . 86.8 PROOF on this issue Labour had their money. The German rearmament question, on which, of course, Labour officially goes along with the Government, is not by any means dead here but merely slumbering, and is likely to be violently reanimated in the light of Mendès-France's departure and the various uncertainties it sheds over the European scene. The Government has said that Formosa is "one of the most difficult situations" it has been up against since 1951. Though most of the anxious talk circulates quietly in people's homes, and though London on the surface looks as calm as usual, there is truly grave anxiety here.

THE literary man who came in a winner on the very last lap of 1954 was undoubtedly George Orwell. It would possibly have given him sardonic amusement if he had known that his most resounding success would be achieved posthumously as the result of the B.B.C.'s courageous pre-Christmas television production of the unfestive message of "Nineteen Eighty-four," which caused hundreds of shocked viewers to ring up Broadcasting House in protest and thousands more to discuss, in long and heated controversy, whether it could or could not happen here. It was an extraordinary demonstration of television's power. The *Daily Express* proudly announced—as though Orwell were a brand-new writer, sensationally plummeted onto the editor's desk from outer space—that it would start running extracts from "Nineteen Eighty-four," the book that everyone was longing to read. As a proof that everyone was, Penguin Books promptly sold out its edition. One of the popular weeklies panted up to give the glad tidings of its capture of the serial rights to "Animal Farm" (the film of which, currently running at the small Ritz Cinema, apparently hit the British public a less savage smack than the television play did, and was even deemed jolly good fun for the kiddies). Such Orwellian words as "prole" and "double-speak" now turn up in conversation and in the press, and the number of comedians who have made genial use of the phrase "Big Brother is watching you"—a gag that would have caused some mystification a couple of months back—is considerable. In the strangest way, television has projected George Orwell into ordinary English homes and into ordinary English heads, where, in many cases, he has arrived as a new, horrific, enlarging idea.

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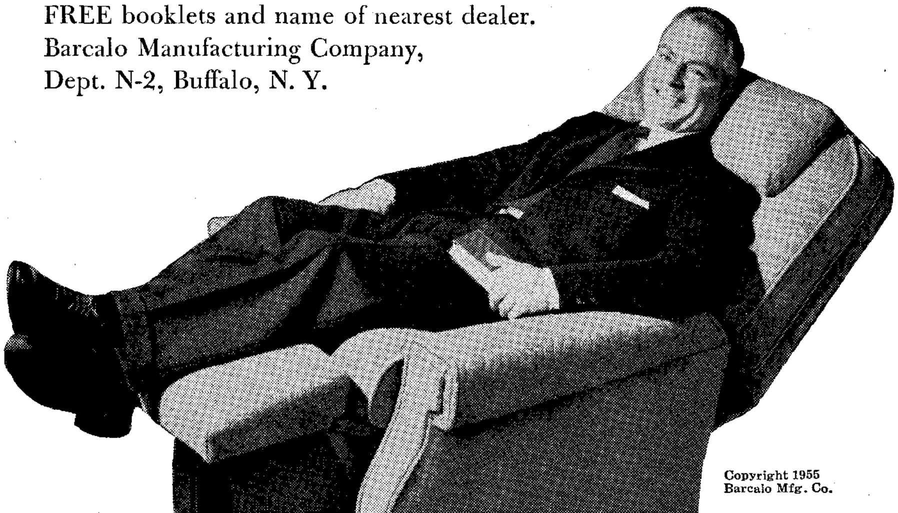

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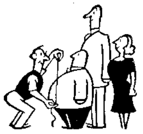

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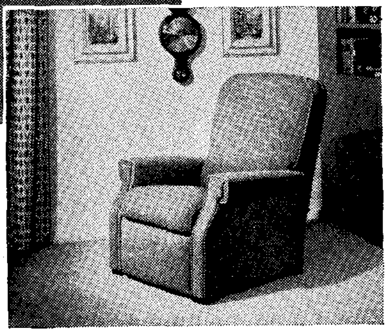

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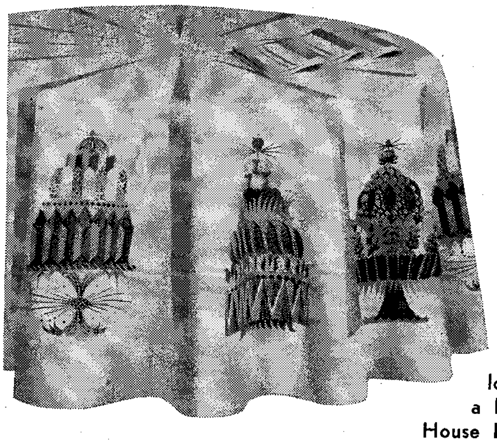
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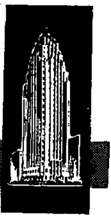
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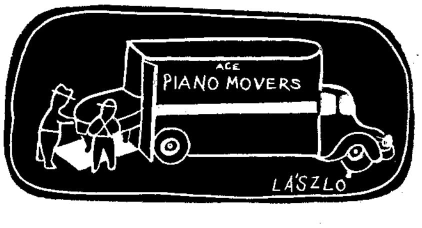
Richard Aldington's just published and astonishingly bilious book on Lawrence of Arabia, about which there have long been rumors but which has turned out to be more surprising than any of them. The book, published here by Collins, sets out to destroy the legendary Lawrence with a battery of laborious facts designed to prove that he was illegitimate, a liar, a charlatan, a homosexual, and, generally, the possessor of clay feet under the romantic burnous. It has received reviews unanimous in their disapproval (particularly of the unattractive detective work on Lawrence's family history, since his mother is still alive) from such distinguished writers as Robert Graves, David Garnett, Harold Nicolson, and Raymond Mortimer. All but the last had the benefit of knowing Lawrence, which Aldington, oddly enough, had not. Their varied comments made use of such words and phrases as "odious" and "resentful and vindictive." "As I turned the pages of this acid book," one critic wrote, "the will arose within me to defend Lawrence from so mean an enemy." "Mr. Aldington's comment [on the terrible beating Lawrence received from the Turks] in better days would have earned him the horsewhip," another said. Sir Ronald Storrs went on the air to recount in a magnificent reminiscent rumble his memories of Lawrence and to declare that it was well that this "investigation" should have appeared while there were still a few of Lawrence's old friends left to break a spear for him. It looks as if British readers, who prefer trials in which the prisoner is in the dock and can speak up for himself, are not going to be greatly drawn toward a witch hunt conducted *in absentia* and with such odd and remorseless passion.

LONDON has had a big year of English opera—Benjamin Britten's "The Turn of the Screw," Lennox Berkeley's "Nelson," and Sir William Walton's "Troilus and Cressida" all in the last twelve months. Now Covent Garden has just bravely produced Michael Tippett's first opera, "The Midsummer Marriage"—bravely, because it is obviously not going to appeal to the public, which likes its opera easy on the understanding as well as on the ear. Tippett,



a highly individual, testing composer, has made few major musical statements since his oratorio, "A Child of Our Time," first performed in 1944. He lives in Sussex, and though he is now fifty years old, which is fairly late for such creative branchings out, he looks like a young, black-haired, rather gangling intellectual. This perennial boyishness seems to be discernible both in the warm outpourings of the score and in the wildness of the libretto, which he also wrote. The opera is something like a talkative evening with an enthusiastic young man who admires Mozart, Jung, Yeats, and Eliot, has Left Wing convictions, and is interested in Eastern magic and Greek mythology, for chunks of all these ingredients loom up in the plot, which the critics, while immensely admiring the music, found baffling. The opera, for some rather tiresome reason, follows quite closely the form of "The Magic Flute," and concerns the progress of two pairs of modern lovers, one spiritual and the other earthy, toward purification and oneness via mystical experiences. As a libretto, it has its difficulties. Moreover, the listener's mind, required to soar, remains obstinately earthbound in front of Barbara Hepworth's entirely hideous set, depicting a sort of Cubistic Stonehenge, where these weird goings on take place. The singers are all first-rate. Some of the audience the other night appeared to feel that the best way to enjoy Tippett's sometimes ravishing, always wonderfully inventive music was to close the eyes and pretend that the libretto was written in some unknown language—and for most struggling listeners it was, at that.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

Want an intriguing dish to serve with chicken? Add poppyseed to hot buttered needles, mix thoroughly and serve at once.—*New Haven (Conn.) Register.*

Before the cocktails have worn off.

•

The Ascension, Cranston, R. I., has just completed a successful drive for funds for a plant consisting of church, parish hall and rector. The total cost will be $80,000.—*The Witness.*

Break it down for us, please.

•

WANT ADS WE DOUBT EVER GOT ANSWERED

[*From the Lincoln (Neb.) Journal & Star*]

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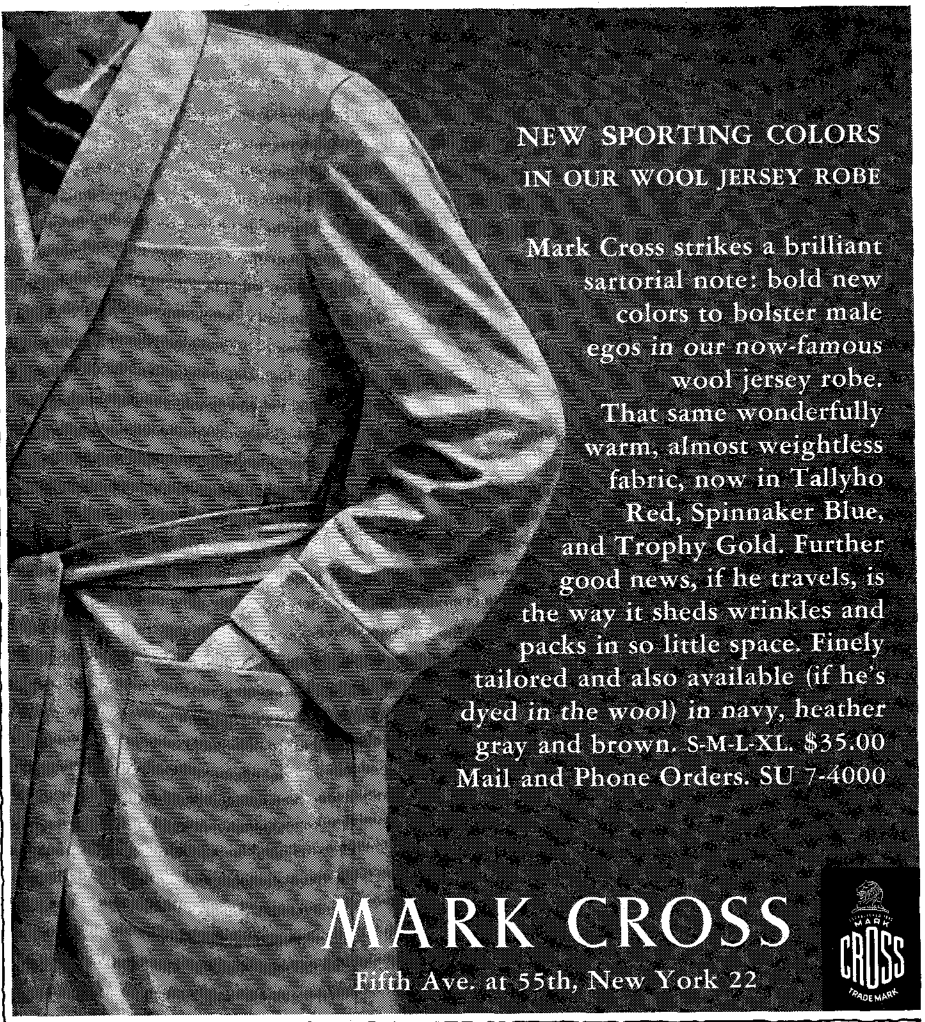
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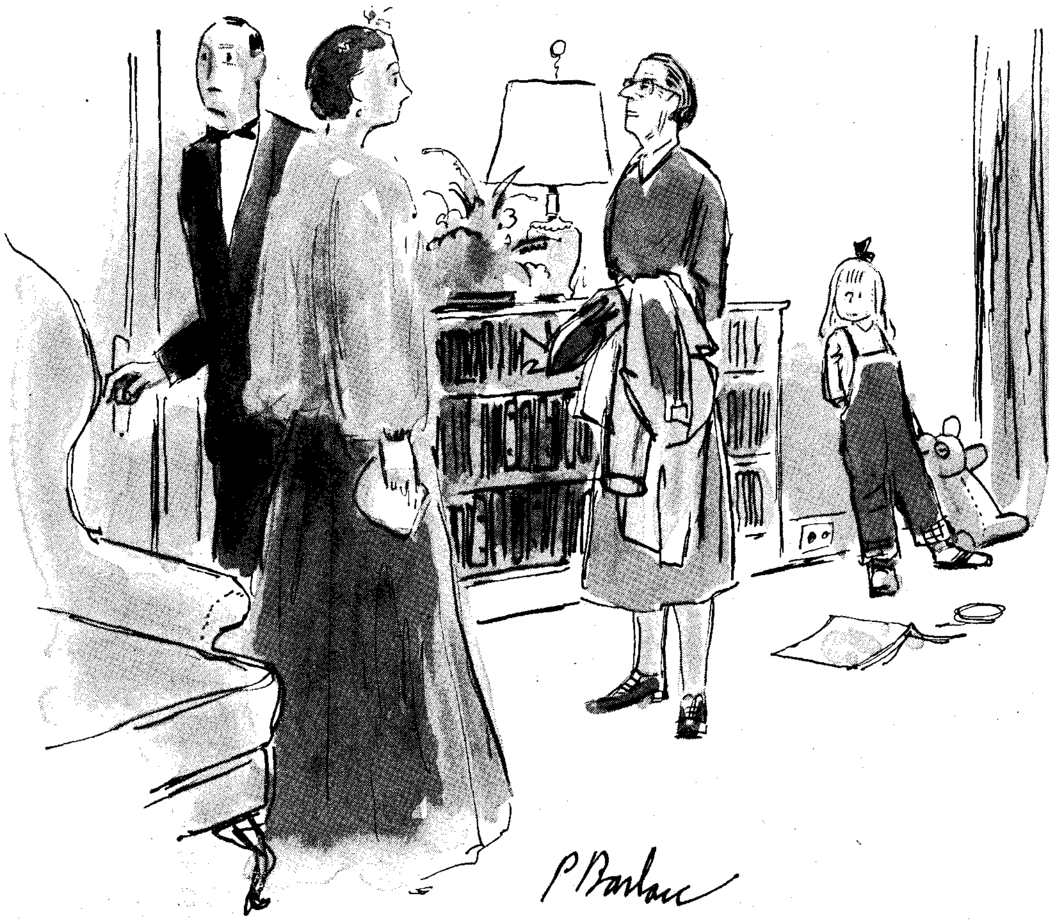
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

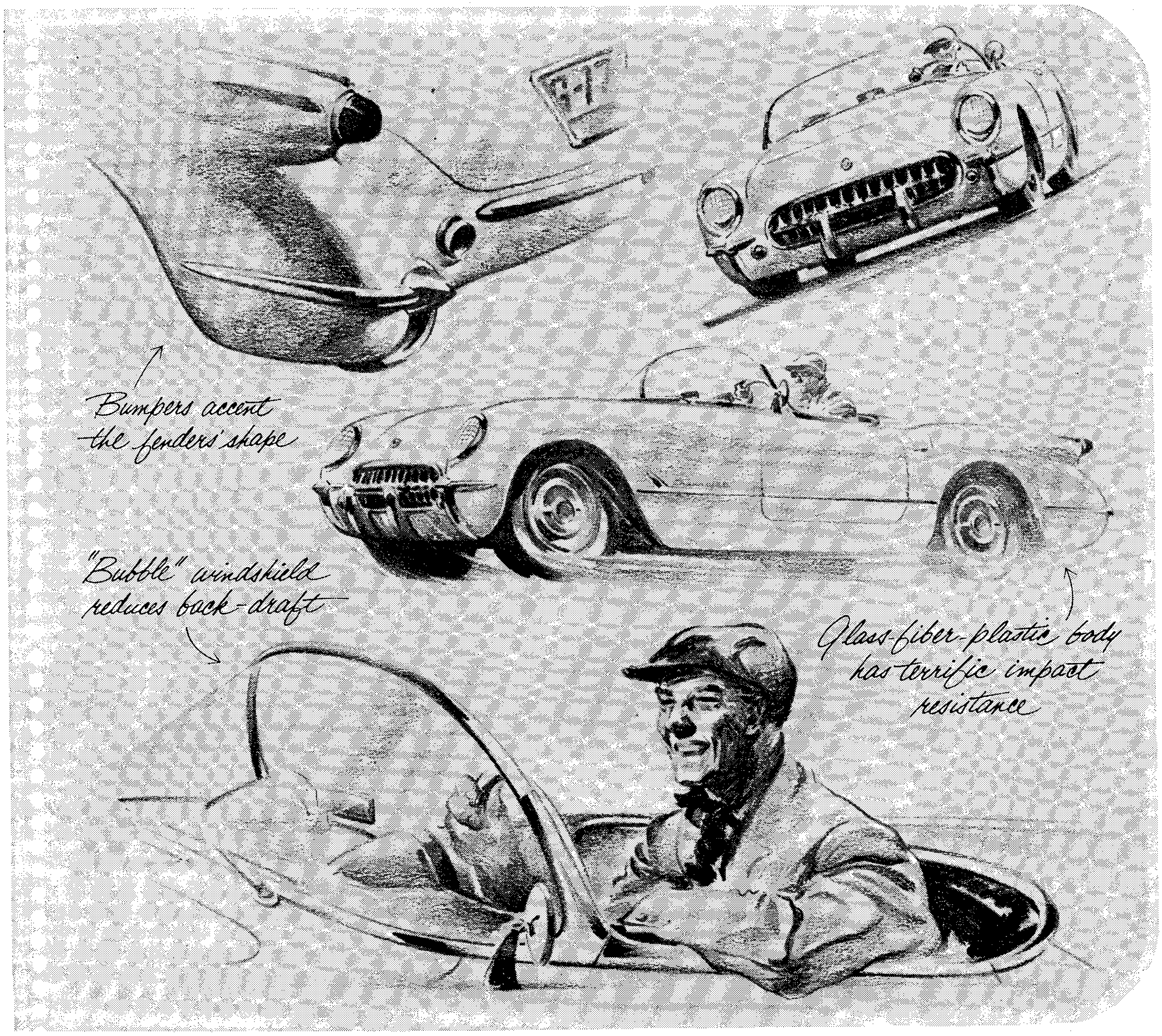
THERE is a strange stillness in the air these February days. Usually, at this time, New York is filled with the twitterings of hairdressers returning from the South to broadcast commands—hair is to be longer, shorter, curled sidewise, or parted in the back. In a contrapuntal melody, the custom milliners have for some years been announcing, the minute Groundhog Day is out of the way, that their hats are complying with whatever new edicts are being issued by the hairdressers—hats will be smaller, larger, wider, narrower, or stood on end. This February, not a peep out of any of them. Apparently, you can wear your hair any way you like (as long as you get it done every ten minutes and change the color fairly often). Even Mr. John, easygoing for once, murmurs only that he does not care whether hair is long or short if it is sleek and close to the head. The one thing all are concerned with (though not very much, at that) is the proper way of putting some sort of topper on the new elongated silhouette.

As for the silhouette, there are dangerous curvatures ahead, if certain authorities can be considered authorities, for there is a definite tendency toward the débutante slouch of the twenties, and young readers should be warned that this slump is not as easy to acquire as it looks. First, the whole midsection must be shoved forward, tucking the *derrière* way under and giving the stomach a thirty-degree lean. Then the back must be humped to balance this, giving the chest a caved-in look. Finally, the neck and head must be pushed forward, like an inquisitive crane's, to balance the hump in the back. This zigzag languor takes practice. But I am counting on Miss Elizabeth Arden, Mme. Helena Rubinstein, and other stalwart disciplinarians to see to it that women keep the spine on a straight line, the head erect, the chest well away from the hips, and the general look of a marionette on strings dangling in a plumb line. But Miss Arden and the other disciplinarians are going to need all the help they can get from all of us. Milliners are making no public announcements, it is true, but once they get you inside their ateliers you will discover that they are interested in preserving one slight fiction; namely, that, straight or twisted, the new long-torso silhouette must be either emphasized or counteracted. And the ways they do it prove that, in a conformist age, they remain staunch individualists. Each tells you that there is only one way to finish off the long torso. Only one to a customer, that is.

SALLY VICTOR's custom hats are always so pretty and becoming that women sometimes overlook the fact that she is second to none as an architect of cunning line and intricate structure. They are pretty, but they are also Art. This year, she believes that stark lines below the head should be compensated for by softness, roundness, and the look of bulk above, whether the hat in question is inspired by the new movie of "Romeo and Juliet" or by the recent exhibition of Dutch Masters at the Metropolitan. Victor's Romeo beret, of natural linen straw (she uses a lot of this), is slashed at intervals around the fat, rounded edge. Sometimes a contrasting lining flashes inside the slashes; a hat of red toyo is lined with a vivid cotton print—lots of bright colors on a white background. Her Verona is a sort of full pillbox, for there are plump, horizontal folds all around it, pulled in at two-and-a-half-inch intervals by vertical strips of velvet ribbon. One example appears in a Paisley India cotton, but she also does the hat in jerseys, printed fabrics (including dreamy chiffons), and thin China silk, a new pet of hers. The sight of Lady Capulet persuaded Victor to try small turbans with crisscross bands (velvet, toyo, straw cloth, and panamalac in four colors or four shades of black) wrapping below little, peaked crowns. Other confections—turban drapery on deep pillboxes—are of China silk, and they're topped by a towering still life of flowers



"You run along and have a good time, Mrs. Ames. I'm sure Kathy will find me worthy of her steel."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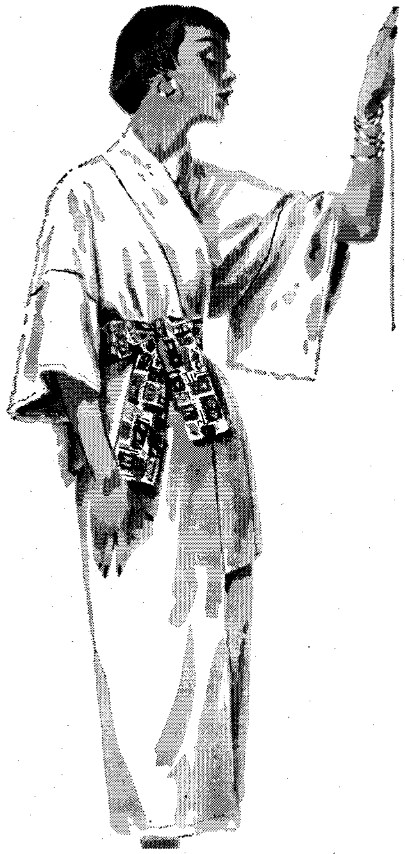

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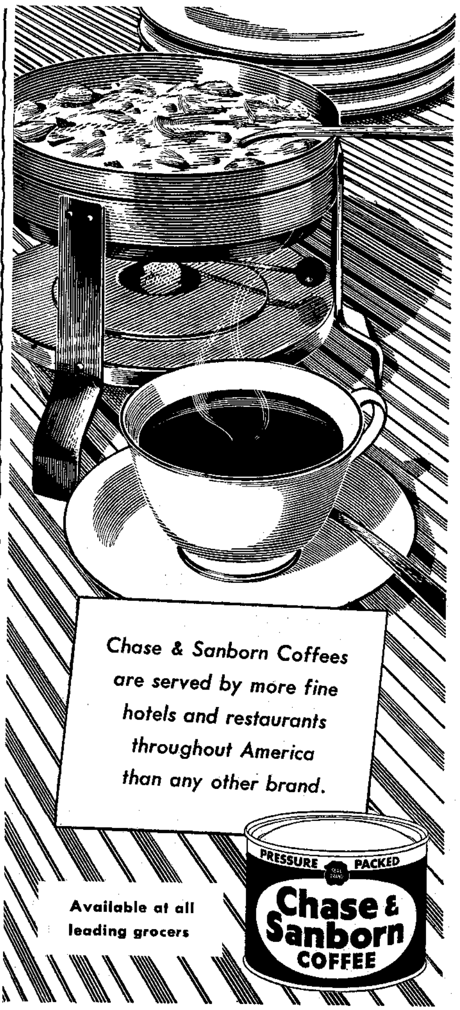
placed a bit off center. The whole thing suggests a modernized Victorian toque. Victor's Mercutio cap is a firm, rounded delight to be worn straight on the head. The foundation can be of natural linen straw or felt, with odd V shapes or wavy leaf patterns, outlined by black straw braid, appliquéd on them. The color combinations are magnificent. Then, the ruffs that appear in old Dutch portraits have been translated from neckwear into brims that give an enchanting bulk to some of the most imaginative cloches I've seen in years. (All of them can be rolled up and stuck in a suitcase.) One is shown in natural linen straw, with a deepish crown that is stitched into pie segments; the medium brim is turned under to form a fat edge, which is slashed, like the Romeo beret, to reveal a contrasting lining. Another of these hats has a deeply box-pleated edge that makes a really important ruff. More delicate is a yellow toyo half hat with a small, double-bonnet arch in front. Pleated white horsehair ruching is visible between its double brims. A cap of pleated horsehair is all undulating ruffles interspersed with tiny string bows of blue velvet. Much sterner are little caps of chair caning in a deep tan, but a pile of field flowers shoots up one side to relieve the solemnity. The same caning is used for hats with irregular turned-back brims of rural persuasion. There are sailors at Victor, naturally. A knockout has a brim composed of two overlapping discs, like a two-thirds eclipse of the moon—one of black, brown, or navy straw and one of white organdie. The low, flattish crown that surmounts them is of the straw. Whether you favor Dior's H-line (the straight up-and-down tubular idea), or his A-line (the pyramid), or are cursed by Nature with what Victor calls the O-line, you needn't look in the least like alphabet soup after a visit here.

Gustavo, the carac milliner from Caracas, is all for back interest on the head, which he says provides a necessary contrast to the straight, often uninterrupted lines of the dress or coat below. He shows quantities of tiny pillboxes, usually of smooth straw or one of the many fascinating synthetic straw cloths, and often no more than three-quarters of an inch deep. They arch a trifle over the hairline in front; a rippled or jagged ruffle is attached at the rear, and it frequently comes forward to end in pointed Vs above and just behind the ears. The ruffles to be worn with tailored clothes may be a modest two inches



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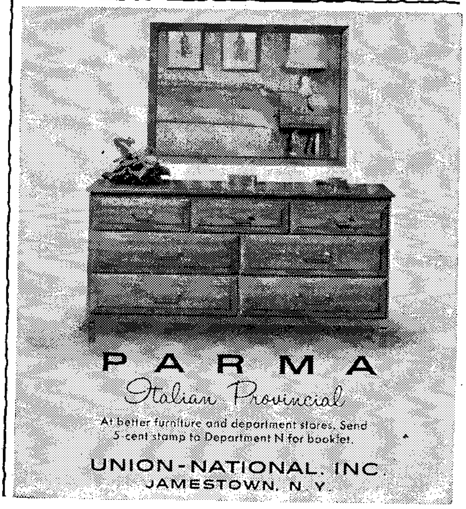

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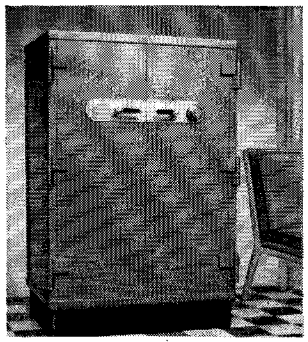

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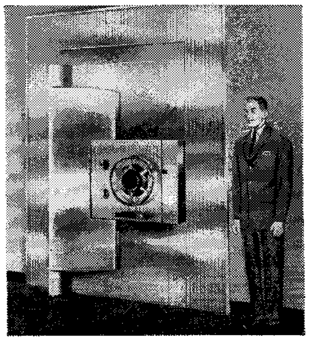

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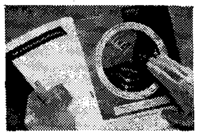

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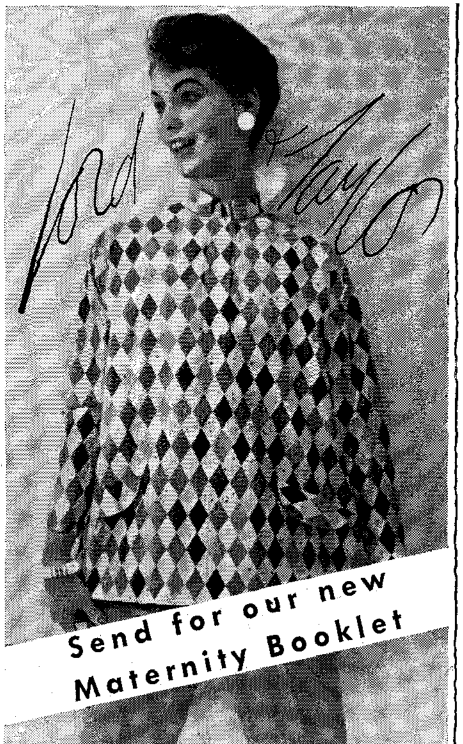

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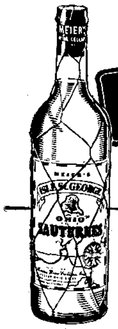

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or so deep; for dressy occasions, they sometimes sweep out and up at a tremendous rate. In every case, they come well above the nape of the neck or even a high coat collar. The fronts are, in general, plain, but bright-colored grosgrain piping or contrasting facing is thoroughly in evidence astern. Other tiny Gustavo pillboxes are sedate enough until a jagged bit of detail goes shooting down one side; to illustrate, a pillbox of white straw has an arrow tip faced with black velvet descending past a cheekbone. Another notion of his begins with a small platform. This supports a brim that goes outward and then curves in to bite the sides of the head. (No matter how minute a Gustavo hat, it has some way of staying neatly put without clamps.) Most of his lines are clean and sharp, for he avoids flowers and such, but he *can* go fluffy; witness a tiny green straw pillbox with masses of green organza ruffles across the top of the hat, at the back of the head, and down over the ears. As a pre-autumn experiment, he is making what he calls Soufflés, which start off with a wide band straight around the head, Indian fashion, and then puff smoothly outward above that. (My soufflés always drip over; his don't.) This produces a rigid hat that definitely seems to attenuate any long-torso line below it. Already there's a terry-cloth version, and very townish combinations of enamel cloth (a shiny sort of straw cloth) and black velvet. Last autumn, Gustavo introduced pale felts. He's using them now, usually in pale beige, for simple, floppy cloches (they roll up for packing like a pair of socks) made dressy by the expedient of a cutout strip all the way around them, near the edge of the brim, that is filled in with an arrangement of white bugle beads. This openwork stunt, by the way, also shows up in some of his tiny pillboxes, with arched fronts and full-blown detail rippling below them in back.

MR. JOHN, the Mad Hatter, has suddenly turned Serene Majesty, for he now feels that women should look classic and subdued from tip to toe. He disdains flower ornaments, eccentric shapes, and gewgaws, and he goes very slow on color. Most of his hats (as is in general true of hats around town) come in several sizes and show up in pale beiges or white, and he lets their severely simple lines and their unconventional straws and fabrics tell his story. Part of his story is that he has revived his trick of several seasons back—coarse veils that descend to the nose and are put on before the hat is donned, a practical way of as-

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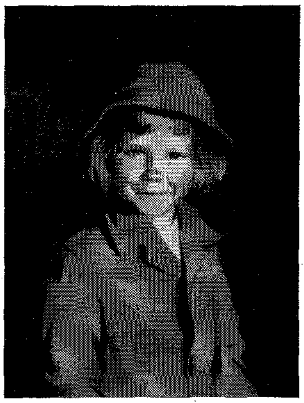

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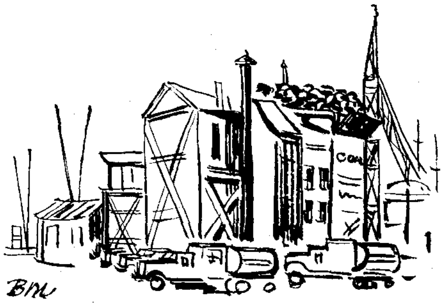
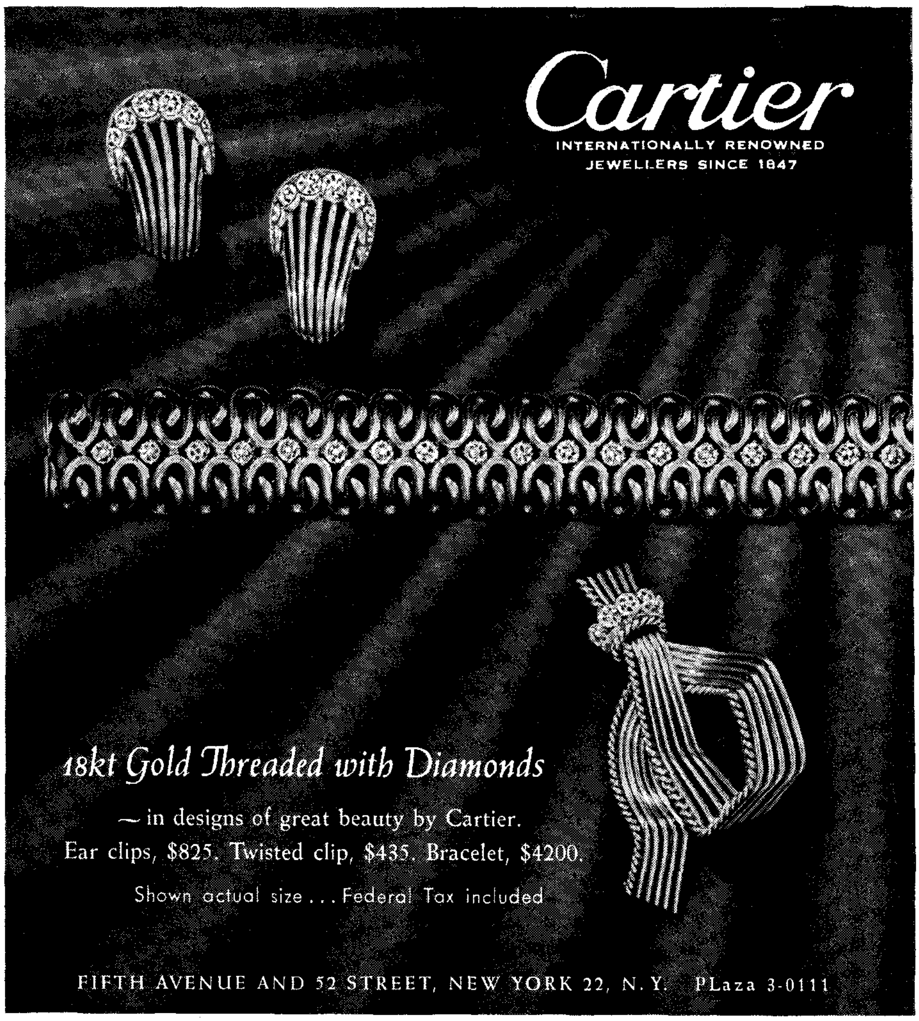
suring that the hair stays sleek and tailored. He likes veils as a preliminary to almost everything. One of his special delights is making hats of a crocheted white or beige string he calls tennis net; he uses six or seven layers of it for tiny flat berets that are worn straight on the head and are secured to the veil beneath with hairpins. There are also fascinating smooth turbans with a roll around the open top, which causes them to look, unless you are taller than she is, as if the smallest possible beret had been clapped there. Mr. John is fond of natural pongee for cloches and sailors with brims slightly wider in front than in back; sipper straw is the basis of a cartwheel sailor; natural panama is converted into a cloche whose deep, deep crown is encircled by a bright band of belting that is flanked by two narrower bands in a contrasting color. These days, such treatment is pretty fancy decoration for him. Country straws abound this season, and he has his share. A heavy basketweave makes a deep-crown lid with a brim turned sharply back in slightly sidewise fashion—very Huck Finn. (It's one of those Goes with Everything jobs for summer cottons and linens.) Mr. John still favors navy or red surah with tiny polka dots, and he now and then combines it with flat feathers. Flat white feathers ascend the back of a flat pillbox of the surah and then shoot forward to snuggle against the hair next to the temples; raggedy white feather bands decorate some of the polka-dot sailors. Mr. John's Little Boy cap with a visor is a perpetual favorite. He's doing it now in natural silk burlap with a mat surface, so that, until you touch it, you're apt to think it is good old reliable hopsacking. This fabric gives a new look to his familiar chin-strap beanies. Mr. John has always made a specialty, too, of the big, floppy-brimmed hat, but some of this year's versions outflop all their predecessors. Polka-dotted silk is stretched over thin straw and then stitched, and stitched, and stitched to make big, undulating (though far from limp) brims around smallish crowns. Other big hats are of white or chamois straw cloth or grosgrain. There are stoles

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and the like to match everything, by the way. The whole mood of the shop, in other words, is cool, aloof, but clearly in step with the neat, taut lines of the newest fashions in clothes.

LADDIE NORTHRIDGE feels that big, sweeping hats are a necessity as a balance to the tubular silhouette, and that every woman over thirty-five looks better with flowers and other hothouse goodies over her head than she does with a severe hat. He is, of course, known for his splendid big hats covered with the most realistic flowers. This year, giant yellow and orange marigolds, fat mimosa, oversize yellow daisies, and the delicate lily of the valley and narcissus are spraying and spilling over the brims of his typical huge hats. In doing smaller ones (these giant affairs are garden-party stuff, not recommended for commuting on the I.R.T. or the Long Island), he still relies upon round mortarboard arrangements mounted on little platforms, and he lets flowers or grapes or berries tumble over the edge at intervals to soften the rigidity of the layout. The grapes are in wonderful bronzy colors, and they shake, rattle, and roll about on all manner of headgear. They go tumbling over the brim of a small olive-green shantung-straw sailor, and they're massed (for that old back interest) at the rear of a moss-green net pillbox with a red velvet ribbon across the top of it. You can reverse this one and look Bacchic, with the grapes dangling down over your forehead. Raspberries and blackberries and currants in all colors are prevalent, too. Combined with mignonette, they're piled around the sides of a diminutive pillbox, and primroses and berries go around the crown of a big Breton of navy straw with a yellow chiffon flange descending from the brim. For the crisp look, Northridge swings to starched white cotton lace, cutting out bits of the patterns and reapplying them on the lace to give it a shaggy surface. And he agrees with Sally Victor that for tailored clothes there should be more roundness across the top of the head. To accomplish this, he goes in for dome hats—deep, mushroom crowns of all sizes curving down over the platforms to which they are anchored. His favorite fabric for them is polka-dotted or gingham-checked silk combined with shantung straw, to which he adds plain grosgrain facing. A small dome with a rippled edge is of navy-and-white checked gingham taffeta; another, of white surah with red polka dots, is faced with red grosgrain. Vast, magnificent handbags,

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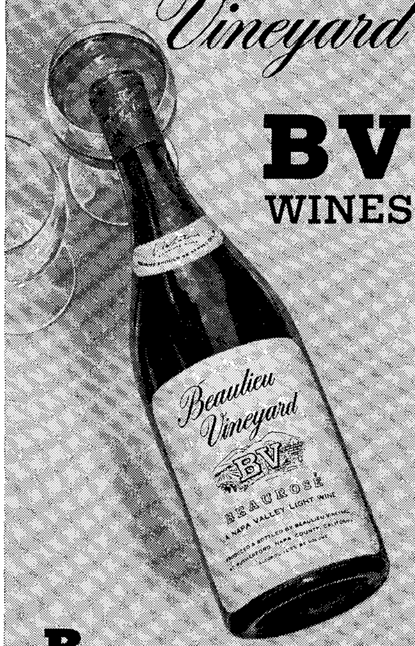

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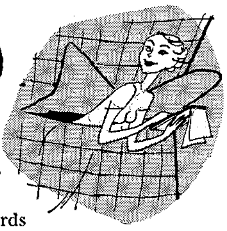

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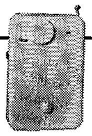

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ascots, and gloves to match all these are lying in wait, too.

AND then, when you get over to Hattie Carnegie, you discover that she, too, believes in flowers, all right, but it's going to cost plenty of money to *look* hatless. You'd need to come up from behind on a stepladder if you wanted to see her new doodads in the act of being worn. An absolutely flat saucer of mauve organdie has one yellow-green, one pale-green, and one deep-pink small rose resting along the edge, alternating with three stitched, tailored string bows of organdie. This masterpiece is exactly five inches in diameter. There are dozens of not much larger flat pillbox berets, to be worn straight on top of the head, that will be obscured from view by even the most minor curls. Some are all mauve violets, some are of black ciré straw with tiny yellow wings darting backward at the side, and every one of them is charming and inconsequential.

I SHOULD be discussing other custom milliners in the near future, but I expect to see no departure among them from the present trend; i.e., all you have to do is find a hat that looks pretty on you and raises your spirits, and you're forthwith in style. If there is any fashion decree at all, it is that you must wear *some* sort of hat, even to bed, as far as I can gather. Aside from that, millinery hasn't been so free of regulation since Medusa wore snakes.

—LOIS LONG

•

SLIGHT HEADACHE DEPARTMENT

[*From the Lakeville* (*Conn.*) *Journal*]

NUPTIAL NOTE

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Buck of Lakeville have announced the marriage of How-Hi Gale of Ore Hill Kennels to Field Champion Bigstone Bandit on Tuesday, January 18.

The ceremony took place on the estate of William K. Laughlin in Southampton, Long Island, followed by a reception for the immediate families at the Dunes Club.

The bride was given away by her son by a former marriage, Iron John of Ore Hill. Her only attendant was her daughter, Ore Hill's Lighter Vein.

Gale is the daughter of Hiwood Glean and How-Hi Breeze, and her grandparents include Dual British Champion Staindrop Saighdeer and Field Champion Shadow's Ebony Bob.

The groom is the son of Dual and National Champion Shed of Arden and Little Tops of Bigstone. Through his maternal grandfather, Dual Champion Little Pierre of Deer Creek, he is descended from Field Champion Hiwood Mike and Field Champion Tar of Arden.

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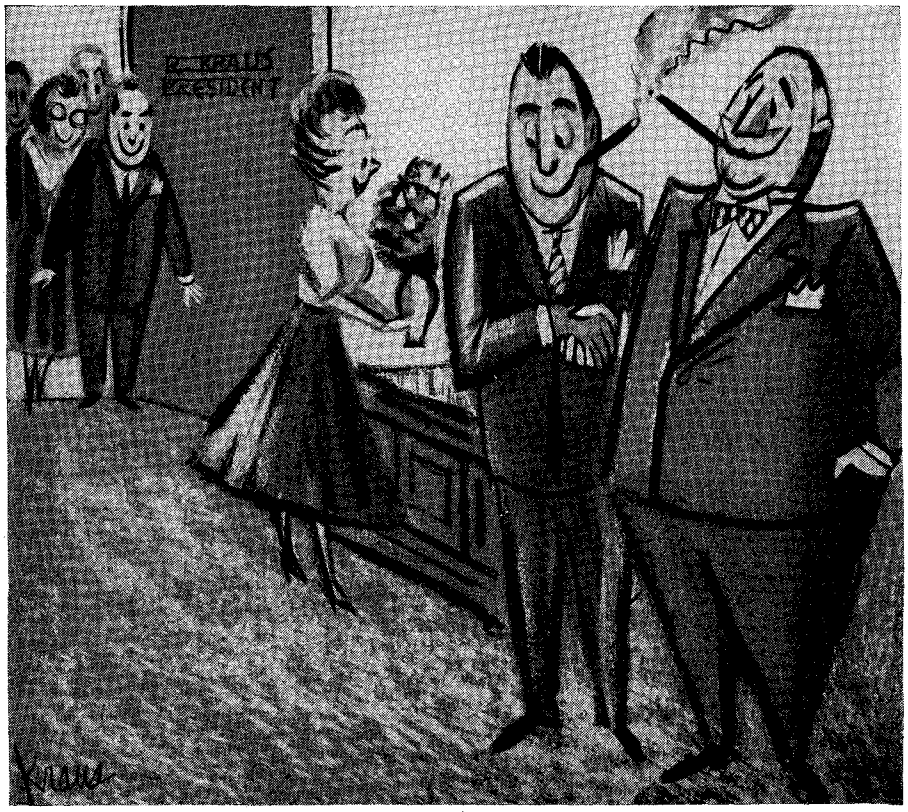

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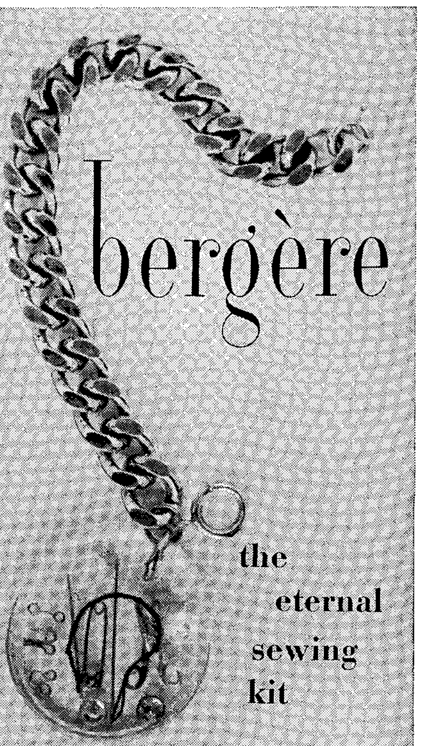

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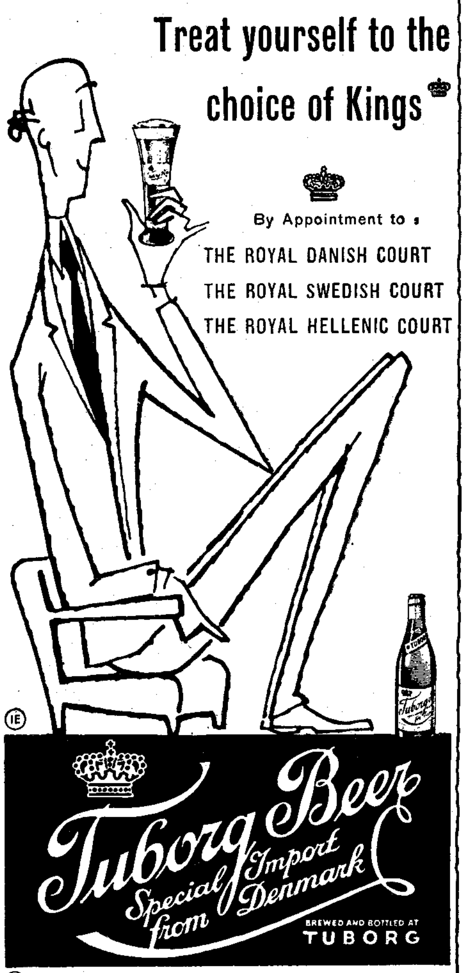

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HOW TO GET TO THE THEATRE ON A RAINY NIGHT

AT eight o'clock one rainy night not long ago, I stood at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Forty-ninth Street yearning for a conveyance that would get me across town to the Majestic Theatre, on West Forty-fourth Street, in time for the opening curtain of "Fanny." I had chosen that corner because it is just outside the hotel where I was staying and because it is a crosstown bus stop. My strategy was classic in its simplicity. I planned to grab a bus in case I couldn't grab a taxicab. (Once upon a time, New Yorkers "took" a bus or "took" a taxi. Nowadays we "grab" them; it is more in keeping with the spirit of the age.)

The storm sharpened and it became obvious that I had as much chance of grabbing a taxi as I have of being elected stand-in for Marlon Brando. My chance of grabbing a bus seemed no better, for just as I came out of the hotel I saw a fleet of buses disappearing westward on Forty-ninth Street. I knew from long experience that the first of these buses was packed, that the others were sparsely settled or wholly empty, and that there would not be another westbound bus along for half an hour.

So there I was. I try not to envy the rich more than once a day, and I had already envied them once that day, yet I found myself now wishing I was rich enough to have a chauffeur-driven Cadillac waiting for me at the curb.

There are two types of American men. There is that robust, upstanding, hardy, aggressive, repulsive type that can always grab a taxi on a rainy night, and there is the other type, to which I belong. This being so, you might assume that I at least rejoiced at not being encumbered by a lady companion in toeless evening slippers on that rainy night. On the contrary, I found myself thinking wistfully of The Blonde, a delightful woman whose friendship I have cherished over a gratifying term of years.

Had The Blonde been there that night, I would have got to "Fanny" a good deal sooner than I did, for The Blonde happens to be the paragon of all fair theatre companions. Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stops her from the swift completion of a trip to a theatre, once she has made up her mind. I learned that one wonderful rainy evening when I had the good fortune to escort her to the play. Escort? The word is ill-chosen, as will shortly appear.

IT was on an evening in whatever postwar winter a pleasant comedy called "The Happy Time" was having a successful run on Broadway. The Blonde and I had a date to dine together and see that play later. Our rendezvous was in the nature of a reunion. We had not seen each other in several years. She had been absent from New York on divers chores, and I can't remember where I had been. Taking a nap, probably.

We dined at the Passy, on East Sixty-third Street, and dined early, since we shared the conviction that it is more satisfactory to be in one's seat when the curtain goes up than it is to wander in twenty minutes later and stumble down the aisle in the wake of a disgruntled usherette holding a flashlight. By eight o'clock we had finished dinner and were ready to take off for the theatre, but when we got outside the Passy we found that it was raining.

The doorman blew his whistle valiantly, as doormen will on such occasions, and its pleading wail rose and fell in the dismal night like the cry of a banshee seeking a Mulcahy to haunt. With a sinking heart, I braced myself for the job of trying to get a taxi.

Did The Blonde wait in the Passy, warm and dry, while the doorman tootled and I tried to scout a cab? Not that girl. No Dora Copperfield she. She took her stand on the sidewalk with me, like the settlers' wives of antique times who stood behind their men in the raids, reloaded the muskets, and, when necessary, helped conk the Indians as they swarmed over the palisade. She and I decided that since it might take hours to get a taxi where we were standing, we would do better to go to the Madison Avenue corner, a half block away, and take our chances there. So we left the doorman and stepped off into the night.

We posted ourselves at the northwest corner and started semaphoring and chanting "Taxi! Taxi!" at the cabs that flowed by in a steady stream, every one of them occupied. Those headed downtown were filled with people going to the theatre, presumably, and those headed uptown were filled with people not going to the theatre, presumably. The three other corners at Madison and Sixty-third were occupied by other optimists, like us vainly seeking the unattainable. Eventually the doorman from the Passy came down and joined us, blowing away like a grampus.

It got to be a quarter after eight, and the chance of our getting to "The Happy Time" before curtain rise diminished sharply. Whenever I could snatch a moment from semaphoring, I sank into those morbid feelings of inadequacy that assail the Type 2 male on a rainy night when he is trying to get a taxi for a lady and can't.

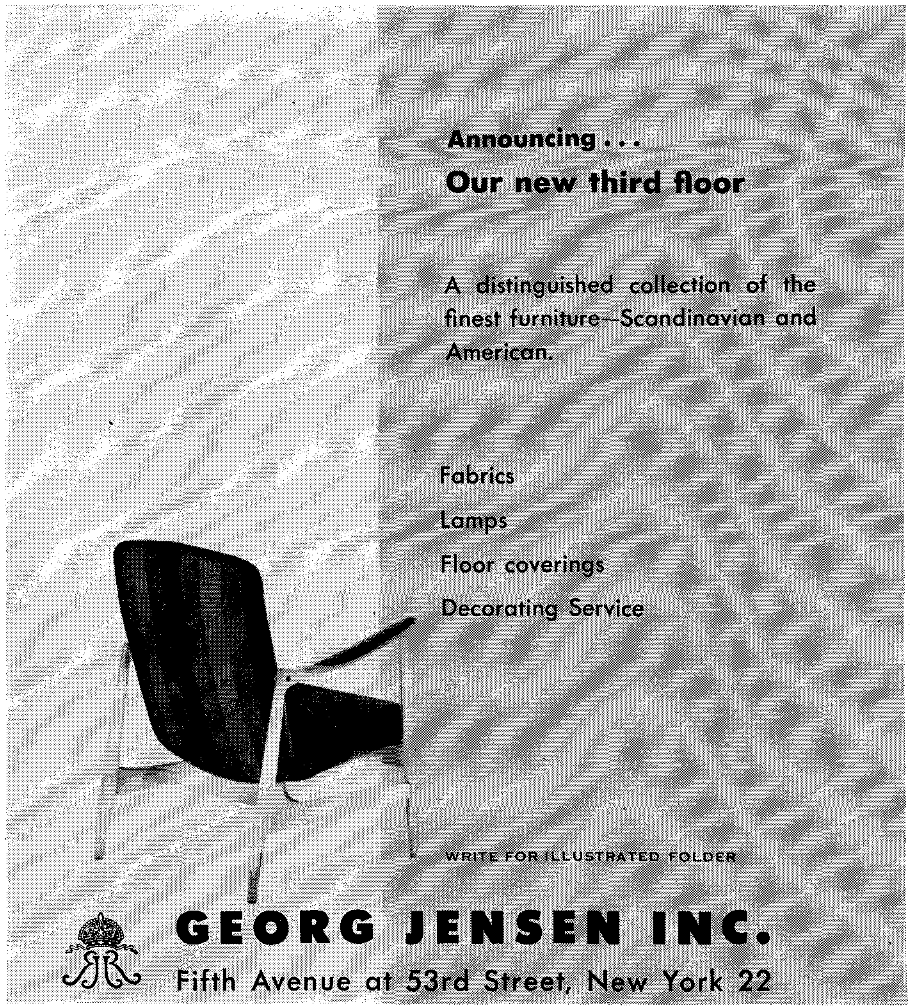
Just then an immense bus, the kind you take for a trip to Los Angeles, came lumbering down Madison Avenue and was brought to a stop by a red light precisely in front of the point where we were standing. There was no one aboard the bus except the driver. Then and there the paragon of all theatre companions went into action.

"Driver!" she called, tapping on the glass of the door.

The driver opened the door to hear what this damp but attractive woman with the pleasant voice had to say. She did not say anything. She stepped quickly aboard his bus, and since it seemed the only thing to do, I stepped aboard after her. The driver gave a cry of dismay and hollered, "Lady, I ain't takin' any passengers! This bus is empty!"

Bless his heart, The Blonde could see that his bus was empty. He added that he was taking it to the garage, or that it was chartered, or something equally beside the point. If the poor lad thought The Blonde, once aboard the lugger, was going to get off just because it was garage-bound, or chartered, he little knew her—and we cannot reproach him for that, since he had never before laid eyes on her.

There wasn't a moment to lose. She went to work on that driver with all her charm, of which, as I hope I have indicated, she has what a less restrained chronicler might call oodles. She told him our plight. We wanted very much to get to our theatre. There wasn't a taxi to be had and probably wouldn't be for hours, as he could see. Surely, with that vast, lovely bus roaming around empty, he would not refuse to help a couple of fellow human beings in distress. She was not so unreasonable as to ask him to take us right to the door of



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the theatre. Just to some point, say, within a block.

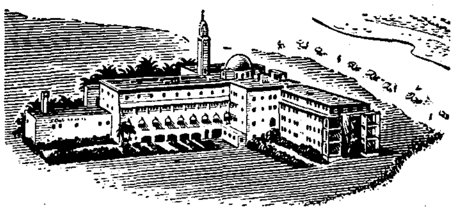
The driver got no opportunity for rebuttal. The Blonde saw to that. Yet, lest he blow his top, she wisely allowed him an occasional fraction of a second for brief, incoherent exclamations of frustration, like "Hey now, wait a—!" or "But lady, I tell you—!" or "Well I'll be—!" Poor fellow, he was a beaten man from the start. I knew it before he did. Disraeli said that when you flatter royalty you must lay it on with a trowel. For The Blonde's purpose at the time, that driver was royalty. He lapsed into a trancelike state and stared at The Blonde helplessly as she brainwashed him with cajolery and flattery.

It happened faster than it takes to tell it—faster, anyhow, than it takes *me* to tell it. The campaign was over and victory was with The Blonde just as the light changed to green, the color of hope. The driver suddenly threw up his hands, gave a wild kind of laugh, and cried, "O.K., lady, you win! Where to?"

So we drove to Broadway in state, comparatively dry-shod and the sole, if illicit, passengers in a commodious omnibus. Lesser folk chugged along in our wake in their puny little Cadillacs or taxis. Let them chug. Let them grab their taxis, or their Cadillacs. I was out with a girl who thought nothing of grabbing an interstate bus.

A PLEASANT friendship mushroomed between the driver and us. When he got used to us he seemed to like us, especially The Blonde. He was still somewhat troubled by the irregularity of the procedure; he wasn't supposed to do this. Yet he consoled himself by observing that after all we were not taking him too much out of his way. He wondered with some anxiety what he would say if we met the inspector or someone else from the Company. The Blonde told him not to worry. She would take care of any inspector who started giving him a bad time just because he had done a deed of mercy. And she would have.

He got us to a corner a half block from our theatre and said he was sorry but that was the best he could do—looka that traffic ahead! We told him that his best was the best best we had ever seen. We added our regret at parting from him, assured him we would cherish him in our hearts, and hoped Fortune would bless him forever and a day. As a nudge to Fortune not to dawdle in this matter, I pressed a



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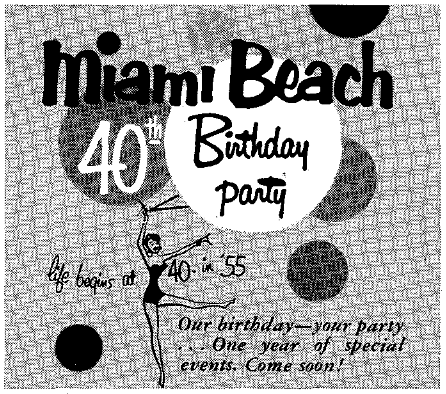

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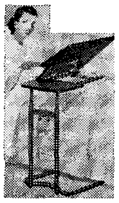

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crisp new bill into his friendly fist. It was the only contribution—pun intended, if you like—I had made to the evening's exploit. It seemed to please him, and it certainly made me feel less useless.

The Blonde and I reached our seats just as the curtain went up, and we had a happy time at "The Happy Time." Yet my thoughts kept straying from the play to our recent odyssey, and my admiring glance wandered from the stage to The Blonde, until she said, "What's the matter? Something wrong with me?"

"Far from it," I said, in a hoarse whisper of respect and affection. "I always knew you were a great woman. It's just that I never realized until tonight that you are an authentic genius."

Somebody in a seat behind us said "Sh-h-h!" —FRANK SULLIVAN

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN AD MAN, BUT NOT ALWAYS ONE JUST LIKE THIS ONE

[*Adv. in the Great Falls (Mont.) Tribune*]

Just 150 years ago Captain Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, and their expedition, guided by Sacajawea, the Bird Woman, arrived in Montana having been sent by the U.S. Government, the new proprietor. Many people know this, but what fewer know is that 1955 is also the half-150th anniversary of the arrival of another explorer, one who leaned on no government subsidy and had no Indian maiden to guide him, but was forced to lay out cash money on the steamboat. Yes, it is just 75 years since Mose Kaufman arrived in Fort Benton and made history by setting up the first three-story pushcart in Montana. Unfortunately there are no pictures extant of this establishment (although the present store, since removed to Great Falls, still has in stock five or six of the slower items of merchandise), but its dimensions and general appointments have been perpetuated in folk ballads which recently were tape recorded by an ethnological expedition into the breaks of the Marias river, and from such sources Mr. Stan Legowik, the local artist, was able to reconstruct it in the drawing herewith, an addition to the annals of history if we ever heard tell of one. All hail Lewis and Clark, explorers for the government! All hail Sacajawea, intrepid Bird Woman! All hail Mose Kaufman, first merchant in the Territory of Montana to price $5 pants at $4.95! All hail his boys, Fred and Ira, tomorrow cleaning out old merchandise at less than cost! Hail Teddy Pichavas, friend of all bookmakers, who presses and alters the clothes but not tomorrow! Tomorrow you'll have to take them home just as they are. Hail Dave Jacobson and Bill Lander! Hail Ed Rule and John Tonkovitch! All of whom will let you try on anything in stock without assistance or interference. Hail two beauteous gals in the office, Rita and Edith! Who have been instructed no refunds, even if you're short changed you can't get your money back.

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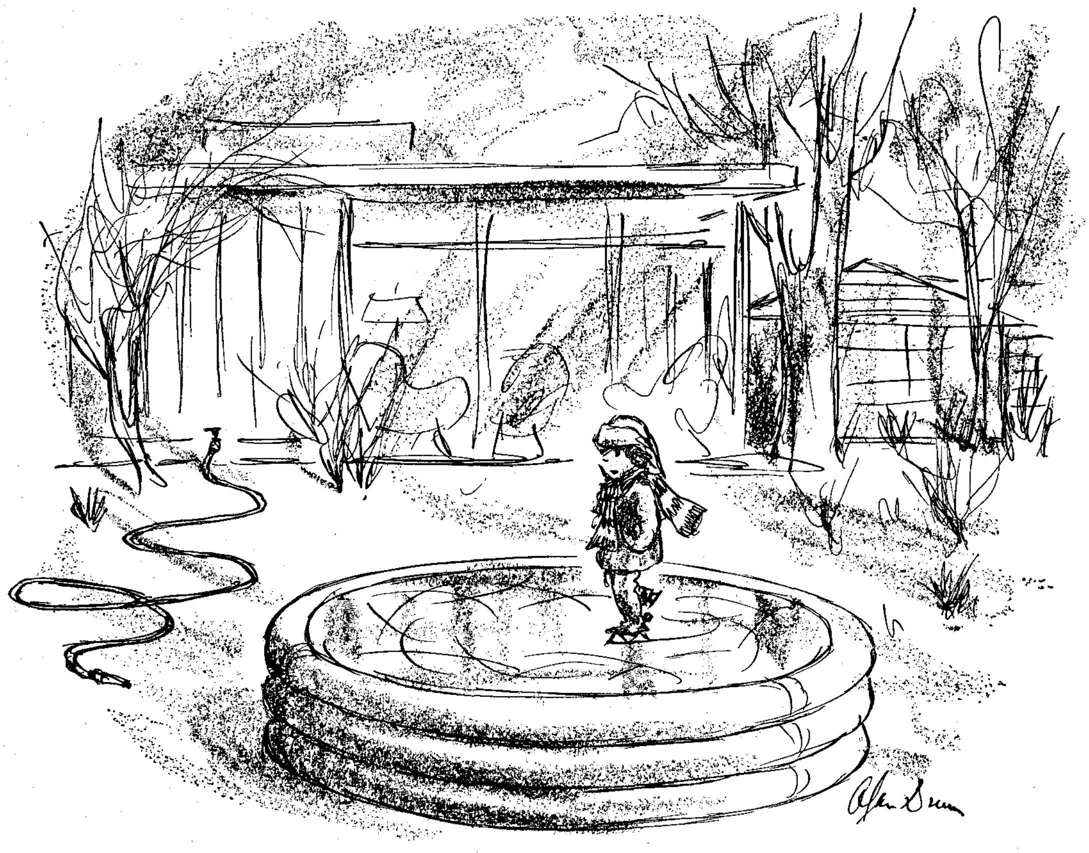
FROM THE SWEET TO THE BITTER

THE Fakir of Ipi, a Moslem holy man and an outlaw guerrilla commander, has been renowned in his field, which is tribal warfare on the Indian subcontinent's Northwest Frontier, for more than three decades. His fame reached a peak in the nineteen-thirties, when he led a major uprising against the British, partly over a teen-age Hindu girl who had been kidnapped by some Moslems, married to one of them, and converted to their faith, and then had been recaptured by the British, converted back again, and married off to a Hindu. Moslems considered this second kidnapping and marriage an offense against Islam, and the Fakir led a band of his fellow-tribesmen, the Pakhtoons (or Pathans), into hostilities that tied down three British divisions—or so one hears now. The girl was forgotten in time, but the Fakir kept on harassing the British, whose rule he had never accepted, from a mountain fastness called Guruik, near the Afghan border. In 1947, the British left India, and Pakistan claimed to be their heir in the hills, but the Fakir has held that Pakistan cannot inherit what the British did not possess. He has continued to wage war from his lair—though the issue now is purely one of tribal autonomy, and not one of religion, since everybody concerned is a Moslem—as one of the top leaders of a movement that is seeking to set up a sovereign Pakhtoon state, to be called Pakhtoonistan, in a vaguely defined territory that appears on our maps as the northwestern corner of Pakistan. In the latest phase of this struggle, the Fakir and the whole Pakhtoonistan movement have become more shadowy and mysterious than ever, for a thick cloud of propaganda has risen around them. The Pakistanis haven't been able to subdue the Fakir, though they have tried hard, and their officials either pretend that he doesn't exist or dismiss him as "an old man in a cave," a puppet of Indian—and maybe Russian—intriguers, who pay him to make trouble. On the other hand, the Afghans, whose territory adjoins the Fakir's to the west, regard him as a hero and his movement as a crusade against oppression; the Afghan man-in-the-street sometimes talks of hypothetical Pakhtoonistan as if it were already a fact.

These doubts and controversies taint the Frontier air, and they are bound to arouse the curiosity of one who travels, as I have recently done, between Pakistan and Afghanistan. So after I had left Pakistan and had been in Afghanistan for a while, I made up my mind to try to visit the Fakir, and in time a chance was given me. The early details of this arrangement cannot be divulged, but I can say that I took a jeep ride to a village in southern Afghanistan, and that one recent morning found me riding a gray horse eastward toward the Pakistani, or Pakhtoonistani, border in company with an Afghan friend named Rahman, who was riding another gray horse, and a few local grooms and guides, who walked alongside, two of them leading pack horses. Rahman, whom I had met in Kabul, the Afghan capital, had wanted to visit Pakhtoonistan himself and had gladly agreed to go along as my interpreter. This was good luck, it turned out, for he is a man of parts, and in translating for me and my Pakhtoon hosts, he did as fine a job of reconciling East and West as one could ask for. Like many Afghans, he is a Pakhtoon himself—he comes from the nobility of a tribe on the Afghan side of the line—and although he has lived abroad for many years, he is deeply interested in the Pakhtoon cause. Now about thirty-five, he looks as if he had stepped from a Persian miniature, with his dark curly hair, dark mustache, aquiline face, and light-brown eyes, which at times look amber. When we started out, he was wearing a cap, a smart tweed jacket, and gray flannels, but before we had got very far from Kabul, he changed into the turban, full shirt, and baggy trousers of a Pakhtoon, and these suited him better and better as we progressed and picked up dust, wear, and tear.

On this morning, we were riding along a stream up a narrow Afghan valley, with a low ridge on our left and a succession of small irrigated fields on our right. At intervals, we passed buff-colored mud houses, designed for the still lawless conditions of the region; they had high walls, unbroken except for gates and crenellations, and watchtowers at their corners. Our guides repeatedly bade us wait in a grove or some other restful spot while one of them went on ahead, and at last their reason became clear. We heard the sound of drums, the guides asked us to dismount, we walked around a bend, and there we were confronted, at some distance, by a long column of armed men—a welcoming party of the Fakir's people, who, we were told, were to accompany us to his headquarters. As we ap-



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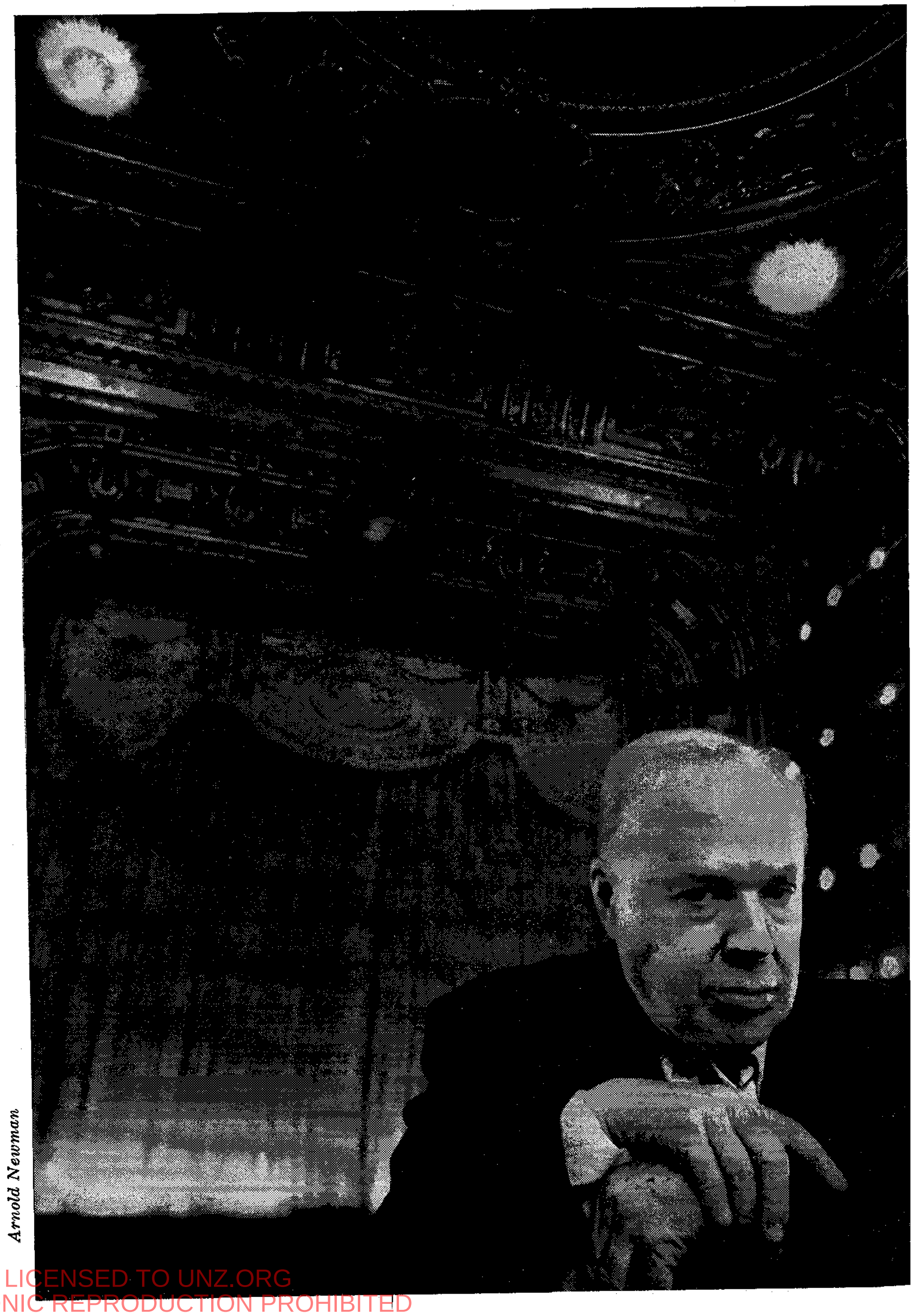

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proached, they began firing their rifles and pistols into the air with trigger-happy gusto, and they didn't stop firing until we reached the head of the column. We were then introduced to the leaders of the party, with whom we shook hands and exchanged greetings. This ceremony was brief. In a moment, we were back on our horses and climbing the ridge to our left. It was not high, and when we reached the top we paused for a few seconds. We were, I gathered, about to enter the Fakir's domain. Rahman told me that it was about five thousand square miles in area and that it is known traditionally as Waziristan, after the Wazirs, the Pakhtoon tribe that inhabits it, but is called Central Pakhtoonistan by the Fakir's followers, there also being a North Pakhtoonistan and a South Pakhtoonistan, which are dominated by other tribal guerrillas.

FROM that divide we travelled downward through a parched and glaring mountain landscape—down a canyon, narrow at first and then widening, between slatelike rocks that shone like pewter in the sun. The canyon was dry except for a tiny spring here and there, and the slopes above were clad in tawny grass—a Frederic Remington color—and dotted with tough green shrubs, like holly or live oak, which didn't give enough shade for a man to sit in. Farther down, we encountered a few goats grazing, but otherwise the scene was lifeless, with the sun weighing on it. There were two drummers in our escort, and every once in a while they beat their drums, the noise echoing stirringly from the rocks. The escort party numbered about sixty men on foot and two khans—squires or nobles—who rode on horseback; as we went on, khans fell in and out, but throughout the trip there were always at least two of them with us. Rahman told me that the khans in that region never travel without armed retainers. The retainers with us, who had been raised in the countryside ahead, wore the standard Pakhtoon turbans, long shirts, and baggy trousers, in dim colors that had turned gray in spots, and had bandoleers of ammunition slung over their shoulders. They looked weather-beaten, there was little spit and polish to them, and they reminded me of the Continentals in "The Spirit of '76." Their hair, usually black but sometimes stained henna, was cut a little shorter than the style we call "page-boy." All of them had leather sandals, but often they carried these in their hands, even while walking on rocks and gravel—to save them, I suppose. They seemed as hard as men could be, and I have since heard that Pakhtoons are among the world's toughest warriors. They have fought each other and outsiders for centuries in their hills. As we progressed, we sometimes saw a picket on the skyline up ahead, and he would fire a few shots as we drew near. Once, I made one out on a peak high above us. He fired his shots, and we rode underneath him and out of sight. I thought that we had seen the last of him—that he would be up there all day—but then we rounded a bend and found him running down a steep spur to join us. He had gray in his beard, but he moved lithely over the boulders, and he showed no fatigue when he stepped down onto the path. All Pakhtoons, young and old, seem to be on this order.

Before long, our canyon joined a less rugged valley, with a stream running through it, and here we came upon the first house we had seen inside the Fakir's territory. It was a big, two-story one, made of the usual dry mud and set high on the bank of the stream. The people there had been alerted to our coming, and several men, who were standing out in front, began firing their guns into the air as we rode toward them. The house belonged to one of our guiding khans—a light-skinned, bearded, graying, pensive man—and we went inside and up a crude stairway to a guest room. Its mud walls were smooth, and its floor was entirely covered with rugs in Afghan patterns and mostly in warm colors, with a few blues and blacks worked in. We sat down on the rugs, and were quickly brought tea. Clear, sweetened green tea is the common Pakhtoon beverage, though black tea is also drunk, often with milk. Upon arriving at somebody's house, a guest is given a pot of tea and a bowl, like a small Chinese rice bowl, containing a liberal helping of sugar. He drinks from the bowl, which he keeps filling from the pot, and as he does so the sugar gradually disappears from the mixture—"going from the sweet to the bitter," this manner of tea drinking is called. So we sat resting in the khan's upstairs room, going from the sweet to the bitter and talking desultorily. People came and went. One, a henna-bearded ancient, who turned out to be our host's father, told us he was ninety-seven—older than anyone he knew. He didn't chat with us for long, but went and sat in a corner and told his Islamic beads. After a while, two servingmen brought in a white cloth, laid it on the floor, and began spreading on it what I soon came to know as the standard items of a Pakhtoon feast: *pilao*, or rice steamed with meat; *cabob*, or meat broiled on spits; some small dishes of meat-and-vegetable stew; yoghurt; *nan*, or flat discs of unleavened bread; and fruit. The meat is usually mutton, but sometimes there is chicken, too. The *cabob* may be made, as in American restaurants, of morsels strung on a spit, or it may consist of big roasted chunks, with their bones. The meat in the *pilao*, whether mutton or chicken, always comes in big pieces, and you are supposed to tear it apart with your hands; as a matter of fact, Pakhtoons use their hands for everything, including rice, but foreigners, in view of their inexperience, are given spoons. The idea of the meal is that the host shows his liking for his guests by providing them with a lavish feast, and they show their liking for him by eating a vast quantity of food. At this feast, as at all the other Pakhtoon feasts I was to attend, I found it hard to make a really polite showing, because the various members of the household who joined us had a huge capacity. Before I had been in Pakhtoonistan very long, I found that unless I made a point of choosing bony pieces and thus littering my place spectacularly, I was apt to be reproached after ten or fifteen minutes, when my pace died down, for my poor appetite. There was always an embarrassment of riches. Pakhtoons eat fast, and with little formality, aside from pressing choice bits on their guests.

Our meal was soon over, and servants brought us water for washing, and then tea, and after that Rahman and I were left alone in the guest room for a siesta, which lasted until five in the afternoon. In what remained of that day, we covered only a short distance, through the same valley. For much of it, we rode in the stream—it was wide and shallow, and had a gravel bottom—while our escorts kept to paths along the banks; they often left us briefly, to take short cuts. At intervals, the stream was edged by fields, and at the place where we stopped for the night—a mud-walled village—there was a wide expanse of fields planted mainly with rice. As Rahman and I strolled about after dismounting, the rice was a luminous jade green in the setting sun. We did not walk into the village itself, for fear of intruding on the women; in that part of the world they are not wholly veiled, as they are in Kabul, but they are nonetheless modest and withdrawing in the Moslem way. Their costume, usually of dull black and dull red, always includes a veil or shawl draped over the head in such a way that it can easily be drawn

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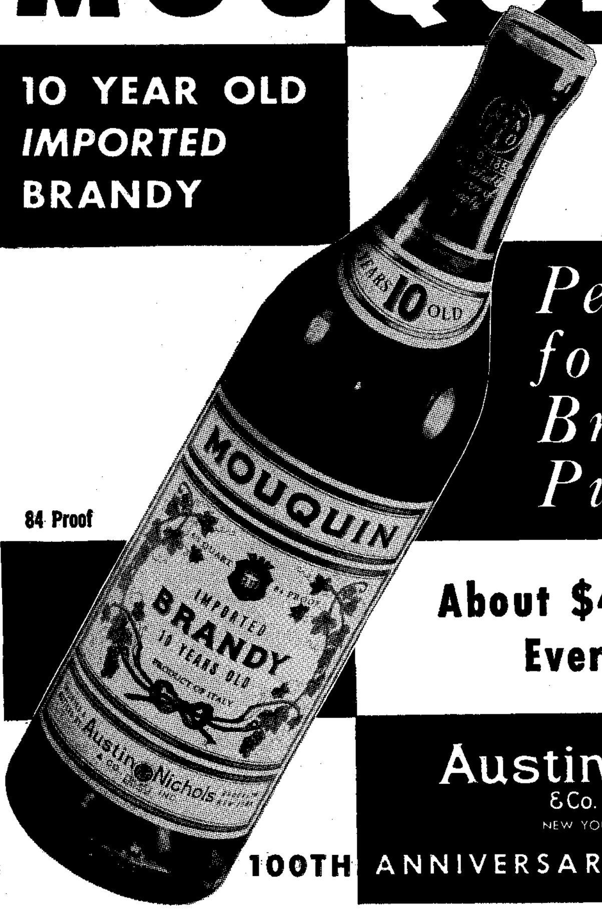

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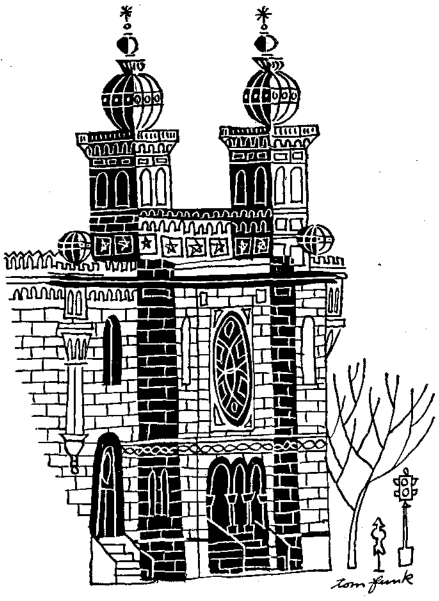
across the face, so that only the eyes show. These eyes were generally lovely, I discovered by glancing at a few pairs of them as I rode along. But we saw very few women. Except when they were drawing water, they stayed far from the trail, perhaps in their windowless mud houses, perhaps on the hills with their flocks. They never pray in public, as the men do. Orthodox Moslems are supposed to pray five times daily, and the tribesmen are punctilious about this. At the required hours, the men escorting us fanned out, made their ablutions, spread clean cloths upon the ground, and did their obeisances toward the East. I don't believe a non-praying man could ever amount to much in that society.

From talking with Rahman and the khans, I learned that the valleys in that region grow barley, rice, and corn, but not enough to go around; the Fakir's domain is a long way from being self-supporting, and his people have to bring in grain from Afghanistan. This is partly paid for by small exports, but mostly it is a gift from the Afghans, given because of their clannish sympathy for the Pakhtoons. The Fakir, I was told, has all the machinery of a central government in his stronghold—a cabinet, an advisory council, and a representative assembly of a hundred members or so—but below that level, I was given to understand, the Pakhtoons mix a lot of simple mountain democracy with the traditional paternalism of the khans. Every village has to send one man out of every eight of fighting age, using a system of rotation, to serve in the Fakir's bodyguard, which actually constitutes a sort of garrison for the region. The rest of the male population stays home and works the fields, except for emergencies, or for special occasions like the present one, when a few dozen are levied for escort duty. At work or play, they keep their guns with them, and they can be called up at once by prearranged drum or gun signals, which tell them where the danger lies, so that they can go there directly, without waiting to gather, and which also tell them the degree of the emergency, indicating whether only one man in a family should drop his work, or two men, or three, or all. It is understood that when parties of men are on the move, the villages along the way will feed them, as they were feeding us now, and each family cheerfully carries out its duty in this regard. When the men are fighting, they are fed by the nearest community, the food being taken to them by boys and women.

While Rahman and I were awaiting our food in a mud-walled guesthouse where this particular village entertains travellers, we heard drums and war cries, and we went out and found the men of the village beginning a dance. The drums beat in a steady, intricate rhythm, and the men gathered in a wide circle around them. They started their dance with a sort of shuffle, and the circle turned slowly. The men were wearing turbans at the outset, but then they started to dance faster, and they took them off and made a pile of them in the center. As they shook and snapped their heads to the rhythm of the drums, their bobbed hair swirled and stood out like the hair of golliwoggs. Sometimes the dancers sang—their songs were Pakhtoon love songs, Rahman told me—and gave loud cries, like rebel yells. They whirled. They danced crouching, like Cossacks. The drums speeded up, and so did the dancers, spinning wildly and jumping high. Then they stopped and sat on the ground while one man stood in the middle singing old verses about tribal history and ad-libbing new ones about current affairs. Each verse was followed by a refrain, in which the men joined. Rahman translated a few verses, one of which went, "You might look at our ragged sleeves and be encouraged to fight a poor man, O Pakistan, but it is the arm that strikes, not the sleeve." Some of the verses were so bawdy that Rahman refused to translate them.

We left the village early, before sunrise, and started up a ravine toward another pass, which was dry and rocky, like the one of the day before. I was less stiff than I had expected to be, perhaps because my horse had a springy walk, and the going seemed easy. We soon reached a summit, from which we went down another dry ravine and into another easy valley. We travelled down it, following another stream and passing fields now and then, and after rounding two or three bends we came to a village where another reception committee was ready for us—this time a row of gun-shooting men *and* a circle of dancers. We were led through this lively melee by the local khan—a grave, self-effacing man with friendly eyes, who took us to the village guesthouse. As we sat drinking tea on the rugs there—going from the sweet to the bitter—he and our two escorting khans began to question me politely about the United States. Their ideas about our country were vague, though respectful and a little apprehensive. They were concerned over the fact that we were giving arms to Pakistan, because they felt that these would be used against them. All I could say was that so far as I knew, this was certainly not our intention, and that we bore Pakhtoonistan no ill will; I didn't dream of telling them how few of us were aware of Pakhtoonistan's existence. The khans went on to say, regretfully, that Vice-President Nixon had done nothing for them as yet. He had received a delegation of Pakhtoons when he was in Kabul on his Asian trip late in 1953, they said, and had listened to their story and promised to see what he could do. Rahman told me that if a khan promised to see what *he* could do in a case like this, the result would be drum or gun signals ordering men to arms, and he despaired of explaining to our hosts that those are not fighting words when uttered by a Western statesman. I despaired, too, thinking of "in" baskets, "out" baskets, senators, Gallup polls, and other complications so far away. I said that though Vice-President Nixon was a very important man, he was only one of many who dealt with such questions, added that everything took time, and consultation, and so forth and so on, and let it trail off that way.

The khans' good manners were enough to bridge the gulf between us, even without any high degree of mutual comprehension, and we sat there and talked amicably while tea and food were pressed on us. I learned bit by bit about the Fakir of Ipi—who is not referred to as such by his own people, incidentally, but as Hadji Sahib. His real name is Mirza Ali. One may address him as Mirza Ali Khan, the equivalent of Mr. Mirza Ali, or, more respectfully, as Hadji Mirza Ali, for he has made the hadj, or pilgrimage to Mecca. But among his followers Hadji Sahib is enough, even though "Sahib" is merely a general honorific in these parts. A



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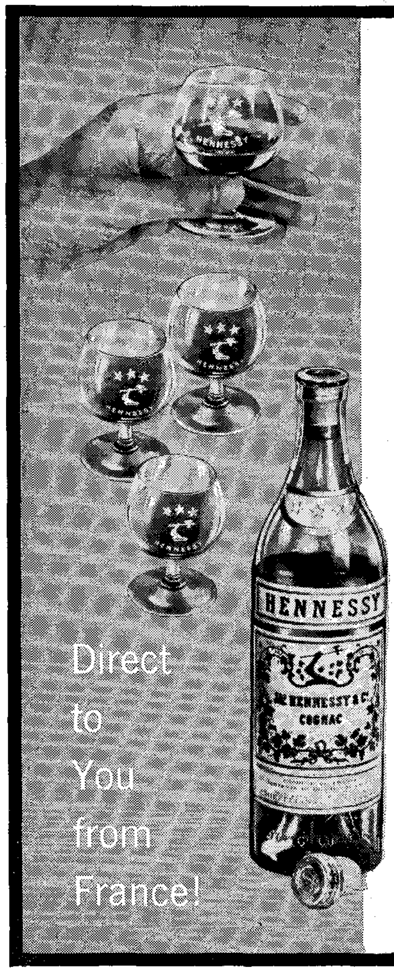

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"fakir" is a mendicant holy man, and Ipi, a Waziristan village, was Mirza Ali's birthplace. During the big uprisings, the British called him the Fakir of Ipi in their communiqués, and the press understandably fastened on this name. As a world figure, if he can be called one, he exists under no other.

Mirza Ali was born sixty-seven years ago, I was told; he was the son of the khan of the Dawars, a small Pakhtoon tribe allied with the Wazirs. He was given first-class religious training in the schools of the Northwest Frontier, and this culminated in his pilgrimage to Mecca, at the age of thirty-one. While he was on his way home, his father died, and he was called upon to take over the ancestral responsibilities of a khan. This was in 1919, the year the Afghans, with the help of the Pakhtoon tribes across the border, attacked the British in the Third Afghan War, and the young Fakir was given a chance to exercise wider leadership. He had not been schooled in warfare, of course, but he was fanatically anti-imperialist, and he quickly made himself a name for talent in guerrilla strategy. In short order, he was the chief of the war party in Waziristan, and not long after that, out of sheer ability and force of personality, he began to acquire the authority he now holds over so many of the Pakhtoons.

BULGING with our midmorning feast, we rode on down the stream. Often we met Pakhtoon men along the trail, gun on back. "*Istrai mushai,*" I had been taught to say ("May you not grow tired"), and we would shake hands in passing—a meeting of East and West not far from the scene of Kipling's ballad on that subject. (Kipling's border chief was a Pakhtoon, and the colonel's son followed him over a landscape like this one.) We continued in the valley awhile and then began to climb another side canyon, which presently grew so steep that we had to dismount and struggle up on foot. After gaining a high, sharp ridge, we looked out over a new canyon—a brown pit, in effect, its steep sides walling it in completely. It was perhaps more than a thousand feet deep, and I was told that Guruik, the Fakir's stronghold, was at the bottom, but I could see nothing there from that height. We made our way downward on a zigzag path, and after a time met some men waiting on a spur. The chief of these was a Pakhtoon elder, a solid-looking man with a reddish beard and blue eyes, who welcomed us on the Fakir's behalf. We shook hands all

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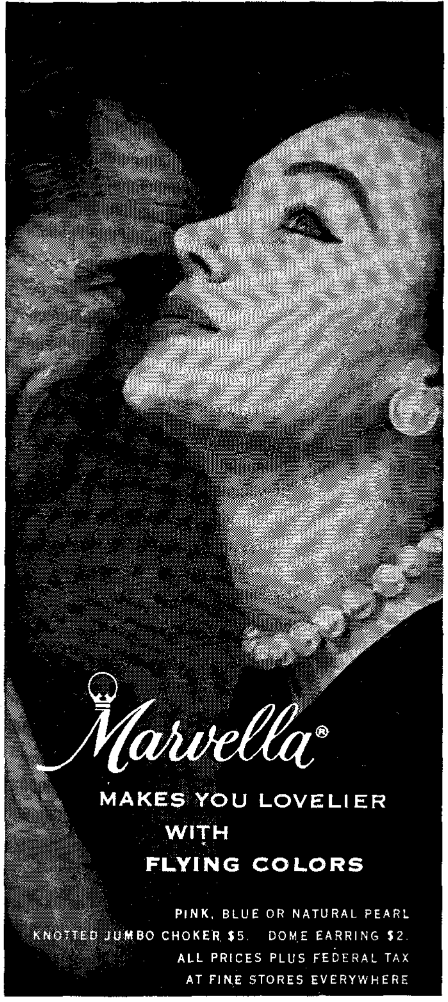

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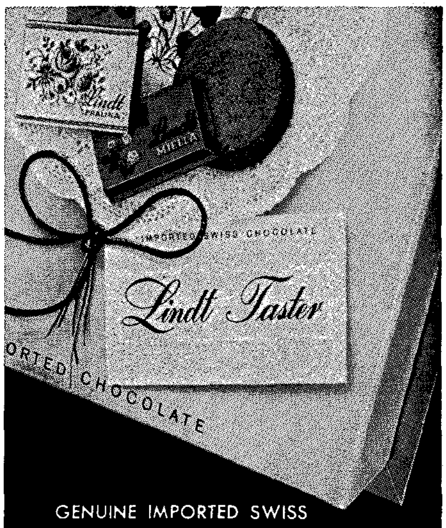

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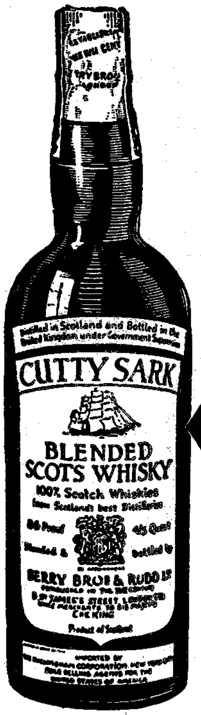
around, then started down again, and soon came in sight of another welcoming party, which promptly began fusillading the heavens. We did not stop but kept on past them, until we found ourselves in a gully hemmed in by cliffs, in which I noticed some caves. At the end of the gully, we entered the main canyon, a much wider place, with a high cliff to our right that was also pocked with caves some distance up. As we rounded a corner, two small cannon began booming away. Men were dancing to drums. There was smoke, dust, color, and movement in the sunlight, and a lot of noise. It all ended when Rahman and the elder and I were taken up a long flight of stairs to a terrace and thence into a cave. There we subsided in a cool hush. Pakhtoon men brought us tea and then lemonade, and I discovered how thirsty and tired I was. The cave was furnished with chairs and small tables, and the floor, which was about twenty feet square, was covered by a big red Afghan rug. The walls, which were rough but nicely whitewashed, sloped inward, and their corners were rounded, producing a dome effect. The rock was what is called conglomerate—gravel mixed with hardened clay. The cave had a curtained bathing alcove in one corner, right next to the entrance, and as we sat resting I gazed out past it into the sunny air. An armed man stood there, on the terrace. And somewhere outside an internal-combustion engine put-putted away in an odd falsetto. The elder, whose name was Mohammed Zahir Shah, explained that he was the Fakir's chief of internal affairs, and consequently a member of the cabinet. Other people soon joined us in the cave. One was a good-looking young man, citified in his dress for a Pakhtoon, who was introduced as Ramazani, the head of the Central Pakhtoonistan representative assembly and also the Fakir's chief of publicity.

Our meeting with the Fakir was scheduled for four o'clock that afternoon. Since we had a good deal of time to kill, Rahman and I went outside to look around. We were soon swept along by a sea of Pakhtoons, who took us from cave to cave. One was used as an armory, where the Pakhtoons make grenades, small arms, and ammunition; another was a granary, where they keep sacks of flour; and a third was an office, with desks and a small printing press. There were perhaps a score of caves in all, used, variously, for living, working, and storage. Except for the caves themselves, Guruik offered little shel-



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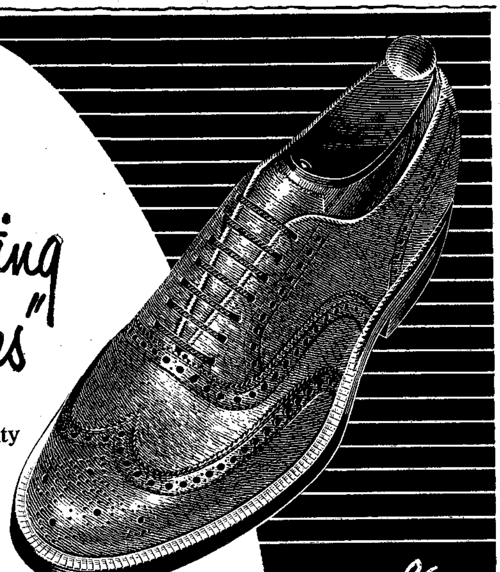

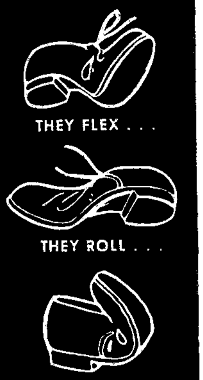
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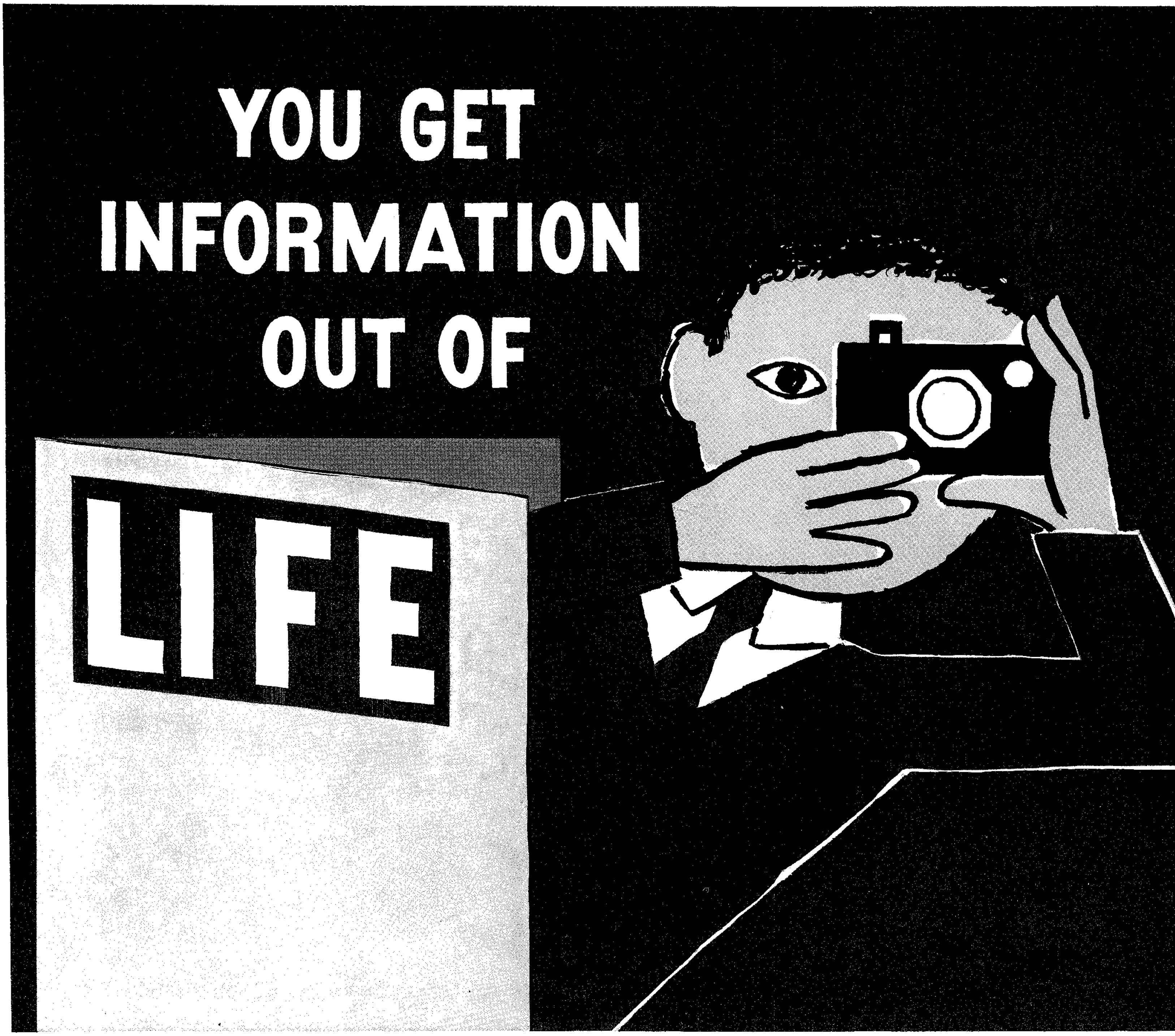
ter—just a few buildings on terraces, one of which was pointed out to us as the Fakir's place of prayer. I estimated that there were about five hundred men in the canyon at the time, but was informed that the caves could accommodate thousands if necessary. One of our guides pointed out a scar high on a cliff where, he said, a British bomb had chipped off a big piece of stone. The Fakir was still ready for air attack, it seemed; as we walked about, I heard several bursts from a machine gun somewhere on the cliffs.

OUR interview was held on the terrace of the Fakir's cave, and, as interviews go, it was unusual, because the Fakir himself said hardly anything. He left the talking to Mohammed Zahir Shah, who sat beside him on a bed covered with two brocaded silk cloths—one red, one green. The Fakir was slight of body and had a thin face—brown, ascetic, even spiritual—with many fine lines in it. His sparse black beard was streaked with gray. On his head was a peach-colored turban, and over it a pale-green cotton cloth was draped like a shawl. He wore a khaki tunic, a bandoleer, a khaki waistcoat, and baggy gray Pakhtoon trousers. He was quite motionless as he sat there, his brown eyes gazing somewhere else, but his presence was compelling. Rahman and I were seated at a small table that had two bright bouquets in tumblers on it. Around us stood and sat a circle of the Fakir's armed and turbaned followers—rapt, spellbound, still as the brown cliff overhead. The interview lasted half an hour. Twice in the course of it there were whispers from the audience; the Fakir put a stop to them by raising a single finger. Twice he moved his legs a little, and I believe everyone was sharply aware of it each time. The Fakir appeared to be fatigued, as if from a long vigil, but he closely followed what was said, and three times he added something, speaking in a barely audible murmur. The words of Mohammed Zahir Shah, which came in considerable volume, were not impressively uttered. It was clear that he had been over the ground beforehand with the Fakir and that what he said had the latter's approval. Each of his little speeches was deftly summarized, rather than literally translated, by Rahman, so what I got in the end was akin to history—a terse account of an event at long remove—and I shall not repeat much of it here. I asked what the guiding idea of the Fakir's movement was, and was told it was freedom; his people had not been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Some flies hovered about the Fakir as his spokesman talked, and an old tribesman behind him waved them away, quietly and unbidden, with a branch; there seemed to be devotion in the Fakir's relationship to this man and to the others in the circle. The British, the spokesman went on to say, had had dependable on-seasons and off-seasons for fighting the tribesmen of this region, but Pakistan might strike at any time—and she used not only military but economic weapons—so there was no rest for the Pakhtoons. It was growing unbearable, and even now the Fakir was considering whether to seek desperate steps and really go on the warpath. His advisers had urged him to do this, but the Afghan government had urged him not to. The decision lay with him. Hoping to draw the Fakir into the interview, I got Rahman to ask him how he was going to decide the matter. Some of his men leaned forward eagerly and begged him to answer me. But he shook his head and murmured that he wouldn't. At length, the spokesman said it was almost half past four, the time for prayer, and the interview must end. Rahman and I were given presents—some Pakhtoon embroidery and an Afghan dagger each. The Fakir spoke for the third time, saying that many of the Pakhtoon khans were in Guruik now for some sort of gathering and that they would welcome us at their homes. Then he rose; he moved stiffly, and I have since been told that he has lumbago. He said goodbye to us gently, and we left, a way opening for us through the thronged Pakhtoons. I had a curious sense of elation after the interview. I felt that I had experienced the frustration that one must expect when visiting oracles of this sort—that the voice had been muffled and diverted by its crew of managers and twisted almost past recognition—but I felt that the oracle itself was genuine.

Rahman was taken to the Fakir's place of worship, and I went back to the terrace by our cave. It was growing dusky in the canyon, which at this point was like a square trough. There were men down below, standing in knots and

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talking. A stream ran along the floor of the canyon, and I could hear it babbling; upstream two camels were tethered, and as I looked at them a band of several dozen men appeared from around a bend in that direction. They had drummers with them, beating out a rhythm, and they were dancing, and they shot their guns in the air as they passed by. Then they disappeared around a bend downstream.

It was getting darker. There were some horses on the canyon's other side, where the ground began sloping up to the cliff, and they whinnied now and then. Goats bleated. A donkey lay down on the gravel with deliberation. Goats were wandering and grazing on the steep face of the cliff opposite, and I reflected that Pakhtoons would probably venture up it, too. Just then, I saw a Pakhtoon girl, in a red robe with black trimmings, starting to climb it. She was the only woman I had seen at Guruik. She went quickly and deftly up the sheer rocks—a feat that I ruled out for myself even in imagination. It grew still darker, and the men down below prayed, spreading their cloths on the gravel. Then they went back to standing around in small groups. One man caught a goat by a hind leg and hauled it away. Another band of newcomers came trooping in from upstream, shouting their rebel yells, drumming, dancing, and firing in the air. It was so dark now that the flashes of their guns showed plainly. Then Rahman, Mohammed Zahir Shah, Ramazani, and some others came up on the terrace, and in time a feast was laid for us there. We sat and ate it by lamplight, with darkness for a background, and as we were eating, Rahman confessed to having been deeply moved by the events of the afternoon. "I have always wanted to be a Pakhtoon guerrilla and fight for something worth while," he said. "That is better than sitting at a desk for money, isn't it?" I agreed, and I wondered who would not agree, at that moment. The feast ended, and later we went down onto the floor of the canyon and watched a dance—a more spectacular one than any we had previously seen, for this time there was a bonfire in the center of the circle, and it threw big shadows of the leaping, whirling dancers up against the cliff. I think Rahman stayed up late that night, talking with guerrillas in their caves. I went to bed early and slept.

THE next morning, we started back at seven, leaving another dance in progress on the canyon floor, where

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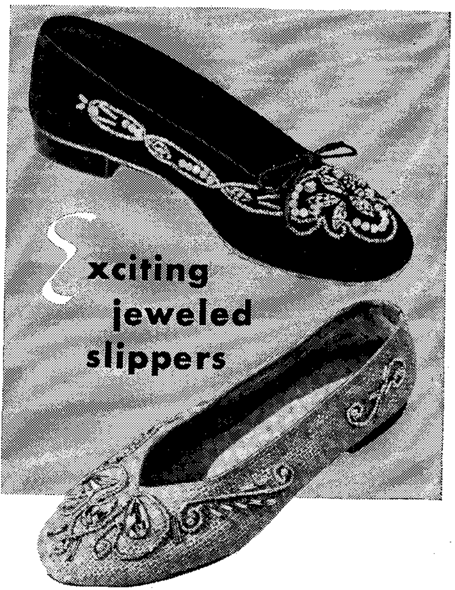

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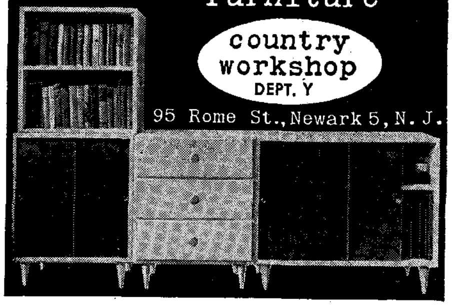
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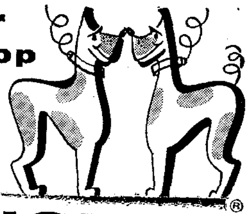
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much dust was being thrown up in the sunshine. I was pushed up the last steep part of the slope by a huge Pakhtoon who was a member of our escort; he was my senior in years, I guessed, and he was beefy, with a great red face and twinkling blue eyes. We went back the way we had come, through the two valleys and the pass between them. We travelled faster now, making but one stop for food and rest. Sometimes people in the settlements along the way gave us buttermilk from earthen jars, and this was most refreshing. The day passed on, and by four-thirty prayer time we were through the second valley and starting up the canyon to the wasteland bordering the Fakir's domain. We reached the divide at dusk and pressed on down into the Afghan valley while darkness fell. We didn't have much farther to ride, for our jeep had managed to come up the valley a few miles, on a patched-up road. We tried to make it back to Kabul that night, but we got lost and ran out of gas, and ended by sleeping through the small hours on a desert and reaching our goal early the next afternoon. Rahman saw me through these crises with spirit and resourcefulness, and I came to feel that he probably should be a Pakhtoon guerrilla. From Kabul, I travelled back to Pakistan and down through that country to Karachi, its seaport capital, where the Fakir of Ipi and his movement have a different existence from the one I had just seen. There they exist as an abstract legal and political question, about which much has been written, pro and con, by Afghans, Pakhtoons, and Pakistanis. The points are subtle, and I hope the matter will be settled thoughtfully, for real people, with real feelings, are concerned. Coming away from a remote place like the Fakir's mountains, one always has to contend with the law of diminishing reality. One finds that people who are real and vivid in their hinterland are treated more like abstractions—or paper dolls—the farther one gets from them on the road back to so-called civilization. In Karachi, there is a tendency to look upon the Fakir's men that way. So I here report that they are not paper dolls.—CHRISTOPHER RAND

•

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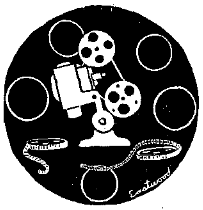

"THE LONG GRAY LINE" is a Gaelic interpretation of life at West Point, and in the course of the film there are many occasions when the institution on the Hudson seems to be a colonial outpost of the Irish Republic. Directed by John Ford, the picture is full of manly sentimentality, the characters frequently combining a smile on the lip with a tear in the eye. Since the thing is based on "Bringing up the Brass," the biography of Marty Maher, a gentleman from Tipperary who for almost half a century was an athletics instructor at the United States Military Academy, a good deal of the action is taken up with sporting events, and among the climactic moments is a description of the sad afternoon in the fall of 1913 when Notre Dame, led by Knute Rockne and Gus Dorais, came out of the West to defeat an Army team. But such muscular mishaps are not the whole burden of "The Long Gray Line," for Mr. Maher's career was cut from the sort of bolt that Horatio Alger and James Hilton so dearly liked to tailor. In the person of Tyrone Power, he comes to West Point as a young immigrant, takes a job as a waiter, and has a terrible time, being unable to hold onto his dishes or his temper. We follow him as he enlists in the Army, wins the hand of a lovely Irish servant girl (Maureen O'Hara), becomes assistant to the captain in charge of the cadets' athletics (Ward Bond), and winds up as the noncommissioned mentor to cadets like Dwight Eisenhower (Harry Carey, Jr.). When the picture isn't concentrating on its hero, it finds plenty of opportunities to follow the parades of the cadets and look over the handsome West Point grounds. But during the two hours and a quarter that "The Long Gray Line" takes up, there is seldom even a hint that West Point training is supposed to provide something more than an emotional jag.

Mr. Power, equipped with a brogue as strong as poteen, doesn't seem too happy when he is trying to be a comical immigrant, but when he gets around to playing an older and more serious man, brokenhearted at seeing his young cadets march off to war, he doesn't do badly. Miss O'Hara is a sympathetic as well as a decorative figure, and Mr. Bond proves that under a rough exterior a hardboiled captain can be a mass of kindly blubber.

THERE isn't a great deal of difference between the second edition of Cinerama and the first. The new one, called "Cinerama Holiday," includes a thin little plot about an American couple travelling abroad and a Swiss couple travelling around the United States, but basically the business is a sort of three-dimensional variety show that gets its best effects from peering at massive entities like the Swiss Alps, taking a run on a ski slope, and swooping down a mountain on a bobsled. As before, there is an element of distortion in the images thrown by the three projectors involved in the process, and the sound often comes close to shattering your eardrums. Maybe when you've seen one Cinerama, you've seen them all. Still, that bobsled ride ought to stimulate you.

"UNDERWATER!," which is said to have cost three million dollars, deals with some skin divers who are searching for submerged Spanish gold in the Caribbean. It includes in its cast Jane Russell, Richard Egan, and Gilbert Roland. If you don't want to come up for air after ten minutes of this, you are plainly suicidal.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

The Nebraska Wesleyan University Department of Music will present the first of four showings of the favorite Strauss opera, "Dr. Rosenkavalier," Wednesday night.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

It's a favorite of *ours*, anyway.

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Take a simple little thing like figuring out who sits where at a dinner party. You're going to have six people at the table. Believe it or not, there are 720 different seating arrangements for six people!—*General Electric pamphlet.*

Sure. And not one of them will suit that little Mrs. Treadway.

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING BECAUSE THINGS SIMPLY DIDN'T WORK OUT THAT WAY

CIRCLE HAND LAUNDRY
NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR FRIEND:

If a tear rolls down the page as you open this letter, please forgive us. You . . .

COMMUNICATIONS—A MODERN MIRACLE

[*The following is a transcript, somewhat condensed, of an exclusive transoceanic telephone interview by A.B.C. news commentator John MacVane with publisher William Randolph Hearst, Jr., and his editorial assistant Frank Conniff in Moscow, as edited for broadcast over the A.B.C. Radio and Television Networks. The interview took place at 9:30 A.M., E.S.T., Tuesday, February 8, 1955. Dots indicate what A.B.C. describes as "unintelligible" portions.*]

MacVane: Hello.

Hearst: Yes.

MacVane: This is John MacVane, of the American Broadcasting Company, in New York, calling William Randolph Hearst, Jr., in Moscow.

Hearst: Well, you're speaking to him, Johnnie, and how are you?

MacVane: Well, Bill, how are you? You certainly are there in Moscow at an exciting time. We heard a great deal about the resignation of Malenkov. You've been on the scene for the past week and you've talked with the Soviet heads of state. Did you have any inkling that the change in leadership was coming?

Hearst: Not the slightest, Johnnie.

MacVane: Was this a great surprise generally there in Moscow?

Hearst: I would say no one here . . . for a moment . . . in diplomatic circles . . . would even . . .

MacVane: I see. What has been the effect on the people of Moscow? Is there open discussion of the matter in the streets?

Hearst: If there is, it's in a language I can't understand.

MacVane: I mean are they gathering together and discussing the affair, do you think?

Hearst: I purposely looked out the window a dozen times.

MacVane: Yes.

Hearst: To see whether there was any difference in the crowds that walk along the street.

MacVane: Yes.

Hearst: There's just not a ripple or murmur.

MacVane: I see. Well, what does it mean as you see it, Bill? . . . Particularly the fact that Marshal Bulganin is an Army man and has now become Prime Minister.

Hearst: Well, everything is full of about ten different interpretations.

MacVane: I see. So that the diplomats and correspondents there aren't agreed whether this will mean any sudden change in the course of Soviet foreign policy, for instance.

Hearst: No. We just left the Supreme Soviet.

MacVane: Yes.

Hearst: It looks like they're going to keep this on and on and on . . . the usual propaganda lie.

MacVane: Yes.

Hearst: How strong Socialism was getting and how neolithic Capitalism was lagging.

MacVane: Yes.

Hearst: And you know, that's hard to take even in your own language, much less in Russian.

MacVane: (*Laughs*) But what this ap-

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pointment of Marshal Bulganin means, we've had a great deal of speculation about Krushchev being Number One man—in fact, are you free to talk as to what you think about it?

Hearst: From our own . . . I think that . . . you know the head of our International News Service European staff, Kingsbury Smith?

MacVane: I know that very brilliant man.

Hearst: . . . And could convince George Sokolsky in a minute.

MacVane: Yes.

Hearst: People seem to feel, and I go along with it, that something of the individual . . . doesn't lose anything by this at all.

MacVane: Yes.

Hearst: Whether or not Marshal Bulganin is really the mind of stone, I don't know; I'm not an expert. I have trouble figuring out who is going to be the next President.

MacVane: Well, you've certainly reached Moscow at a very exciting moment, Bill, and I think we all envy you here, being on the spot.

Hearst: Life has been . . . Johnnie. And I must say that they've given us what we call the white-sidewall treatment as well as the red carpet, because they lay out those big cars for you . . . one of these top fellows.

MacVane: Oh, yes.

Hearst: And there's a big one with the old Packard . . . always has white walls on it, so when you . . . the white walls. He (Smith) is still in the Supreme Soviet, but Frank is here and just wants to say hello.

MacVane: All right, fine. What I wanted to tell you, Bill, before I leave is we're going to call you tomorrow. What time and place can we get you?

Hearst: Well, we're—our plans are to go to Leningrad tonight.

MacVane: Do you know the hotel there?

Hearst: The Astoria Hotel in Leningrad.

MacVane: At about what time?

Hearst: Well, we won't be there till noon our time, which is 4 o'clock in the morning your time.

MacVane: Four o'clock tomorrow morning?

Hearst: Yes.

MacVane: All right, fine.

Conniff: Johnnie, I think that the big fellow is a Mr. K., you know.

MacVane: I beg your pardon.

Conniff: Mr. Krushchev.

MacVane: Yes.

Conniff: I think he is the man who emerges as "Mr. Big" around this joint.

MacVane: I see. Well, that's extreme-

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ly interesting. That settles something that we're all speculating about here.

Conniff: John.

MacVane: Yes.

Conniff: It seems so reasserting the Central Committee—the Central Committee's paramount role in shaping the whole thing.

MacVane: I see. Well, thank you very much.

Conniff: To have Krushchev, Secretary of the Party, ask the nomination of Bulganin. He talked with us for three hours on Saturday.

MacVane: Yes.

Conniff: Hello...

MacVane: Yes. He talked with you for three hours Saturday.

Conniff: Yes, and he makes pretty much sense and he talks like a man who knows pretty well what he's doing.

MacVane: I see. Am I talking to Frank Conniff now?

Conniff: Naturally, Johnnie.

MacVane: Oh, Frank, yes... Yes. Well, fine. Thank you very much, Frank, and thank Bill.

•

COLONEL B.

Eight lines of clergymen converged
to meet in Aaron Burr:
Edwardses, Tuthills, Pierreponts, each
a blood-and-thunderer
whose brimstone fire and sulphur smell
transfixed the listener.

Eight lines of clergymen converged,
as I have said, in Burr,
but Aaron was Beelzebub
in mocking miniature,
who cast Religion forth and had
no further truck with her.

So flatly contradictory
the parts of Aaron were,
not all of us can damn him quite
without some faint demur:
rascal and profligate indeed,
scholar and sophister

(that fox's profile, sharp and small),
the suave practitioner
of his own ethic, Arnold's man,
a brilliant officer
("—untrustworthy," said Washington,
unable to concur),

a Catiline, to whom young men
would eagerly defer,
corrupter of the innocent,
condemned a murderer,
chevalier, if not *sans reproche*,
past any doubt *sans peur*,

his daughter's idol, and his wife's—
the pictures blend and blur.
At eighty, unregenerate,
he died in character:
"—God's pardon?" "On that subject I
am coy," said Aaron Burr.

—Constance Carrier

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MUSICAL EVENTS

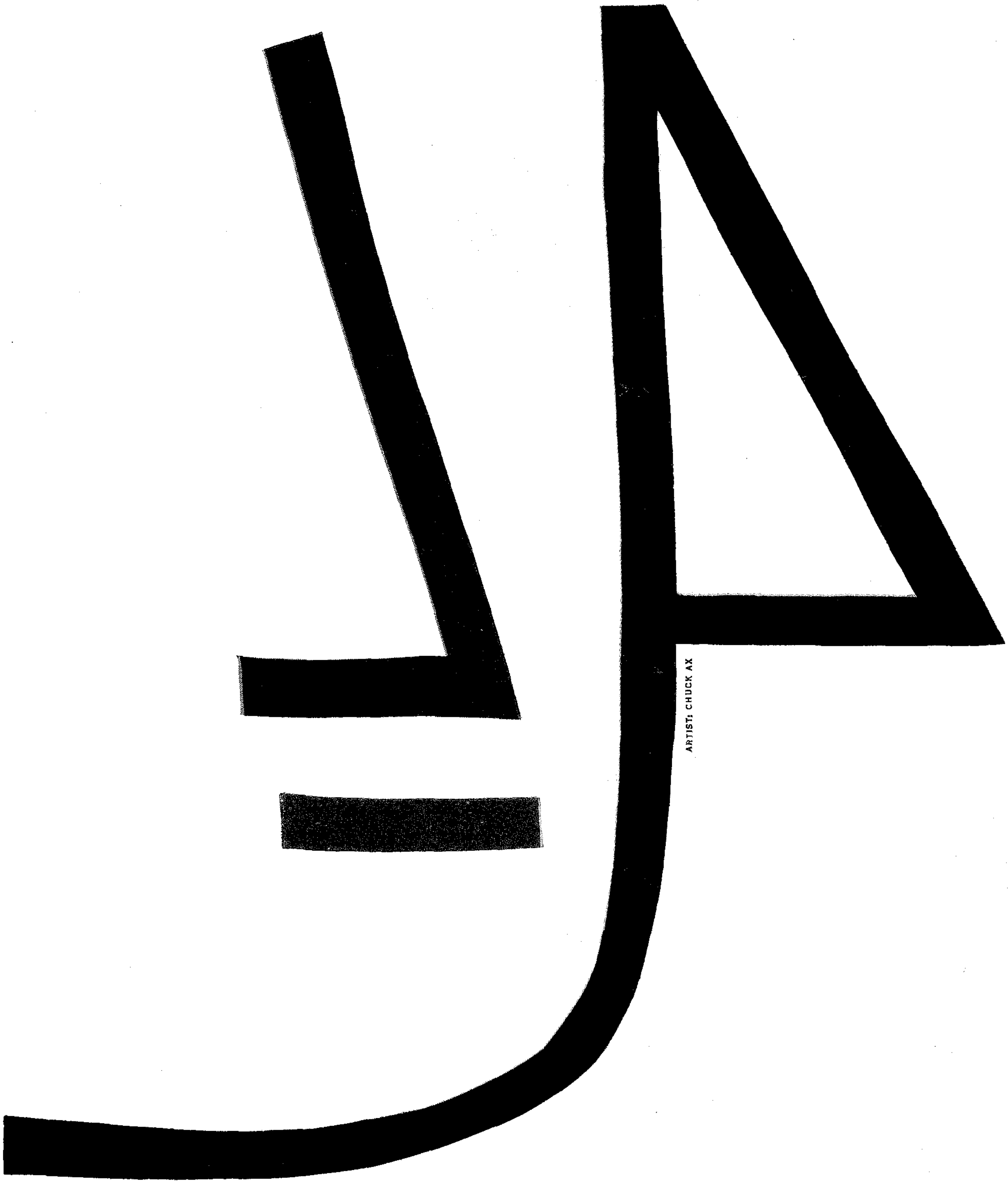
Strudel

RICHARD STRAUSS'S opera "Arabella," which received its first American performance on Thursday evening of last week at the Metropolitan Opera House, concerns itself with an improvident Viennese nobleman of the eighteen-sixties who is anxious to marry off his two beautiful daughters to men of suitable wealth, but who has at least partially hampered himself in achieving this aim by bringing one of them up as a boy. The motive for this curious venture in transvestitism is alleged to be economy, but even the most guileless witness to the proceedings on the stage can be forgiven for attributing it to the traditional Viennese notion that sopranos look nice in trousers. At any rate, it leads to some complications. The daughter who is dressed as a girl succeeds ultimately in landing a wealthy boy friend, jilting in the process a tenor who has been conducting his wooing through her sister, whom he has thought all along, of course, was her brother. In the last act, the sister who is dressed as a boy finally and fortunately decides to dress as a girl, and seduces the tenor, who is, believe it or not, under the impression that he is making love to her sister. At this point, if you haven't already given up reading what I am obliged to say, you will see that only one appropriately clumsy dénouement is possible: The tenor, naturally, transfers his affections instantaneously to the sister who formerly dressed as a boy, leaving everybody happy except such members of the audience as are capable of thinking with any clarity whatever.

This somewhat artless bit of dramatic delicatessen—the product of the celebrated Hugo von Hofmannsthal—is, I am afraid, a fairly representative example of what has often passed for comedy in dear old Vienna. Set to lighthearted music that sparkles like champagne, it might conceivably serve as a creaky basis for an evening's reasonably pleasant entertainment. But the music Strauss has written for it doesn't have much sparkle. The score dates from what is commonly known as Strauss's later period—the one that followed the highly successful "Der Rosenkavalier" and is often referred to as an era of decline in his creative vigor. I have always accepted this idea of his decline with some reluctance, for I have found a couple of works from the period—"Ariadne auf Naxos" and "Intermezzo"—altogether enchanting, if a bit slight in dramatic structure. "Arabella," however, seems to bear out the decline theory. To be sure, it contains a few patches where Strauss's orchestration exerts its familiar magic, and by the time the last act arrives, a few tunes of memorable quality have emerged from the generally ponderous mechanism of post-Wagnerian harmony that surrounds them. But in this work the old melodic exuberance that characterized Strauss at his best seems to have been replaced largely by tired artifice. On the whole, "Arabella" strikes me as being a pretentious and, in spots, a rather vulgar bore.

The Metropolitan produced "Arabella" in a manner worthy of something better, and the staging bristled with touches of Hapsburg magnificence that now and then roused one to a feeling of sentimental nostalgia. The English translation, provided by John Gutman, was colloquial and, I thought, adequate. The singers, too, worked hard to bring the opera to life. George London, in particular, used his gifts as a singing actor conscientiously and to considerable effect in the role of the wealthy suitor. Eleanor Steber and Hilde Gueden looked very pretty and sang quite beautifully as the two sisters, and Roberta Peters handled the small but brilliant role of a demi-mondaine in the second act with flawless assurance. Rudolf Kempe seemed to be entirely at home with the complicated score, and conducted it with a great deal of elasticity and dash. It is a pity that the material on which all this admirable workmanship was expended did not, in the end, seem worth the trouble.

I HAVE always found the lesser compositions of Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky bearable, and in some instances even ingratiating, when accompanied by the dancing of a suitable assortment of ballerinas. Spread out for sober consideration on a serious symphonic program, however, I find them somewhat harder to take. At Carnegie Hall on Wednesday evening, Pierre Monteux, for whose authority and musical insight I generally have the highest admiration, conducted the Boston Symphony in a number of these works—the Fantasy Overture to "Hamlet," the Variations from the suite known as "Mozartiana," and the



G. Washington

on foreign policy

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(Letter to Henry Laurens, 1778)

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"Fantaisie de Concert," for piano and orchestra. In the last item, a California pianist named Vera Franceschi appeared as soloist, and demonstrated at least a facile acquaintance with the more showy and sensational aspects of her art. The "Mozartiana" Variations seemed to me an uninteresting trifle, and both the Overture and the "Fantaisie de Concert" were pervaded by the atmosphere of melodrama and mush that is apt to appear in all but the very best Tchaikovsky. And though Mr. Monteux followed these works with a very eloquent performance of the same composer's "Pathétique" Symphony, I could not help reflecting that John Philip Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever" would not have been at all out of place on the program, since it is unquestionably better music than a good deal of what was performed.

I WAS somewhat more impressed by Friday evening's concert in the same auditorium by the Pittsburgh Symphony, under the baton of William Steinberg. The high point of the evening, for me, was the deft and altogether lovely singing by Victoria de los Angeles, who was the soloist, of four songs from Joaquín Turina's poetic, impressionistic cycle "Canto a Sevilla." The rest of the program—a rather conventional one that included Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, Elgar's "Enigma Variations," and some excerpts from the third act of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger"—was done with the crisp incisiveness and technical clarity one has learned to expect from Mr. Steinberg and his ensemble, which, I daresay, ranks among the finest organizations of its type outside the big cities of the Eastern seaboard.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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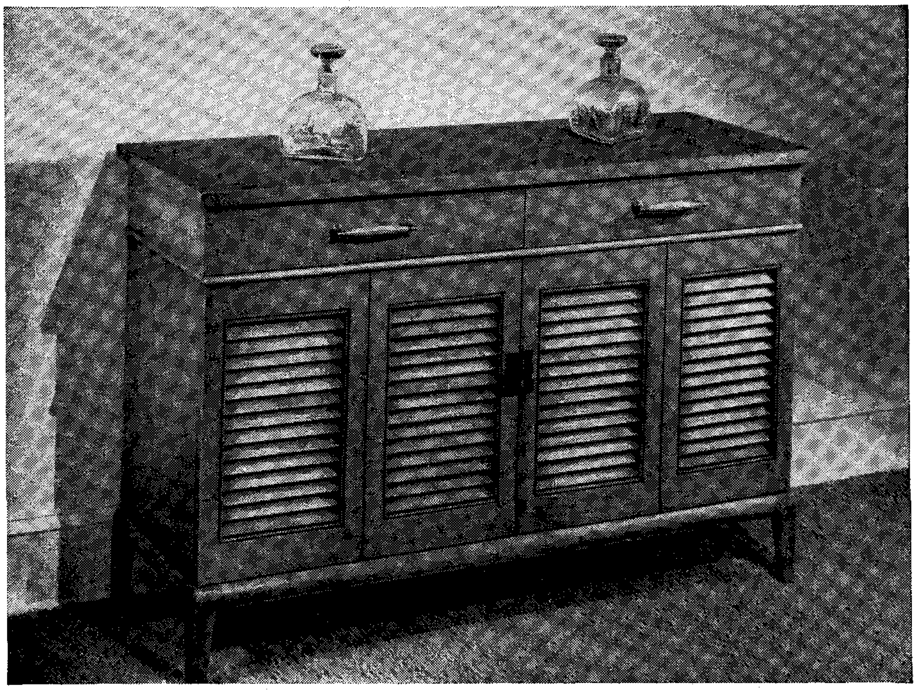

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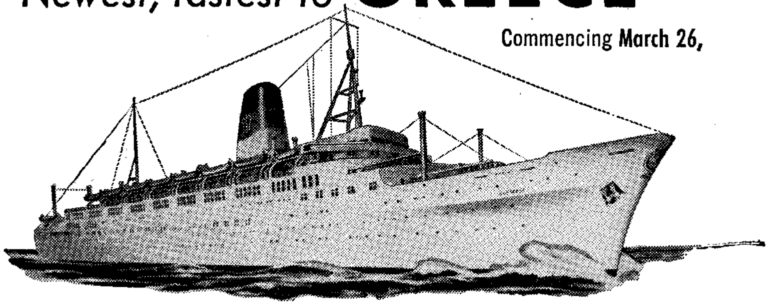

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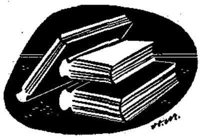
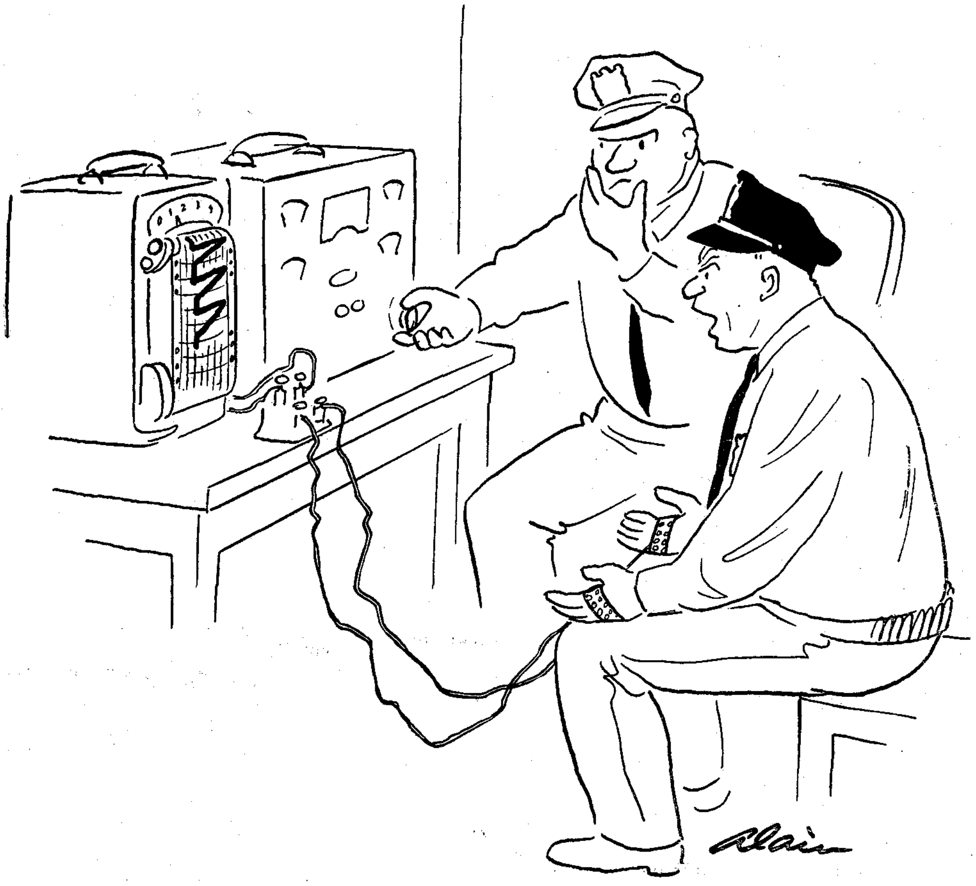
The People, Yes—and No



"WHAT do you love?" Mabel Dodge once asked Walter Lippmann, having apparently wondered. "The living world," Lippmann replied, without hesitation or embarrassment. If the answer had seemed in character, the question, one imagines, would never have been asked. It is, and has been since the Taft administration, difficult to remember that there is *joie de vivre* in Lippmann, that this splendidly refrigerated intellect has any enthusiasms at all. As a journalist and as a philosopher—or at least a critic of philosophies—he appears always to throw his weight on the side of caution, wariness, restraint. His emphasis, whether he is discussing a new piece of legislative frivolity or the ultimate destiny of man, is mostly on not carrying things too far, on not expecting too much, on taking it slow and easy, on watchful waiting. It does only slight injustice to the main body of his work to say that nearly all of it is in one way or another an elaboration of the maxim "Don't bite off more than you can chew"—or, as the Germans have it, "Don't make the bite larger than the mouth."

This is the import of a thousand stately essays by Lippmann and a score of even statelier books, including his latest, "The Public Philosophy" (Little, Brown). In foreign affairs: American power is limited—it can't save the world—don't squander it in Asia and Africa and all those places—stick to the North Atlantic community, which is about as much as we can hope to look after. In domestic affairs: there are limits to what government can do—don't press too far with it—support fellows like Alf Landon, whose gifts may be modest but whose complexes aren't Messianic. In philosophy: the human comprehension is feeble at best—life is so complicated that we can master only a small bit of it—shun absolutes and all counsels of perfection and completeness, seeking the good instead of the nonexistent best, the acceptable instead of the unattainable great. Lippmann bears down so hard on what, regrettably, cannot be done in this world that one wonders at times whether there is anything he really wants to do or thinks ought to be done. One asks, that is, the question that Mabel Dodge asked. But it is a flaw in Lippmann's way of creating his moods that leads to the putting of such questions. For the answer is always implicit in his work. He takes for granted a corollary principle: don't bite off more than you can chew, he says, but for God's sake chew as much as you can bite off. Grasp only what your hand can hold, but make certain you grasp a handful. Stay within the realm of the possible, but don't stay too far within it—crowd the boundaries all you can. Although he keeps arguing that it is not only absurd but cruel for Americans to "exhort mankind to build castles in the air," he has never been known to decry castle-building as such. On the contrary, he regards it as a legitimate and necessary human activity. But he holds it is the business of the thinking man to "find a solid foundation for human ideals in the facts of existence," or, as he has also said, to disentangle hopes from intelligence at least until intelligence has done its work.

In "The Public Philosophy," Lippmann is complaining, as usual, that things have been carried to excess. This time it is democracy. The Jacobin heresy is triumphant; we are witnessing "the decline of the West under the misrule of the people." The legislatures, the arm of government favored by the masses in revolt, have grown in power and have imposed their will—or, more often, their lack of will—on the executives. There exists a "functional derangement of the relationship between the mass of the people and the government. The people have acquired power which they are incapable of exercising, and the governments they elect have lost powers which they must recover if they are to govern." Direct democracy necessarily fails in times like these, since the decisions that must be taken in the interests of the good society are hard, costly, disagreeable ones. Lippmann believes that every critical situation offers a choice between a hard and an easy solution. The hard solution is almost always right, the easy one almost always wrong. "In general the



"Testing—two plus two equals five, two plus two equals five, two plus two equals five . . ."

softer and easier side reflects what we desire and the harder reflects what is needed in order to satisfy the desire." The more democratic a democracy is, the more it inclines to the wrong side. "There is then a general tendency to be drawn downward, as by the force of gravity, toward insolvency, toward the insecurity of factionalism, toward the erosion of liberty, and toward hyperbolic wars."

Can the tendency be reversed? Lippmann thinks it can but that it will be terribly difficult. It would require first of all a new conception of the community. We must put aside the notion of "the people" as the sum of all the men in the street. This mass is not a body politic but a heedless mob. Statesmen should consult not its day-to-day moods, not the meandering public opinion that Dr. Gallup learns about, but its deepest aspirations, its finest visions of the future. There must be a conception of society, or the nation, as an entity that includes the men and women who have lived and died in it, the living, and the generations yet unborn. The dead have a place because it is their estate of which we are the executors, and posterity, of course, is always the business of the present. Lippmann has a typographical trick for making the distinction he wants. The herd which Alexander Hamilton called "the great beast" he identifies as The People. But when he writes *The People* he is referring to the "community of the entire living population, with their predecessors and successors."

It is the business of statesmanship, he says, to act in the interests of *The People*, whom "the voters cannot be relied upon to represent." But he knows that the way things are going, the statesmen won't last very long if they ignore The People, whom the voters represent all too well. The solution is obvious: remind The People that they are agents of *The People*. This can be done, for The People already know they are *The People;* the fact has merely slipped their minds for the time being. "This corporate being, though so insubstantial to our senses, binds, in Burke's words, a man to his country with 'ties which, though light as air, are strong as links of iron.' That is why young men die in battle for their country's sake and why old men plant trees they will never sit under."

The real difficulty is in restoring the truth to the minds of statesmen, educators, and all the rest of the "men of light and leading." They are the truly culpable, for they, the carriers, have forgot-

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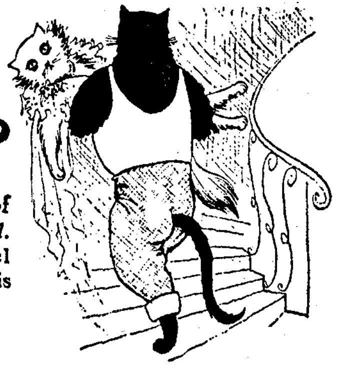

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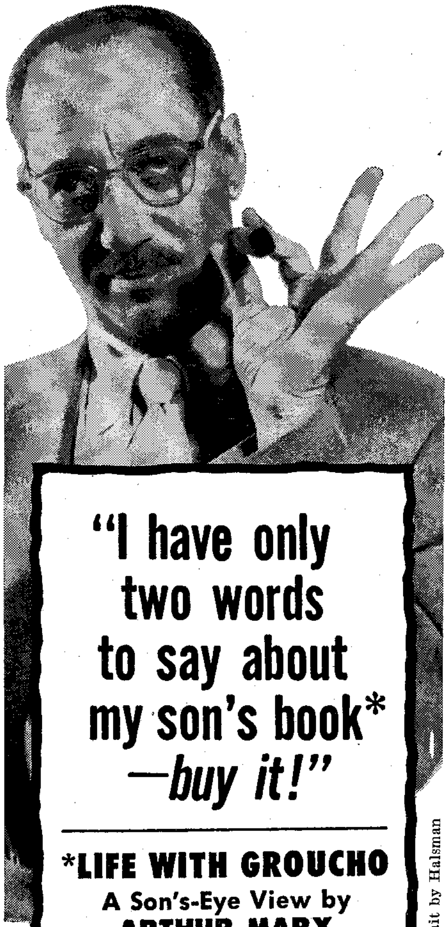

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ten, ignored, debased, or repudiated what Lippmann calls "the public philosophy." This "public philosophy" is a sort of bedside treasury of ideas about the good life and the just order of society. It is Greek thought and Roman law and the Magna Carta and the Declaration of Independence and all the great utopias and Saint Thomas Aquinas and Thomas Jefferson and Blackstone and Woodrow Wilson, and most of the critics and adversaries of all of these. To Lippmann, the kind of conflict that set apart Jefferson and Hamilton, say, proves not that the public philosophy is a matter of taste and definition; it proves, rather, that it is true and important and universal. "If a term has diverging definitions," he says, "it is better to begin by assuming that it is full of meanings. For none of the main ideas in our civilization has a single meaning." But "in the great ideas there is some kind of central validity around which disagreements and a variety of meanings continue to revolve." There is one notion, however, that Lippmann excludes as destructive and that he regards as being close to the root of our difficulties. It is the modern libertarian idea that a man is accountable only to himself for what he thinks and what he says. From this corruption, or oversimplification, of the principle of freedom of thought and expression, it follows, Lippmann feels, that beliefs about society have "only subjective relevance and significance." Today "all the first and last things [are] removed from the public domain," thereby clearing it for "moral impressionism" and for flighty conceptions of the public interest. "Men of light and leading" could, and do, hold on to those that suit them of the "traditions of civility"—another, more descriptive term for the public philosophy—but they can no longer take it for granted that these traditions are the governing principles of our society. Government has become mere technique and policy merely the satisfaction of unenlightened self-interest. "There is [today] no public criterion of the true and the false, of the right and the wrong, beyond that which the preponderant mass of voters, consumers, readers, and listeners happen at the moment to be supposed to want."

The traditions of civility can be "recovered and reëstablished," Lippmann says, if the will to do it exists. He knows they were shattered by science, which first pulverized their theological foundations, but he still thinks we would not be biting off more than we can chew if we attempted to restore them. In

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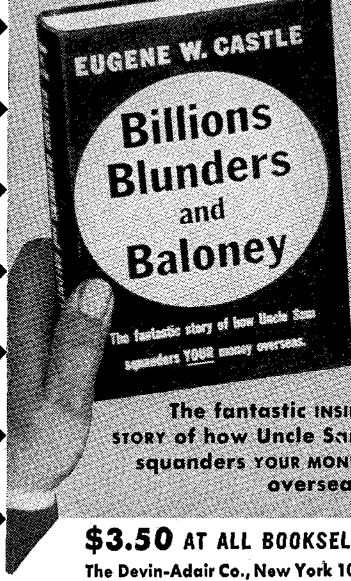

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any event, their restoration is more than desirable, it is imperative—as he says, "compelling and . . . not merely wished," since "a rational order is not only an attractive and a sublime conception but . . . a necessary assumption in the government of large and heterogeneous states." Lippmann never seems to doubt that the remedies he describes as necessary are available. Though he sometimes fixes what look like narrow limits on the realm of the possible, he appears always to act on the conviction that anything that needs to be done can be done—no doubt because he feels that the other way madness lies. He does not offer us much guidance on how to go about restoring the traditions of civility. He merely suggests that the leaders of opinion in the community reappraise their points of view and consider the advantages of abandoning their moral impressionism in favor of the working hypothesis "that there is a public world, sovereign above the infinite number of contradictory and competing private worlds." If they are impressed with the benefits of this view, the public philosophy will rule, "for political ideas acquire operative force in human affairs when, as we have seen, they acquire legitimacy, when they have the title of being right which binds men's consciences." Lippmann has a way of leading us to mountaintops and silently taking his leave while we stand lost in admiration of the view.

"The Public Philosophy" is the first book in almost twenty years to give full play to Lippmann's learning, to his love of ideas, and to his concern with ultimate values. It does not only this; it also indicates that he is at the height of his powers as a stylist. (His control of the language far exceeds that of any other newspaper writer now at work, but one tends to forget, reading only the man's daily journalism, that he can be an even better writer than he normally is. His columns, always admirable, reveal the haste in which they were written through occasional lapses into murkiness, but his books are flawless. One can search them in vain for ambiguities, false notes, or the slightest lack of grace.) This book does not, however, have all the weight and originality of his earlier ones—and especially the last one of its kind, "The Good Society," which suffers from want of appreciation because it appeared in 1937 and was dismissed by liberal critics as a grumpy attack on the Roosevelt administration when in fact it was a profound essay on liberalism and made the same critical points about the New Deal

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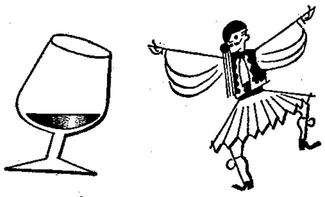

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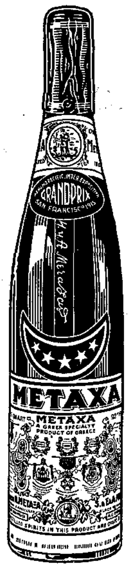

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that the New Dealers themselves were later to make. The historical analysis in "The Public Philosophy" is anything but novel, having been stated time and again in this century and the last, most notably, for our generation, by Ortega y Gasset in "The Revolt of the Masses." Critics of direct democracy are now to be found everywhere; indeed, it is difficult to find anyone who will make a responsible, intellectually respectable defense of it. Lippmann's analysis is more eloquent and better informed than most, but the terms are essentially the same, and only the exhortation is uniquely Lippmannesque.

This exhortation derives its force from Lippmann's sense of peril. Though there is peril on every hand today, it is not easy to share his particular sense of it. Granting that democracy is valid only as a form of *government*—that the governors must lead and not merely write public caprice into law and policy—one can nevertheless ask if the failure of democratic institutions has been as vast as Lippmann believes. Is it a fact that democracy invariably takes the "softer and easier" course? And is it a fact that the softer and easier course is invariably the wrong one? If, for example, we assume that the need in this country in the early thirties was for an assertion by the government of responsibility for the general welfare (an assertion that was emphatically made), was that the hard solution or the easy one? Plainly, it was the easy one. The masses were crazy about it. Franklin D. Roosevelt may have been a man of great courage, but the evidence was not in his sponsorship of the New Deal. If the New Deal was sound public policy, it was also belly legislation, a case of giving the public exactly the subsidies and favors it wanted. Is the course of diplomacy that was in the ascendancy until very recently—and that, in general, had Lippmann's blessing—an easy or a difficult course for the politicians? Lippmann has been saying for years that what we need in foreign policy is prudence, an avoidance of commitments we lack the strength to carry out, a disengagement in Asia. If this is the right, difficult, unpopular course, then it would follow that bellicosity, overextension, and involvement in more small wars constitute the easy, popular course. But this would be nonsense. If caution serves the best interests of *The People*, it also reflects the wishes of The People. If Lippmann is on the right side, he is also on the popular side. At the same time, there is no evidence that we have in all matters been addicted to the

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easier course. Our record in two World Wars and the cold war of the last decade is fairly rich in initiative. Lippmann says that the easier way is isolation, withdrawal, a general naysaying. That certainly has not been the broad tendency of American policy in this century.

The public philosophy, in a word, has not wholly lost its "operative force in human affairs." If it had, it would be difficult to explain how it happens that Walter Lippmann is so influential a public philosopher.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ACT OF GOD, by Margaret Kennedy (Rinehart). Miss Kennedy's astonishingly moving story of the silent death of a young marriage is mingled with an account of the marital and artistic tribulations of an Australian sculptor, Conrad Swann, who loses his wits temporarily and runs away, leaving his children and his reputation at the mercy of the loquacious and domineering numskulls who surround him. The disintegrating marriage is that of Christina and Richard Pattison. Their part of the story is by far the most interesting, and it would be hard to say which of them is the more triumphantly drawn; Christina is an enchanting creature, and Richard is almost unforgettable in his blind, destructive self-sufficiency. The scene is East Head, a small, chummy seaside town in England.

THE INNOCENT SAILOR, by Anne de Tourville (Farrar, Straus & Young). This short and delicately drawn allegory of a sailor's world is peopled with some very appealing human beings—the sailor and his mother and friends and sweethearts and wives, who step forward one by one out of their remote and misty homes to look at us in a way that makes us instantly familiar with them. Miss de Tourville has succeeded in enclosing a whole life, and intimations of a thousand lives, in her brief work. Her writing is economical, precise, and full of color.

THE SLANDER OF WITCHES, by Richard Gehman (Rinehart). A hysterical, well-meant but unfortunately rather foolish attempt at illustrating the damage that can be done by idle gossip. The scene is a small town in Pennsylvania, and the victims of the local slandermongers are a rich

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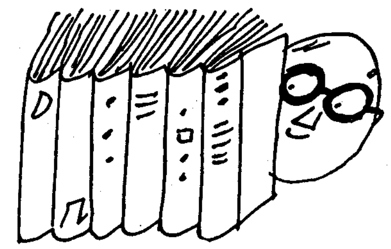

It is an axiom of current publishing that the market for short story collections has disappeared.

If this be true (and the facts do not always bear it out, as demonstrated by the recent successes of Daphne du Maurier's "Kiss Me Again, Stranger" and Roald Dahl's "Someone Like You"), the reason may possibly be that the "short story" itself has disappeared.

As you go through the fiction pages of many magazines, you find only mood pieces, or slices of life with neither end nor beginning, or Freudian sketches that seem almost to have been assigned as homework by an analyst.

These pieces are (happily for the reader) "short", but they are seldom "stories". And though they often contain brilliant writing, they do not offer the satisfaction that comes from reading good story-telling.

Two recent collections indicate that, while the drift away from "story" has not been checked, the cause is by no means a lost one. "Prize Stories 1955", the O. Henry Award stories, selected and edited by Paul Engle and Hansford Martin, has work by Jean Stafford, Flannery O'Connor, Frederick Buechner, Max Steele, J. F. Powers and Wallace Stegner, among others, and is a good cross-section of contemporary short-story writing.

The British novelist Robert Standish has done a book of his stories entitled "Face Value". Standish is not ashamed to write wittily, nor is he above using a surprise ending, or even a happy one. His work will suggest Saki to some, Maugham to others, but all of it contains the narrative power of an expert craftsman.

L L Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Prize Stories 1955" ($3.95) and Robert Standish's "Face Value" ($3.50) are published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your favorite bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at Broad St. Suburban Station in Philadelphia.

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and singularly obtuse young girl and a middle-aged married lawyer who is a lifelong friend of her family. Both these people are hopelessly commonplace, and Mr. Gehman lacks humor.

GENERAL

AMERICAN IN RUSSIA, by Harrison E. Salisbury (Harper). Mr. Salisbury, a newspaperman of wide experience, was the Moscow correspondent of the New York *Times* from early in 1949 to the fall of 1954, and was thus on hand for the fantastic and probably Kremlin-inspired "Doctors' Plot," the curious and perhaps not entirely natural death of Stalin, the strange and generally unregretted end of Lavrenti Beria, and the subsequent ascension of the Malenkov-Khrushchev-Zhukov junta. In this most timely memoir, he gives us a commendably responsible and, so far as the known facts allow, deftly detailed account of those tumultuous events. Along the way, he has a few demolishing words to say about Beria's rumored democratic tendencies and the recurrent Western daydream that the Russian people may some day rise against their masters, and more than a few about the corn-fed, hit-or-miss aspect of much of American postwar foreign policy. He adds, for good measure, a grim glimpse, based on first-hand observation, of the Soviets of central Asia and the limbo of eastern Siberia. An important book. Photographs and an end-paper map.

THE OPPOSING SELF, by Lionel Trilling (Viking). Nine literary essays. The subjects include Tolstoy ("Anna Karenina"), Jane Austen ("Mansfield Park"), George Orwell ("Homage to Catalonia"), Keats (his letters), and Flaubert ("Bouvard and Pécuchet"). Although most of the pieces were written on commission as introductions to books, the author discovers in his preface that they are thematically linked by a common preoccupation with works of "indignant perception." They are also linked, and rather less tenuously, by grace, by clarity, and by Mr. Trilling's own and admirable perception.

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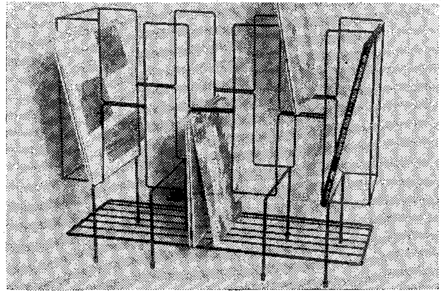

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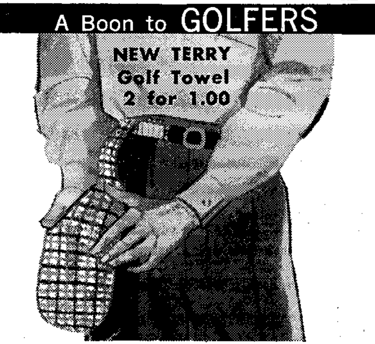

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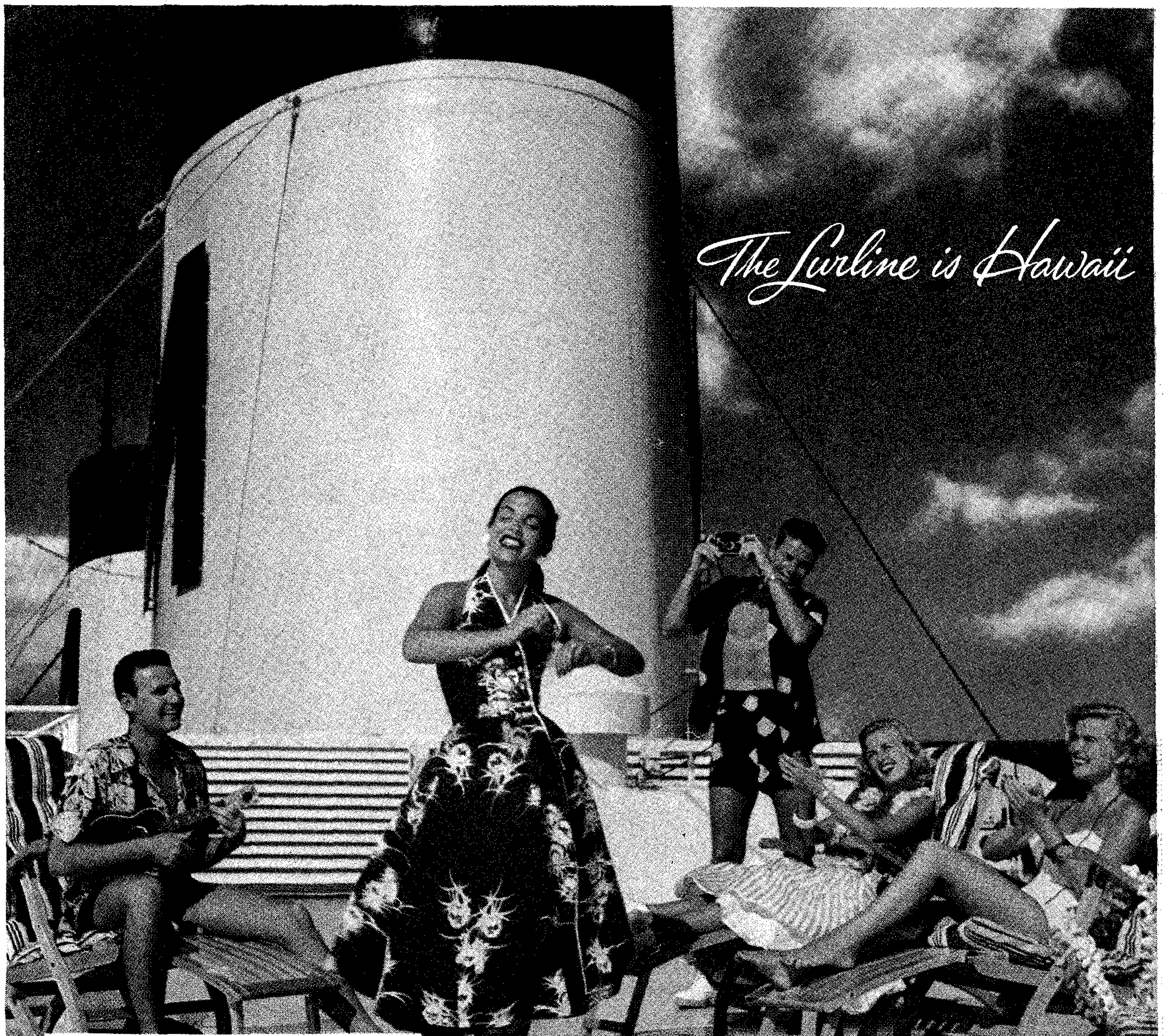

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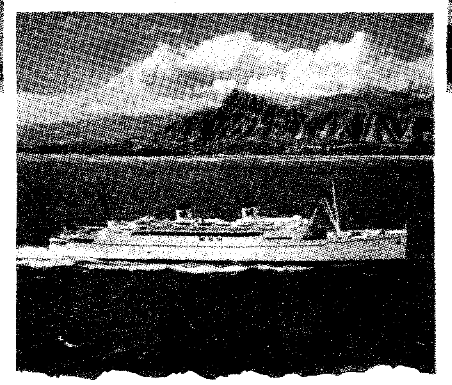

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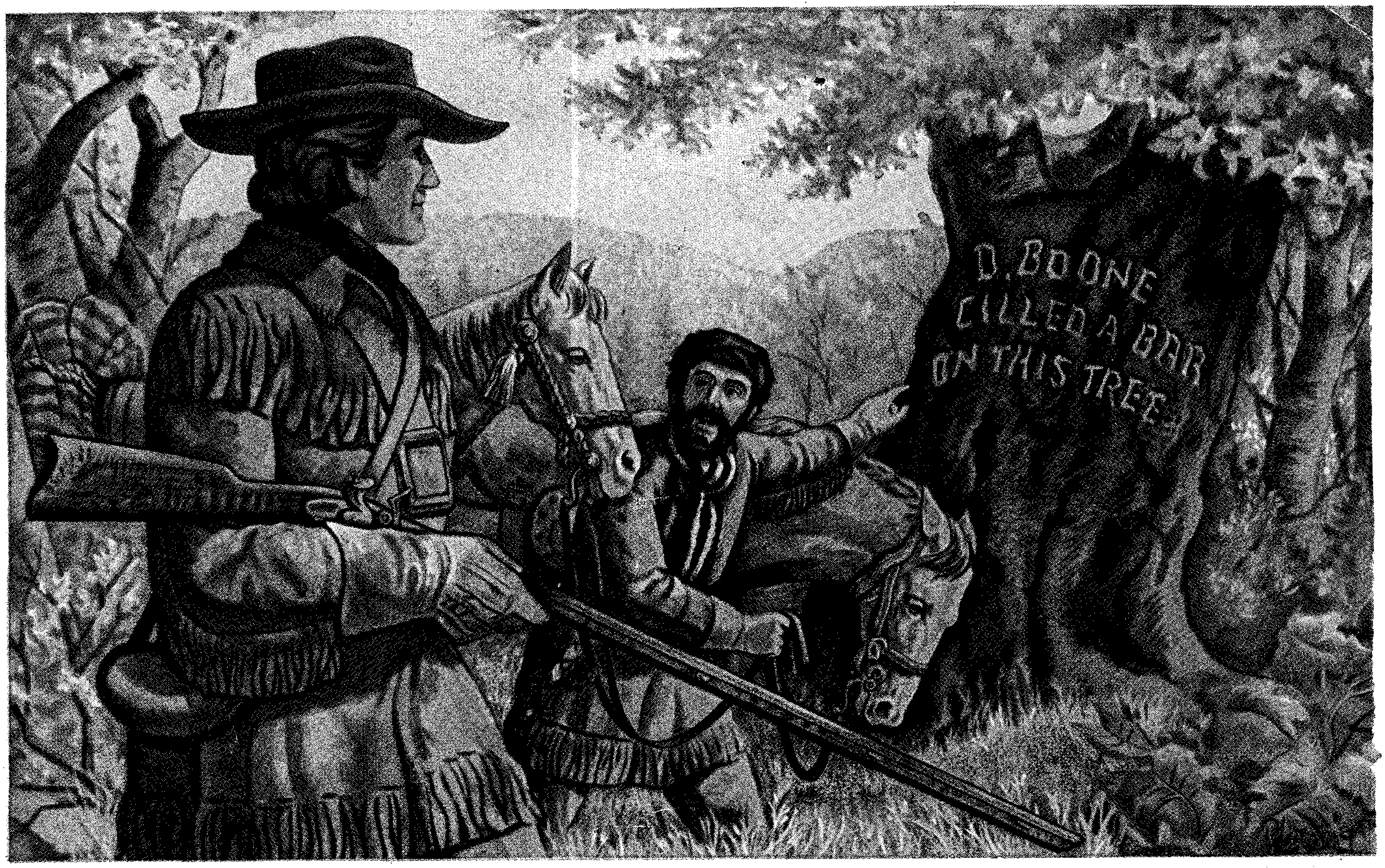

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